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FIRST
STEAMSHIP
PIONEERS

EDITED BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ASSOCIATION.

H.S.CROCKER
& CO.
PRINTERS.
SAN FRANCISCO.

APOLOGETIC.

THE only surviving officer of the steamship "California," on our first trip, Dr. A. B. STOUT, whose feelings the Editing Committee would not wound for the world, in looking through the pages of this book, before it was bound, discovered, on page thirty, what he regards as an implied charge of *desertion* against him and the other officers and men. Nothing could have been further from the design. Those two paragraphs were written for the sole purpose of illustrating the influence of the gold excitement at the time. It is simply stated, of the officers and crew, that they "left" what everybody knows would be, under ordinary circumstances, *good* situations. That any one of them was dishonest, or left without an honorable discharge, was never intended to be intimated. The *lines* constitute only an encomium, expressed with poetic license.

Notes Introductory.

ORIGIN.

THIS book originated in the fraternal sentiments of the Association whose name it bears, and a desire to place on permanent record some of the stirring events with which these men had been connected since their arrival in California; and thus leave something of their individual impress on paper, as well as their united footprints on the pages of progress. They wished to have the record ready for the twenty-fifth anniversary of their arrival, which would occur February 28, 1874.

PREPARATION.

Its preparation was entrusted to a Committee of the Association, who, supposing it would be a small work of a hundred pages or so in pamphlet, undertook the labor as a voluntary service. At the time of their appointment, February 28, 1872, they requested, and members promised to furnish, data pertaining to the individuals. At the anniversary of 1873, the Committee reported progress, but no data from any member. The promise to furnish individual history was renewed with much enthusiasm. But, after waiting until within less than three months of the time, they issued a circular propounding certain necessary questions. Fifty-two were sent to those whose address was known, and they were all that were known to be living. Of these, only those whose sketches appear — save *one* who forgot to give his name, and hence could not be written up — responded.

Since January 1st, 1874, much of the work has been done, at night, when the writers needed rest, and in great haste.

The Committee gratefully acknowledge the aid of Dr. A. B. STOUT, the Surgeon of the ship, and her only surviving officer — also, the life President of the Association — in preparing Chapter V., the trip of the "California," from "New York to San Francisco." They also tender sincere thanks to Capt. W. LANDON, who prepared the closing chapter.

With reference to a book prepared under such circumstances, literary

CRITICISM

is, of course, not admissible from any source, and could not be regarded, if offered. The mechanical and artistic department fear no criticism — yea, they safely challenge it.

STYLE.

The style is peculiar to each of the members of the Committee who has wrought upon it. Descriptions are designed to be within the pale of general truth, though the several shadings may, at times, appear to produce varied statements. The Committee have endeavored to scrupulously avoid everything of a partisan character, in either politics or religion, or that could reflect upon the good intentions of any individual.

The Memorigraphia is designed to present the true character and worth of the man, in each case, so far as the same was attainable.

Several inaccuracies in style, and perhaps in figures, may appear. Such we regret, but cannot *now* remedy in this edition.

For the enterprising house of H. S. CROCKER & Co. under the efficient management of Captain JOHN D. YOST, a member of the firm, who, without regard to cost or labor, have in the unreasonably short time allowed them, produced such an elegant, yea, superb volume, we need not apologize for speaking somewhat freely — we refer to their San Francisco house. They have another of equal merit in Sacramento. It is a real pleasure, especially in such trying circumstances as those which surrounded the Committee on the 20th of last month, to find a man of the culture, the intelligence, the enterprise and the untiring energy of Captain YOST. He entered upon, and has executed, the work, and laid the volume upon our table, composed of better material, more thoroughly wrought, and more elegantly rich, than has ever been issued from any other house on the Pacific Coast. They have used the very best material obtainable, in every department of the work, and turned on their entire force of men, and run night and day in order to make the time.

With such an illustration of the enterprise of this house as our book is, we need say little, and could not say too much in their praise.

This work has not been produced thus, because they had any special preparations for such, but because they are fully prepared, at all times, to furnish the best quality of all kinds of goods and work pertaining to a first-class Stationery, Printing and Publishing House.

Surely, with a house in our midst that can, in such unparalleled short time, produce such a work, we have no sort of occasion to go abroad for our printing.

To our artists, **Bradley & Rulofson**, we take pleasure in making special reference. It is a *pioneer* house. It is a *steady* house. For a number of years they have remained in their first location, Montgomery and Sacramento streets.

They always employ the *best artists*, the most courteous and obliging clerks, both male and female, use the very best materials, avail themselves of the latest improvements, and give personal attention to every department of their business; never allowing an unworthy or unsatisfactory piece of work to leave their galleries. In a large town we must always go to the upper story to "sit," or to "see." B. & R. were the first, and, so far as we know, are still the only photographers who have provided, for the unspeakable convenience of their patrons, an *elevator*. You step from the sidewalk through a door, take a finely cushioned seat, and, in less than half a minute, you are ushered into the third or fourth story gallery, amid the most profuse and gorgeous display of pictures, from locket-size to full life, and so life-like, that you almost fear to speak, lest they hear you. But, after saying to the reader that the illustrations of this work are from this house, we surely need say no more of the house of BRADLEY & RULOFSON.

We have not referred to these business houses, because of their connection with this work, but because they are leading representative houses, each in its class, and to show that with such houses, California need fear no comparison with the best in the world.

There are also in other departments of progress, representative houses of which it would afford us much pleasure to speak, were not these notes already too long.

But we must stop to call attention to another, and by some, supposed to be the leading interest of the State at an early day,

THE NATIVE WINE INTEREST,

as represented by **Kohler & Frohling**, in the location they have occupied for twenty years, in Montgomery Block. They began in 1854, when they brought from their vineyard into their cellar two casks of wine, less than eighty gallons in all. They have prosecuted the business of raising grapes, making and purchasing wine, until their business reaches nearly every prominent town in both America and Europe. They set out with guaranteeing all their wines "absolutely pure," and have ever made their guaranty good. Hence, from all great exhibitions they have universally returned decorated with diplomas and medals of merit, of the first class. So that it is not often, now, a vessel leaves our harbor, or a train our depot, without taking to market more or less of their wines. Their great pride is, as well it may be, their Port, than which better is perhaps no where found on earth. And, as all the wine they sell leaves their cellars "absolutely pure," their reputation must soon be — is nearly so now — "wide as the world." Other houses, in the same line, we should be happy to speak of, but must desist.

Commending ourselves and work to all promoters of progress, we remain,

THE EDITING COMMITTEE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 28th, 1874.

First Steamship Pioneers.

CHAPTER I.

STEAM NAVIGATION IN THE PACIFIC.

LIKE the constant revolution of the earth, giving us continual variety of light and shade, and fruit and flower, and all we have that makes time a blessing or life a joy, Steam Navigation has become so common, that we drink the cup of pleasure to the fill, and take no note of its source.

How few that have, during the past few months, glided along the coast among the "Thousand Islands," and pulled up thence the flavored finny tribes; or traced the ever-changing river course through the "Highlands" of the Hudson, the valleys of the "Penobscot," the gorges of the "Yellowstone," or the Columbian "Dalles," inhaling the soft breeze of summer as it mingles with the notes of the morning lark, or nightingale; or swept around the curves and climbed the up-grade to where the trout-brook affords richest piscatory pastime; or sped across river, plain, and mountain top from Ocean to Ocean in a single week, for purposes of commerce, health or pleasure—how *few*, how *very* few, have reflected that for nine-tenths of all they reap, of pleasure or of profit, they are indebted, directly and indirectly, to the use of steam.

Steam alone allows the artizan and the man of commerce, the scientist and the professional, to visit the glaciers of the Alps and the Geysers of the Pacific, the Pyramids of Egypt and the matchless Yosemite of California; because without steam they could not spare the time the travel would consume.

Steam so underlies and is so interwoven with every department of commerce, everywhere shortening time and diminishing space, and reducing expenses, that it enhances the pleasure and the profit of every class, and every individual who buys or sells or eats or drinks or wears the products of either earth or industry.

Phœnicia, the mother of commerce, and the land whence every ancient European nation derived the use of alphabetical characters and the science of numbers or arithmetic, and which obtained the zenith of commercial prosperity in the known world 800 years before the Christian era, and who stands at the head of commercial nations of her day, not only had no knowledge of steam, but had no ship which could safely venture out of sight of land.

Look at her noblest "mercantile marine"—the largest of them smaller in size, and immeasurably less *fleet*, than the little pilot boats that now ply about the mouths of our harbors — creeping cautiously along the shores of their coast, making a trip of a few hundred miles once in twelve or eighteen months; and compare with a steam leviathan of the present day, in the maw of which you might stow a dozen Phœnician ships of the largest class, and interfere but slightly with the passengers or the cargo, and you have a slight idea of maritime commercial progress.

We think ourselves *inventors* in steam, and yet the *power* of steam was known at a very early day, far back in ancient times.

Hero, of Alexandria, in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, 300 years before Christ, invented a machine for the propulsion of bodies by steam — and even long centuries before his day Egyptian priests were familiar with the power of this element, and had apparatus by which they produced sounds and motions by steam from within figures representing the human form, by which they wrought upon the superstitions of the people and confirmed their pretended miracles.

They, however, never applied it to any useful purpose. Nor did even the Alexandrian carry his far enough to make it self-perpetuating.

Eighteen hundred years after the experiment of Hero, Blasco de Garay, an enterprising and ingenious Spanish sea captain, on the 17th of June, 1543, exhibited to his sovereign, Charles V., at Barcelona, a steam-engine which he had constructed, and by which he asserted that "ships and vessels of the largest size could be propelled even in a calm, without the aid of sails or oars," an assertion which he then and there proceeded to verify; actually propelling, by means of circular wheels at the sides, not unlike our steamers of the present day, the ship "Trinity," Capt. Peter de Scarza, of "two hundred tons," at the rate of three miles an hour. But modest and reticent, he kept his secret to himself, and the utility of his invention died with him — and, though the real *inventor*, he never wore the *crowning honor*. It missed *his* head, and finally and permanently rested on that of Jonathan Hulls, two hundred years afterward.

Perhaps, in reference to no other important event has the question been so often raised: "Why was the development of steam left to slumber so long after its power was discovered, and even for hundreds of years after its application to the propulsion of machinery was tried and known?"

The only rational answer to this inquiry is that

"He who rides upon the storm
And manages the seas,"

did with this as with many other blessings, withheld it, while Paganism would have prostituted it to the propagation and establishment of error in doctrine, and dark deeds of evil in practice; and only when it could or *would*, by man, be utilized for the good of the race and the honor of the Giver, did he draw the curtain and let the light "flow all abroad."

Looking at the patent facts of history, pertaining to all the great events of time—

> "Who dare think that Providence is *slow*,
> Because He takes the privilege to choose
> His own appointed time when He will send
> His blessings down?"

And then, applying the same principles to this long delayed but boundless boon to man, who will *not* say:

> "This is thy work, Almighty Providence,
> Whose power, beyond the reach of human thought,
> Revolves the orbs of empire; bids them sink
> Deep in the shoreless sea of thy designs,
> Or rise majestic o'er a wondering world."

And in this there is no "cant"—no fanaticism. The whole historic period has been a succession of demonstrations of its truth, intimately connected with tangible, rational facts.

Development of the arts and sciences, and their subjection to human weal, has always, and exactly, kept pace with the extension of political freedom and the diffusion of general intelligence.

Yet these denouments of useful inventions have often been regarded, even by the wisest and best of men, with the most serious apprehension.

As the rising sun of Ocean Steam Navigation was climbing the Eastern sky, it suggested to the thoughtful the STARTLING PROPOSITION that it would necessarily and speedily connect itself, inseparably, with the fortunes of Empire.

Savants stood aghast — some doubted, some feared, and all ejaculated "God forbid!"

Even as late as 1839 Professor Sillimen — a name for many years immovably fixed on the topmost round of the ladder of scientific fame — in the *American Journal of Science*, speaking upon this very point, said:

"What will become of a steamship, upon the wide ocean, without masts, in case the boiler bursts, the fuel is exhausted, the machinery breaks down, or any one of the many accidents, so likely to occur, shall overtake her?"

Suffice it to say, that this great man lived to see his questions all practically answered, and to declare, not only that steamships were a success, but that steam *navies* were an absolute necessity to all those nations who would protect their own borders, secure the freedom of the seas, or successfully take any part in maritime belligerence.

And so late as 1840 the Emperor of all the Russias openly opposed the general introduction of steam, either in national or private enterprises. Yet it was in this same year of 1840 that THE STEAM NAVIGATION OF THE PACIFIC was commenced, by a company in England, who dispatched two steamers, the "Peru" and the "Chili," each of 700 tons, under command of Capt. William Wheelwright, via the Straits of Magellan — which they passed, a distance of about 300 miles, in 30 hours — to the western coast of South America, where they made the port of Talcahuana, in 55 days from England. No company ever planned a nobler enterprise; none ever entered a vaster field, and few have had a more auspicious dawn.

Their plans contemplated the opening of communication and trade between England and the western coast of America, as far north as Panama — which they designed to connect with Chagres, on the Atlantic, by means of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien — thence west to Asia, including the commerce of China, Japan and the Indias, making way-stations at the Gallipagos Islands, the Sandwich Islands and the Island of Otaheite.

The coast of America, north of Panama, was not considered worth cultivating.

Upon the arrival of the steamers the governments of Chili and Peru were intensely excited. Their morning sun had risen — the glorious day of commercial supremacy had commenced. They saw themselves, in the early future, the great half-way house, in the path of empire the principal depot, for the exchange and transfer of the commerce of the world. Henceforth their sun would never set — the day of their increasing greatness have no end.

And surely the guaranty of their hopes was stronger than most calculations rest upon.

No intelligent man can wonder at, or blame them for their sanguine expectations, their exhilerating joy.

But when the time came to commence the "trips," *no coal* had arrived, and Capt. Wheelwright found himself crippled, fettered, *chained*. For some reason, not yet satisfactorily explained, the company had neglected to send forward coal, without which not another step could be taken. They had planned and started a magnificent enterprise, one which, if carried out, would have added a sparkling jewel to the most brilliant diadem of earth.

But whether content with having made the plan, or doubting the possibility of its successful execution, or dreading the labor and responsibilities it would involve, or from some other cause, they seemed to shrink, and retire to a most miserable and disgraceful inactivity, leaving their faithful servant, the noble seaman, who had so gloriously inaugurated their enterprise, to shift for himself as best he could.

Like the brave Briton that he was, he took off his coat, went into the mountains, and though all unskilled in the work, prospected for, found, and dug coal with which to heat his boilers and again take his ships to sea. This however was of little avail when deserted by his company.

Thus virtually failed the first great effort to establish the steam navigation of the Pacific, a work then promising, and since developing the most extensive, most magnificent, most glorious maritime commercial triumph the world has ever seen.

The next, and the successful, projector of steam commerce in the Pacific was the "PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY," of the city of New York.

It was fit that the commercial metropolis of America should lead the van in this great wrok; for, on her crowded wharves an excited multitude of unbelieving scoffers had once gathered to witness "the bursting of the bubble"—the fatal failure of Fulton's fanatical fancy—a fleet flying fire-ship. But amid the scoffs and sneers and bewildering imprecations of that excited populace, the valves, obedient to the lever, moved — the steam, braced against the piston head, moved the rod — the wheels revolved — the "*Clermont*" moved slowly from the dock. As it moved, the derisive sneers gave way to expressions of doubt, and these to an indescribable blankness of countenance and absence of all sound — a silence which, like Egypt's darkness, might be felt. Then a shrug of the shoulders and the subdued "She *does* go!" "She'll stop when she turns up stream!" "Yes, she *starts*, but she'll never make Albany nor half of it!" "There, I declare, she *does* stem the current!" "She makes it!" "*Hurrah!* HURRAH!" and then the welkin rang again with deafening shouts and rolling cheers.

Success was achieved. America, with little beside her warm blood and wild enthusiasm, snatched the prize from the schools, philosophers, wisdom and wealth of Europe, and fairly launched herself in a sea of steam.

Europe attempted to monopolize the enterprise — claim for her sons all the glory, and reap the golden harvest. But while she was wasting her time in the former, and securing little of the latter, America went forward; and, at the end of the first twenty-five years, had more steam vessels running on one of her rivers, the Mississippi, than were on all the waters under the control of the British crown, and more than three times as many as were owned on all the continent of Europe.

And what shall we say of this young offshoot of British greatness now? Go far up toward the open sea of the North Pole, and the affrighted Walrus and the Polar Bear, climbing over vast crags of ice, and diving deep into the blue sea, both testify their alarm at the approach of an American steamship.

Go to the farthest isles of the sea, and you find the wild man of the woods, and his younger brother, the orang-outang, hastening to the mountains to escape the approaching American fire-ship. Climb to the highest peak of earth, and with your telescope scan the entire field of one-half the world of waters—they are all alive with these artificial monsters of the deep, paddling and puffing and smoking, as they haste to every port where man may wish to set his foot, or commerce open trade. Or, better still, post yourself on an elevated crag of our LUNAR SATELLITE, and, as the earth revolves and presents every portion of her surface, look at the myriad of "fire-flies," like the hosts of nocturnal glow-worms, flitting in every direction, and listen to the continuous roar of paddles beating, steam escaping, whistles screaming—actually adding a new sight and a new sound to the previous elements of our planetary system—and you have a faint idea of the results of American enterprise in steam navigation.

If the great Latin poet has versified the tale of mythologic craftsmen, and Cyclopean forges, in the service of Vulcan, to whose shops Lemnos, and Lipari, and Ætna, are only the chimneys, where the armor of the gods was made, steam has shown how tools, more efficient than the thunderbolts of Jove, the helmet of Pluto, or the trident of Neptune, are made and used.

We have not only forged tools more than a match for the thunderbolts of Jove, but our philosopher has drawn *his* from the skies, and made them our very harmless instruments of pleasure and profit.

If we have not turned axles as *exact* as those on which the chariot wheels of Mars revolved, we have made them that far exceed his in strength, speed and durability.

If we have not re-scaled with gold the writhing serpent on the shield of Pallas, we have carved, and gilded, and placed on sea and land, *palaces* which far outvie the gilded carving on that fabled armor.

By the use of steam we have redoubled all the efficiency and all the splendor of Mythologic Vulcan in shop, and tools, and appliances, and are to-day using sledge-hammers an hundredfold heavier than ever graced his shops, and have constructed a broad axe with which to hew out Empire in every approachable spot of earth.

We have thus multiplied the means of international communication, strengthened the bonds of national amity, and added to our ability to see and appreciate the infinite superiority of a Christian civilization over the most successful strides of Pagan and Barbaric progress.

By this element we have provided for the *defense* of our thousands of miles of sea coast, indented by numberless inlets, bays, estuaries, coves, and gulfs, on two sides of a continent, which, without steam, must remain entirely at the mercy of whatever aggression, rapine and piracy might be projected by those who are hostile to our progress or covet our country and our clime.

We had done much, but were far from safe, or success in war or in commerce, until we filled the Pacific with steam.

This was undertaken by the PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY, and they have so executed their task, that wherever we look or turn, on either shore, or in the islands of mid Pacific, we may almost exclaim:

> "Which way I fly is steam — Myself am steam!"

The beginning, and the progress, and the triumph, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, in establishing steam navigation in the Pacific, will be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

"O, all-preparing Providence Divine!
In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd!
What sundry helps doth thy great power assign,
To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold!
What mortal sense is able to define
Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold!
Is it thy wisdom strangely that extends
Obscure proceedings to apparent ends?"

DRAYTON.

THE discovery of gold in California was not the result of search, arrangement, calculation, or effort, on the part of man. So far as the discoverer was concerned, it was the merest chance — a pure accident. But of the well arranged, though often slowly developed, plans of a Supreme Being, who overrules all things for good, it does not become us to speak without reverence. That the wisest and best of men see, in all the march of improvement, the steady steps toward a well-defined object of the great "army of occupation," all directed by an Omniscient mind, is an interesting fact.

That others, equally wise in other things, do not thus see, is no evidence that the steps are not ordered, any more than the inability of some to appreciate beauty in a work of art is evidence that it is not really beautiful.

So, if the successive steps in the development of our Pacific coast, while it is certain that these steps, especially the primal ones, had no connection with each other, it is also sure that they were so arranged as each to connect with and supplement the other, until, like the well constructed chronometer, the whole now moves in harmony and marks the steady progress of the age.

It has been said, and is extensively believed, that the discovery of gold led to the establishment of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company; and it is little wonder that such error should obtain credence, when we consider that so little record of the stupendous enterprise has been given to the world.

Within the last decade several voluminous histories of the United States, by eminent scholars and authors, have been given to the public, professing to "mirror forth" every important event in our national history down to 1865, and yet have not said one word about the commercial and naval steam marine of the Pacific. Next to nothing has been put in permanent form, or an accessible shape, on this subject.

To re-state some facts already known, and to collect and crystalize for general use others—which are only recorded in the ephemeral press of the day, or still retained in the brain of those who have learned them—pertaining to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, is the object of this chapter.

This company was organized, and its contract with the government for its service on the western coast of the continent was made, and the construction of its three pioneer steamers nearly completed, and two of them had been dispatched on their long trip to their distant service, before the discovery of gold in California was known by either the government or the company. The ORIGINAL PROJECTOR of a line of steamers on the west coast of North America is no better known than the originator of a trans-continental railroad.

Many men talked of it, after it was suggested; but who was the suggester, is already one of the many things so difficult of determination that there is little hope of its final settlement.

Men now claim the original idea, who actually persisted in scouting and deriding the project for years after it began to be discussed.

The fact that Sloo's line of steamers to New Orleans and Chagres connected with the Pacific Mail line is patent to all.

In 1845 J. M. Shively, a shrewd Massachusetts Yankee, who had previously made his way to Astoria, Oregon, and had been some time serving the government there as Postmaster, went to Washington; and while there conferring with the Post-office Department, had conversation with the officials on the subject of a line of steamers from Panama to Astoria, Oregon, touching at several Mexican ports. Who originated the idea, or how far it was favorably entertained in Washington, events alone furnish ground for conjecture.

The governments of Great Britain and the United States were approaching an issue on the North-western Boundary question. Our government naturally desired to add to the population of Oregon as rapidly as possible, with a view to meeting the great event by force, if need be. This might have led to the *wish* for a line of steamers to aid in the work; but, that the project was not seriously entertained, is evident from the fact that later in the year, 1845, the President, James K. Polk, took very decided ground in favor of increasing facilities for reaching Oregon, and that his plans did not include this line of steamers.

His plan was to encourage the emigration of large colonies of Scandinavians from Northern Europe direct to Chagres, whence they were to be taken in boats, sent out by our government, up the Chagres river to the head of navigation, thence by pack animals to Panama, and from there by ships to Oregon.

In the maturity of this plan he was greatly assisted by Mr. J. M. Woodward, of New York, who had large interests in the commerce of the Baltic Sea, and was doing much in the way of bringing to America emigrants from Prussia and Sweden and Denmark and Norway, and whose aid and counsel the President sought and obtained, by inviting him to his house, and there employing him for a succession of months in making the investigations and preparing the details. In fact, Mr. Woodward wrought out the whole plan, and presented it complete, which the President laid before Congress as his own, and urged that body to make the necessary appropriations with the least possible delay. THIS PROJECT WAS ABANDONED, however, for the very good reason that the two governments came to an amicable understanding upon the threatening question, thus averting the necessity for a hasty increase of the population of Oregon.

It is, however, recorded, to the great discredit of the administration, that after obtaining the services of Mr. Woodward for so long a time, he was, without apology, dismissed, and allowed to return to his own pursuit, not even receiving a "thank you, sir," for his large outlay of time and toil and money. He had, however, come to entertain the idea that a line of steamers on the Pacific coast of our possessions was needed and could be made to pay. In this opinion he was joined by several gentlemen of means and enterprise, and commercial experience, who united with him in initiatory steps to secure, by a private company, what the government did not deem worthy of its attention.

E. K. Collins was before Congress with a bill for government aid to establish a line of Mail Steamers from New York to Liverpool; Mr. Sloo with one for a line from New York, via Havana, to New Orleans; and Mr. Woodward with one from Panama up the coast of the Pacific. Sloo remodeled his so as to reach Chagres, with the purpose to connect with Woodward's at the Isthmus.

On the last day of the session all three of these bills were passed in a batch; but, by some act or neglect of the Engrossing Clerk, Mr. Woodward was not named in the bill. Wherefore the Secretary of the

Navy, Mason, decided to advertise for bids for carrying the mails semi-monthly between Panama and Astoria, Oregon, calling at Realejo in Central America, and at Acapulco, Mazatlan and Monterey in Mexico.

At this time California had not been acquired by the United States. San Francisco had not been born, and "Yerba Buena," the site of the present Metropolis of the Pacific, was too insignificant to attract attention.

Its only business was to entertain some jolly "skipper" once or twice a year, while he loaded his vessel with hides, and luxuriated himself upon such sources of human gratification as were accessible, and its only prospects a down-grade to deeper degradation.

There were only three bids. Mr. Woodward offered to do the service for ten years, in side-wheel steamers, at $300,000 per annum.

One of his associates, by previous arrangement, proposed to do the work in propellers at $150,000 per annum, and a speculator named Arnold Harris bid $199,000 per annum. This Harris had no idea of anything else than to obtain and *sell* a contract.

As the $150,000 bid was lowest, the contract was awarded to Woodward's associate, but it was saddled with conditions not named in the advertisement, and wholly impracticable, whereupon the award was declined, and as Harris was the next lowest bidder the contract was then awarded to him. He had, however, given bonds to Woodward, before Woodward's associate withdrew, that if the bid was withdrawn, and the contract, in consequence thereof, should be awarded to him, Harris, he would immediately assign the same to Woodward. But upon obtaining the contract he declined to fulfill the engagement, and his bond proved totally worthless, which left Woodward again with no reward for his arduous and long continued toil. Little was known of the proposed route, the resources of the countries to be visited, or the prospects of a growing commerce. Hence the efforts of Harris to sell his contract in New York and elsewhere proved, for several months, abortive.

Eventually, through the influence of General Armstrong, a relative of Harris, and at that time United States Consul at Liverpool, Mr. W.

H. Aspinwall, of New York, was induced to think of the matter, and finally to accept the propositions of Harris to assign to him the contract.

The Secretary of the Navy, in transferring the contract to Mr. Aspinwall and his associates* entirely ignored Mr. Woodward, although he produced the contract of Harris to assign to him, and urged, in every conceivable way, the justness of his claim. Nor did he yield his point until he was beaten in a long and expensive series of litigations.

The contract finally assumed by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, called for the construction of three side-wheel steamers, all of which were to be of such durable material and so strongly built, that in case the government should need them, they could readily be converted into powerful men-of-war, and turned over to the Navy.

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* The Pacific Mail Steamship Company was incorporated April 12, 1848. Gardiner Howland, Henry Chauncy and William H. Aspinwall, being its corporators, and Mr. Aspinwall being elected its first president. The capital stock was only $500,000. In 1850 they were empowered to raise it to $2,000,000; in 1853, to $4,000,000; in 1865, to $10,000,000; in 1866, to $20,000,000. In 1872 they were authorized to reduce their capital stock to $10,000,000, at which figure it now stand[illegible]

The company was faithful to its trust. The vessels were made of the best materials, in every part, and put together in the best possible manner. And as they were to go to and remain on a coast vastly distant from any sort of repair shops or sources of supply, they were provided with duplicates or triplicates of nearly every piece of machinery, spars, sails, and rigging. In short, with everything that experience could dictate, or wisdom suggest, as at all likely to be needed for several years.

They expected to carry few passengers, and hence provisions for the crowds that overtook them in the very outset of the enterprise, were by no means adequate; and the company had to bear a vast amount of censure for a state of things which no human wisdom could foresee, no earthly sagacity anticipate.

The three steamers were named, respectively, "California," "Oregon," and "Panama," were nearly of the same size, and built as much alike as the nicest sense of harmony could desire.

But before their first vessel was ready to sail, California had become a part of the United States territory, the town of San Francisco had been named, its plat had been surveyed, and it was assuming an importance, in the eye of the government, second only to "*Astoria*" in Oregon.

Hence the contract was so modified as to require the transportation of the United States mails twice a month, between Panama and Astoria, via the above-named Central American and Mexican ports, touching at "Yerba Buena, now called San Francisco, in California."

According to the terms of the contract, the first of the three steamers was to leave New York in October, 1848, and, prompt in the fulfillment of the engagement, the "California," the true pioneer, was dispatched on the sixth day of the month, at high meridian, under the command of Captain **Cleaveland Forbes**, as noble and gallant a seaman as ever trod a quarter-deck or held a quadrant to the sun, assisted by an efficient corps of officers and men, a catalogue of whose names appear elsewhere in this work.

She made the run via Rio Janeiro and the Straits of Magellan to Valparaiso, and thence to Panama.

From Panama up the coast no steamer had ever traveled; and hence, to feel the way to San Francisco occupied twenty-eight days.

Further than this she did not go. Gold had been discovered, and a vessel once in the harbor must lie there or work her way out without hands. In fact the new order of things inaugurated by the gold, neutralized the power of the government, nullified contracts and produced derangement and distraction to such a degree, that the actual terminus of the line remained practically at San Francisco for all time to come.

Captain FORBES' health so entirely failed him that at Valparaiso he was compelled to yield the command of the ship, and take the place of a passenger.

Captain JOHN MARSHALL, a seaman of experience, being in port, was, by the agents of the company, placed in command, and conducted the ship to San Francisco, where, after seeing her anchored in the harbor, he left and hastened to the mines, without making any provisions for even one man to remain on board and care for her. And he was followed by every officer save one, and by every one of the crew.

The third assistant engineer, Frederick Foggin, could not be tempted with gold to be unfaithful to his employers. He alone, "the noblest Roman of them all," remained on board, and cared for the ship, until she was ready to commence her regular trips to and from Panama; when the company rewarded his fidelity by making him Chief Engineer, in which position he retained their entire confidence until he chose to leave and engage in other pursuits.

"Faithful found among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false—unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his trust, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though left alone."

In November of 1848, the "Oregon," the second of the line, left New York, and making a splendid run, reached San Francisco April 1st, 1849, just one month and one day after the "California."

In December the "Panama," the third and last of the three ships originally contracted for, sailed from New York, and after a prosperous voyage entered the harbor of San Francisco, about one month after the "Oregon," and like both her predecessors, crowded to her utmost capacity with an excited mass of surging, seething, human enthusiasm, moved by a single object—to "get rich and go home" in the shortest possible time.

Thenceforward the career of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company was onward and upward.

Every ship-yard at the American metropolis was taxed to its utmost to build additional steamers with which to meet the daily increasing demand.

Never before in the world's history was there such excitement, such uncontrollable enthusiasm, such fierce and irresistible determination to reach a certain distant portion of the globe, as now urged this company to furnish the means of conveyance to California. Never before did a company respond with such energy and such success.

Like full fledged fowls, from the yard at dawn of day, new steamships, of enlarged capacity and improved speed, and superior elegance, sprang from the busy ship-yards into the wharves, and thence, loaded to the guards with living human freight, sped their way to the far off Pacific.

During the first ten years this company produced more and better new ships, and carried more freight and passengers, with less loss of vessels and of life, than any other the world has ever seen.

It has within the twenty-five years of its existence owned, controlled and operated in the waters of the Pacific, more than forty steamers of all classes, from the 500 ton coaster to the gilded leviathan of 4,000 tons, breasting every class of storm, and defying the most tumultuous sea. With these they have inaugurated a new system of trade, and augmented commerce with nearly every port of the islands and both shores of the Pacific.

They have also lost fourteen large steamers by wreck and by fire, of an aggregate value, at the time the losses occurred, of more than three and a half millions of dollars.

This company has opened trade and extended commerce with all the prominent islands of the Pacific, and on both her coasts; and is now carrying between the most distant ports of the earth, the richest and rarest productions of every clime, and every branch of industry. To them belongs the honor of inaugurating the most extensive steamship lines the world has ever seen; and to them we hope may accrue rich and lasting financial rewards.

CHAPTER III.

NEW YORK TO CHAGRES PER STEAMER "FALCON."

THE commencement of a great enterprise is usually so full of present interest, and makes such large drafts upon every energy for active service, that there is little thought or time given to the recording of passing events. Hence, in after years, when those who would profit by the transpirings, could they know them, search for the initiatory facts and surroundings, they cannot find them. Everybody was in too much of a hurry to record them.

Fortunately for the subject of this chapter the circumstances were so new, the events so striking, and the whole scene so impressive, that numbers who passed through them, and are now living, recollect even the minutest details, with all the vividness of yesterday's transactions, though a quarter of a century has since elapsed.

Some there were who made hasty notes of facts and impressions, in the interims of Walter Colton's *Purgatory*—"seasickness"—and have preserved them; though many, and we might perhaps say those who wrote *most* and *best*, lost their journals in the great fires that devastated San Francisco within the first few years after their arrival, or have allowed them in some other way to pass, irrecoverably, beyond their reach.

To those yet extant, and to the vivid recollections of some who did not write, we are indebted for whatever of actual or circumstantial interest this chapter may possess.

The preceding chapter has told us of the organization, the efforts and the successes of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

But that company had nothing to do with carrying the mails from New York to Panama. This work was undertaken by the Atlantic Steamship Company, who engaged to carry the mails from New York, Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Havana, Cuba, and New Orleans, La., to and across the Isthmus.

The Pacific Mail Company had dispatched their pioneer steamer "California," in October of 1848, via the Straits of Magellan, with the design of reaching Panama by the 5th of January, 1849.

With a view of connecting with the "California," the Atlantic Company placed the "Falcon" in commission, and advertised her to sail on the 20th December. But, "lest there might be unexpected delays," it was ordered that she "sail December 1st."

The real cause of this change was a rumor, which had gained credence in a few minds, that gold had been discovered in California. But this was not sufficiently confirmed to counterbalance the twenty days' less time in which to prepare; and the number of through passengers was, consequently, quite limited, though there was a large number for Havana and New Orleans.

This rumor of gold discovery was of so little force that probably not half a dozen of the entire number of passengers had ever heard it, and not one had any faith in it. Hence it is due to the First Steamship Pioneers to say that they did not start for California for the purpose of digging gold, for they knew nothing of it when they sailed. When they had been three days at sea the gold discovery was officially published at Washington. But these passengers did not hear of it until their arrival at New Orleans.

One of the passengers, who kept a somewhat full diary of the voyage, has kindly placed the same at the service of the Editorial Committee, and they gladly avail themselves, not only of its facts, but often of its language, in the preparation of this chapter.

A most remarkable fact was, that on the initiatory trip of this vast undertaking—though the day of sailing had recently been fixed twenty days earlier than originally announced—and when we were about to pioneer our way more than six thousand miles to a new and strange country, the steamer "Falcon," under the command of the able and experienced, the amiable and efficient Captain Wiles T. Thompson, actually "cast off," "turned the wheels," and moved out of the dock—Pier No. 4, North River, New York—within five minutes of the advertised time: 12 o'clock, noon, of December 1, 1848.

If this is a foreshadowing of the promptness with which the company will continue to perform its service, surely the public will have no cause of complaint on the ground of delay.

The scene on the wharf was no ordinary one. The people of the great metropolis were accustomed to gather, in thousands, to see steamships depart for Southern and European ports. But this was the initiation of a *new* enterprise, of vast magnitude—the going forth of a colony, to people a coast on the other side of the continent—a *terra incognita* to most, if not all, who were present—an undertaking the result of which is far beyond the reach of mortal ken. Those on deck and those on shore part, with little hope of meeting again on earth; the former full of young ambition's fiery hope—the latter filled with fearful forebodings. In evidence of this, while the multitudes bade the loved ones adieu, and went on shore all tremulous with emotion, and gazed from the wharf through swimming eyes, responsive to deep wailings of despair, not only the brave soldier, and hardened son of the sea, but the youthful, all alone, and the newly married pairs, all radiant with smile and song, waved their farewells without a shudder or a sigh.

But we are off, without even time to note who is on board. The "Falcon" swoops down the bay, like the bird whose name she bears. In one hour and forty-five minutes, from the pier, we had passed the "Oregon," on her trial trip, and the "Panama,"* just putting to sea for her home in the Pacific, discharged our pilot, off Sandy Hook, and were fast hastening from the few remaining visible hill tops, the last of our homes to bid us adieu. At 3 P. M., hoisted jib, flying-jib, fore-topsail, main and mizzen spencers, and in a few minutes were literally flying from the scenes we loved so well. At 4.15 the last lofty hight of our native land sank beneath the horizon, leaving us in one vast, unbroken waste of waters, with no verdant slope or towering pine, or skyward mountain peak, to recognize our moistening eye or echo back our heaving sigh.

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*The "Panama" was disabled, and put back, so that the "Oregon" was eventually the second ship to arrive out.

The beauties of the bay, embowered in villas; the grandeur of the harbor, with its fortified mouth; the adjacent islands, like gems in a bracelet; the majesty of our noble steamer, adding wings to its feet, had so absorbed us, that the thousand-and-one tokens of affection, placed in our hands, or, more delicately, deposited in our state-room by friends, were all left untouched; and we were walking the deck in thoughtless ectasy, when at about 5 P. M., a seam of white foam on the water, overhung by a dark line of fire-streaked cloud, fiercely rushed toward us, like a thousand united squadrons of cavalry obedient to the bugle "charge," admonishing the wary skipper to call all hands and take in sail. Scarcely was the last yard of canvas snugly "clewed up" when, added to the already heaving sea, a terrific "sou-wester" struck us on our starboard bow, hoisted us high on a foaming billow, and then plunged us down into what seemed a bottomless trough, and thus continued to charge us in front, gall our flanks, and enfilade our whole line, as if all the Gods of War had combined to frustrate our designs, overthrow our plans, and utterly defeat our efforts, by putting an end to the voyage.

We were at once reminded of that weapon against human weal, of which Vulcan never dreamed, nor Plutan vaults contained a shadow; that base destroyer of everything manly in man, and yet refusing him the boon of death; that great paralyst of muscle, and solvent of the nerves, that brings ten thousand deaths in one, and *that* a living dissolution, a very Tantalus amid the flames—*sea-sickness*—which drove us to our room, where quite unable to keep our feet, we crawled into our berths, amid jars of jelly, and baskets of fruit, and parcels of thread, and balls of yarn, and pieces of goods, and coats, and vests, and muffs, and shawls, and boots and shoes, all in one mass of confusion, now, by our "lost estate" infinitely worse confounded.

Reader! If ever you go to sea, make it your FIRST business, even before the "lines are cast off," to put your room in such order that you can fully *enjoy* this visitor when he comes.

This storm increased continually until about 2 P. M., of the 2nd, when it became a terrific hurricane. But for the strength of the noble "bird of the sea," on whose back we are borne, all would be lost.*

Nearly every one was sick—not half enough *well*, to care for them.

On the 3rd, the sun rose without a cloud, though the sea was still angry. Toward midday its wrath abated, and by 3 P. M. most of the passengers were able to be on deck. It was Sabbath. At the request of the Captain, Rev. SYLVESTER WOODBRIDGE, the only one of the four clergymen on board able to do so, held Divine Service, and preached a sermon; Rev. O. C. WHEELER, the only one of the other three, able to be on his feet, assisted in the exercises.

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*Many of our friends, when the storm reached New York, despaired of ever hearing from us.

Now that the passengers are together, it is a good time to take a look and see who we have on board.

There is Captain THOMPSON, with his amiable young—a second—wife, their four months old daughter, bright as a rose, and sweet as a pink; and the maiden sister of Mrs. THOMPSON, of sixteen. Rev. O. C. WHEELER and wife, the latter and the two ladies just named, on terms of greatest intimacy. Captain ELLIOTT and his bride, he Quartermaster on the staff of General PERSIFER F. SMITH; Captain R. W. HEATH and Major FITZGERALD, his assistants; WILLIAM VAN VOORHIES, of the Post Office Department, in charge of the mail for the Pacific; H. F. WILLIAMS, who yet in his minority occupies a place in the front rank of his profession as an architect; Revs. J. W. DOUGLASS, and S. H. WILLEY, both young, single men, direct from the schools, devoting themselves to the moral and religious culture of the State to arise on the Pacific; D. W. C. **Thompson**, a bank clerk from Wall street, who, if his eye is not deceitful, will make his mark; **Levi Stowell**, a young and enterprising business man from the National Capital; Rev. S. **Woodbridge**, from Long Island, and many others of whom note will be taken in due time.

On the morning of the 4th, the sea had become calm, and the weather delicious. We were clear of the strong winds which prevail off Cape Hatteras, and had reasonable promise of fair weather for several days. At 11.30 A. M., took pilot for Charleston, rode up the beautiful bay, smooth as a plate of glass, and at 4 P. M., dropped anchor about five hundred yards from the wharf. The weather warm for Northerners. Everybody hastened ashore, under strict warning to be on board before 12 midnight.

During these eight hours, several young men —not those named above—"lewd fellows of the baser sort," visited the theater, where the combined influence of whisky and the play so exhilerated them that they became rude and boisterous; for which they were rewarded by a moonlight walk, conducted by a "star," to the region of the calaboose, from entrance to which they, however, escaped, by the influence of some "yellow-boys" and a pledge to leave town immediately. One of the party was JOHN ROSS, Jr., son of the celebrated Cherokee Chief, who, with his two daughters and this wild son, was now returning to his distant home, whence he started in August last, to bring his children, who have been completing their educational course, at some of the best schools in New England. Young Ross, while in the theater, became quite intoxicated and savage, drawing and flourishing a large bowie-knife, threatening dire vengeance upon all who should presume to oppose any of his ideas of propriety. Another was a young creole, bound to New Orleans. He, in his delirium, threw his hat, from the gallery, upon the stage, for which he was summarily marched off to the "lock-up;" but upon his plea that he was "only a passenger," and would be glad to get out of the place as soon as possible, he was released. But he was so annoyed by the passengers constantly referring to his folly, that when we reached Savannah, though he had paid his fare home, he borrowed money of a fellow-passenger and took the overland route to New Orleans, alleging that his friends were sick, a fact which he had no possible means of learning, had it been true.

December 5.—Fine weather, smooth sea, little sickness, and much good feeling. The rough edges were beginning to wear off, and men in the crowd to rub against each other without chafing. About 10 A. M., took a pilot, and in two hours entered the Savannah river, which we were obliged to trace with great care. At 2 P. M. the steamer grounded at low tide. The Captain and Mail Agent lowered a boat, and took the mails to town, about a mile and a half distant. In two hours more we floated, and ran up to town, where we lay until 5 P. M., and then weighed anchor and left.

The river being between high banks, little of the town can be seen from the steamer's deck. Passing up the Savannah river, the land, as far as the eye can reach, in every direction, is one unbroken level, like the vast marshes that border some Northern rivers. The forests, in many places, look as though either fire or water had killed all the timber, and present a most melancholy picture to one accustomed to the grand and picturesque scenery of our Northern and Western mountains. Along the line of the river are numerous plantations, bearing the marks of former beauty and prosperity, but of present decay and ruin; immense rice fields half cultivated, and cane fields half harvested, bespangled here and there with knots of native shrubs and flowerets, which practical indolence allows to annually increase in size and number. Here we saw, sluggishly careering through the air, or lazily lolling in the sun, large numbers of "turkey buzzards," large, dull, black, filthy fowl — rapacious scavengers, possessing all the meaner qualities of the condor and the crow combined.

On the 6th a fresh storm arose, which, though not severe, was too much for the best of our nerves, and caused most of us to observe a "day of fasting"—whether there was much "prayer" mingled with it, perhaps it is not best to assert.

While nearly all are sick, there are a few who escape. They are in the saloon, seated around a table, apparently unconscious of all surrounding events.

There is the shrewd "guessing" Yankee; the portly and austere Briton; the polite and scheming Gaul; the sagacious and fiery Castillian; the vain and pretentious quadroon, combining all that is useless and disgusting in the various nations whose blood he inherits. On the table around which they sit are heaps of coin, both silver and gold, open purses and unfolded wallets. To the piles of coin no attention seems to be paid, only an occasional change of location on the table, indicating a change of ownership, directed by the cards. They play more earnestly, and continually "bet" *higher*, until one has lost his last half-dollar, and moves away, with feelings known only to those whose fortunes frown, and whose souls are turned within, to gnaw upon and devour themselves. Soon another rises from his seat.

"A moment, if you please," said a beardless youth, with blue eyes and light hair, every way as delicate as a girl, "you can stop there!" covering his *pile* with his hand.

"Well, sir?"

"Well—excuse me, but I think you drew *two* cards."

"I believe not—I'll take your pile if you please."

"Two cards?"

"Your money!"

Lips are set and yet they smile—revolvers appear. No fuss, but quick movements are made. Every nerve is strung to its utmost tension, yet without a tremor.

"Well, sir?"

"Well."

"Your money!"

"Two cards."

A cool headed old "Game Cock," stretches out his hand, and says: "Try arbitration."

"Agreed!" "Agreed!"

A few minutes and the veteran says, "You are wrong my friend. No doublets were drawn. Mistakes will happen to the most careful gentlemen."

Revolvers are replaced in their belts, and knives return to their scabbards, and all settle down to their "work" again.

We now pass along the coast of Florida, so near that, with a glass, the scenery may be minutely scanned. The day is beautiful, the sea is unruffled, and nearly all the passengers are on deck, gazing with rapture upon the ever vernal scenes of a soft southern clime, and drinking in the delightful aroma wafted to sea from ten thousand fragrant flowers. Immediately along the shore there is a strip of barren, sandy country, while a little further back there is a rich profusion of shrubbery in full foliage. But there is no hill, nor mound, nor rising slope, to greet the eye and relieve the monotony. To the verge of vision, all is one vast, unbroken level.

At about noon of the 8th the Captain took his glass, and from the paddle-box began to scan the horizon. He thought he ought to see the "Pan of Matanzas," a high bluff on the northern shore of Cuba, some fifty miles east of Havana. After some two hours of the most anxious watching, he went below, and found, by a careful review of his observations, that he had overrun his calculations, and was several leagues west of Havana; whereupon he "put about," and in a short time we were running along a coast of surpassing beauty and grandeur. There were the undulating surface, the gentle slope, and the towering mountain—all of which had been wanting in every landscape since we left New York—and all fully robed in the perennial verdure and sweetness of a tropical clime.

While dining, at 4 P. M., all were aroused by the ejaculations, "*Moro Castle!*" "MORO CASTLE!" "Come and see Moro Castle!" This is the celebrated fortification to which the city of Havana, the capital of Cuba, is indebted for safety from all foreign enemies. They saluted us handsomely with guns and with bunting; and soon an open boat, rowed by half a dozen negroes, bearing in its center the standing figure of a pilot—a man of Lambertinian proportions and of true Castillian independence. He passed around to our larboard quarter, and then, without deigning an attempt to come on board, by the use of his West Indian Spanish, illustrated by shrugging shoulders and waving hands and pointing fingers, directed us safely into the harbor. This harbor, "La Habaña," is completely land-locked, and, while large enough for all naval and commercial purposes, is so limited in extent and so protected by natural barriers, that no danger to shipping can ever arise from wind or storm. Added to this, the channel is so narrow that you are obliged to pass within easy musket range of the impregnable "Moro" on one side, and "La Principe" on the other, while "Cabaña" shows its teeth directly in front, and impregnable "works" look down upon you from every eminence, and you can scarcely imagine a spot more secure.

After dropping anchor, and waiting a long time, a retinue of Custom-house officers, with great pomp, boarded us, and went through with all the formalities of the law "in such case made and provided." Then, after another waiting of such length as to "maintain the dignity of the throne," we were subjected to another examination by the Health Officer, who, finding neither "chicken-pox," nor "measles," "lunatic fever," nor "delirium tremens" on board, most graciously signified his "permission to go on shore."

First we visited the commercial house of **Barnum** & Co., agents of the Steamship Company, the exterior of whose countinghouse was not unlike a most magnificent public hall or theater, and the interior, like the parlors and drawingrooms of a palace; gorgeous with mosaic floors, and gilded walls, and works of art, while mirrors on all sides multiplied each component of the general grandeur into half a score, and constituted a scene at once charming and bewildering to the last degree.

At twilight, visited the "Grand Plaza"—a large square, whose walks, paved with marble, occupy more than half its surface, and whose groves of Palm, and Orange, and Cocoa, and other tropical trees and plants, are of surpassing beauty, and fill the atmosphere with exhilerating odors. Here, by the light of a tropical moon, we *saw* the grand and formal and—to us live Yankees—tedious preparations, and by the aid of a balmy tropical atmosphere *heard* the performance of what is justly called one of the best military bands in the world. All the surroundings, and all the movements, and all the performances, were of the most magnificent character, and all of us felt at the close of each piece,

> "That strain again; it had a joyous lay:
> O, it came o'er my soul like the sweet South,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor."

On the 9th we treated ourselves to a ride in a "volante." This is a two-wheeled vehicle, very like a chaise of the early days of New England, excepting that the cover comes much farther over forward, and is furnished with an apron which, as occasion requires, may be let down and fastened in front, so that neither horse nor driver can be seen, or spatter you with mud. The shafts are from twelve to twenty feet long, and the horse—usually a small, lean, hard-worked and poor-fed creature—is between them at the extreme ends, his tail braided, and pulled around to one side and tied to the harness, so that he cannot annoy the flies; and the driver is in the saddle, with monstrous spurs and cruel club, beating the poor beast most unmercifully, if he fails to obey or to go fast enough to suit the brutal rider.

This accounts for the apron in front of the passenger, who is by it saved the sight of the cruelty, which would deprive any cultivated mind of all pleasure in the "pacea."

Our ride extended several miles through the suburbs of the city, and into the country, through an avenue bordered on either side by a hedge of roses, in full bloom, beyond and enclosed by which were plains and hill sides, waving with harvest, villas that vie with Gallic Chateau, and gardens of such extent and richness, and beauty, as to be quite beyond all comparison.

Surely, after such an experience as our stay at Havana gave us, we could never again charge the Spaniard with unreasonable eulogy when he styles Cuba, "La joya mas brilliante en la carona de España" — the most brilliant jewel in the Spanish crown. But their appellation "Siempre fiel isla de Cuba" — the ever faithful Cuba — will ere long be obsolete so far as Spain is concerned. Havana has 200,000 people, 10,000 of whom are soldiers armed and on constant duty.

Cuba is proud of her beauty and her strength, jealous of her rights, and impatient of her wrongs; and despite the immense wealth that is squandered, the vast soldiery maintained, the huge prisons and terrible guillotine, which are constantly exposed, as a terror to the disloyal, she is steadily receiving light from the North, of more than Borealic brilliance, that will ere long, give her a knowledge of her power, and courage to use it, in throwing off the iron yoke of political and religious despotism, and establishing her own independence; or, uniting her destinies with a people already the firmest in their freedom, and purest in their progress, and strongest in defense, of all the nations of the earth.

We left at Havana many whose virtues and heroism, during the nine days of our mutual trials, had endeared them to us by strong ties, and whom we may not reasonably expect to meet again. Nor can many of us hope to again see this beautiful "Queen of the Antilles."

These facts had generated and raised, too near the point of utterance, thoughts of a melancholy make, when a cloud, of the "size of a man's hand," appeared directly in our path, every minute augmenting in size and accelerating its motion, until it soon seemed hastening to our zenith, with the speed of a race horse, threatening us with immediate destruction. This reminded us of the "Bohon Upas" of sea travel, and entirely banished every thought of Havana friends and Cuban beauty.

Captain THOMPSON beckoned me to his room, and pointing to the rising cloud, said, "Did you ever see a *Norther* in the Gulf?" "No, sir!" Then said he, "there is fun ahead for you; that is if we live to see it. Nothing on the water, sir, like a norther in the Mexican Gulf." To this we were all ready to subscribe after we had experienced our norther, which struck us within fifteen miuutes.

The broad Pacific, with its long and heavy swell, may, by the unbroken sweep of ten thousand miles, be wrought into mountains and valleys of indescribable grandeur, and play with a seventy-four gun ship as though it were the merest toy. The Atlantic may yield to its sudden gusts, and furious tornadoes; may be torn and chopped, and lashed into fury, until it throws the bark, scudding under bare poles, high upon a foaming pinnacle, and deep into the yawning cavern; or crushes the mighty ship between the icebergs, as though it were the empty shell of an egg, and devours all on board, at a gulp; or, grinding it to atoms, feeds its broken parts to the monsters of the deep. The typhoon of the Indian seas may come from a cloudless sky, without a warning sight or sound, and strike the unwary bark like the bolt of Jove, rending sails, and breaking spars, consigning all to hopeless, instant ruin. But a *Norther in the gulf* will combine all these fearful elements, all these crushing forces, all these terrific onsets; and, with haste that leaves no time for preparation, and power which renders useless every form of resistance, will terrify, overwhelm, paralyze the stoutest heart.

The Norther came, and turned the noble "Falcon" into its "plaything" for twenty minutes, and then, passing on, left us to recover as best we could, to gather up the fragments of broken furniture, to replace the torn sails, and scrub up and refit generally. But just where the *fun* came in we were not informed.

The next day (Dec. 10th) was the Sabbath; the weather was fine, the sea was smooth; and the passengers and crew, in the best of spirits, assembled on the quarter-deck for Divine service. By request of Captain THOMPSON, Rev. O. C. WHEELER preached a sermon, founded on the text: "*I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep thy righteous judgments.*" Ps. CXIX., 106. Theme: "A high purpose and a firm resolve essential to success in pioneer life." The attention was most respectful, and the impression happy.

At nightfall of the 11th, we reached the Balise and took a pilot, but was compelled to "heave to" and await the rising of the tide, in order to cross the bar, which we accomplished at 10 A. M. of the 12th. A river pilot soon came on board, relieved the port pilot and started with us up the "Father of Waters," for the far famed "Crescent City," the commercial metropolis of the great South and West, New Orleans, where we arrived at 1 P. M.

After a stay of six days, "waiting for General SMITH," whom, with his staff, we were to take to San Francisco, to "prepare for the trip," as we were told, but really to prepare for the change in the state of affairs growing out of the publishing of the gold news, since the company dispatched the steamer from New York,—all preparations possible under the circumstances being completed, and our steamer being crowded to its utmost capacity by the most excited mass of moral floodwood that ever came down the Mississippi, we sailed on the 18th for Chagres.

Having crossed the bar, and made as much headway for several hours as a very dense fog would allow, we were moving at a cautious rate, when, suddenly, the fog lifted and the sun shone out, revealing land directly ahead, and very near. The engine was stopped, and backed, and the steamer stayed in her course and saved.

Investigation showed that the man who had rated the ship's chronometers in New Orleans had done his work incorrectly, and had thus led the Captain astray, and we were running directly toward the west end of the island of Cuba, and were apparently not more than half a mile from the shore.

A council was called in the Captain's room, consisting of several experienced sea captains, whom we had taken on board at New Orleans, and one or two other gentlemen, of whom the writer was one.

Captain THOMPSON explained the situation, showing on his chart a direct route through the Carribbean sea, between the islands, which, he said, would "save several hundred miles in distance, considerable time, and be attended with comparatively little danger." He also pointed out another and longer route, going to the eastward around several islands, but which was "perfectly safe." He also said: "We have been detained at New Orleans six days, and are very much behind our time; and this short route will save some two or three days." The two propositions were discussed at considerable length, both pro and con. But the whole thing was brought to an abrupt and final close by Captain WATERMAN, a burly old skipper of sixty, weather-beaten, short and fat, who, looking the commander full in the face, and bringing his brawny fist down upon the table with great force, shouted: "An accident is not *admissible* on board this ship—not ADMISSIBLE, sir. Too many lives at stake. The safe route is the only one that will answer, no matter how long it takes." No more questions were asked—no more discussion had. We took the long route, and were safe.

The passage was smooth, and full of delight; varied with every conceivable change of scenery and amusement.

Most of the passengers were descendants

from the Pilgrims, and hence thought it highly proper to celebrate "Forefathers' day." So on the 22d the programme which had been agreed upon was duly carried out. It included prayer, singing, an address by Rev. S. WOODBRIDGE, and a series of resolutions drawn up by a committee, of which Rev. O. C. WHEELER was chairman.

Perhaps no better illustration of the patriotic sentiments and high purpose of these pioneers could be given than the

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS

as they were presented and adopted, which was done with unanimity and enthusiasm. They were as follows:

WHEREAS, it is becoming to keep in remembrance those great events in the history of man which have tended to advance the interests and increase the happiness of our race; and

WHEREAS, we are now permitted to celebrate a most important event—one, of which our present voyage, in its anxiously looked for termination, by comparison and by contrast, is most strikingly calculated to remind us, it is with deep interest we pause and reflect. While we see a beautiful *comparison*, in the leaving of home for a distant shore, in the sailing of a pioneer vessel, bearing civil and religious institutions to a coast that has never known them, and hoping to rear there a great and happy people, the *contrast* is equally gratifying. They fled from a bigotry that oppressed their understandings; we are sent as the heralds of sentiments in which all our people participate. They, in a frail bark, encountered calm, and storm, and every other peril of the sea, to land on an ice-bound foreign coast, among untamed savages, at midwinter; we, on a noble steamer —the fleet-winged hunting bird—defy the calm, and hasten to a mild and balmy clime —the elysian coast of our own country, with our own people. They had to generate, rear, propagate, and improve institutions for themselves; we take them with us, full grown and mature, and set them up, to bless a State for all coming time. And

WHEREAS, we trace back all that is beautiful in these comparisons, and interesting in these contrasts, to the principles and practices of that little patriotic band, the two hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary of whose landing on "Plymouth Rock" we to-day celebrate; therefore,

Resolved, 1st—That we hail with gratitude the return of the day, when our Pilgrim Fathers, under the guidance and protection of a merciful Providence, reached their destination and commenced the work which has been fraught with such glorious results.

Resolved, 2d—That we see in the suffering, in the self-denial for conscience' sake, and in the enterprise and perseverance of those projectors of an untried plan, and progenitors of a people full of the love of civil and religious liberty, a spirit worthy of all emulation.

Resolved, 3d—That the results of their labor inspire us with increasing confidence in their principles. That these results include a self-diffusing system of civil and religious freedom which has already penetrated far into the wilds of barbarism, lighting the lamp of peace and love in every vale and on every mountain top where it goes; the most full and free system of general education the world has ever seen, diffusing throughout the American Republic an enlarged form of enlightened freedom, and laying the foundation for an untold amount of peace and happiness, of greatness and glory at home, and erecting in every kingdom and empire abroad statues of the only goddess to which man may safely bow — the right to govern self, and freedom to worship God.

Resolved, *4th* — That while we commend the spirit which led them to act, and rejoice in the results of their efforts, we would fain emulate the former, and strive earnestly to attain the latter — would count no comfort of life too dear, no scene of home too sweet, no tie of friendship too strong, to yield to the important mission now before us, viz: To establish States of this great Union on a distant coast; to found institutions in a wilderness, to extend all the blessings of our Fatherland to a country richer, and a people yet to be greater than the world knew at the time of the event we now celebrate.

After this we sat down to a superb collation, provided by the Captain, and passed some hours in a "feast of reason" without a flowing bowl. Thus ended one of the most interesting, and, perhaps, most profitable days of our whole voyage.

On the morning of the 27th we descried, on our "lee quarter," a high bluff, a little to the north of Puerto Bello; but the Captain, being an entire stranger to the coast, and not sure of his exact whereabouts, tacked ship and ran down the coast, until 10 A. M., when, convinced of his error, he again "put about" and ran up the coast.

The scenery is very grand; hills rise above hills, and "mountain peaks o'er peaks project," all clad in rich and varied tropical verdure.

At 12 M. there arose directly before us a high, projecting point of land, upon the extreme end of which appeared the magnificent ruins of old "Fort San Lorenzo," commanding the entrance to the harbor of Chagres, which is small, and the channel so narrow, shallow and crooked, that vessels drawing more than ten feet of water cannot safely attempt its passage.

The brig "Ann and Julia" having safely come in, attempted, five days ago, to go out, but was thrown upon the rocks directly under the fort, where she lay, in distress, three days, when she was got off and run back into port, and her bottom into the sand. She is now discharging her cargo, and will probably prove a total loss.

The little bay, containing only a few acres, is quite land-locked. As you leave the ship several miles from the shore, and row toward the town, you pass directly under the point of land, on which, some two hundred feet above you, are seen the foundations of what was once a strong Spanish fortification, and which now presents a most imposing appearance, if anything can be imposing when in ruins. It is everywhere, from the top to the water's edge, thickly grown over with mosses, bushes, vines and grasses, the latter of which are continually cropped by numerous cows and goats — the former in the more level and safe footings, the latter in the more precipitous and dangerous. This old fortification, with its decaying walls, falling turrets, crumbling bastions, and moss-grown base, with ever-blooming shrubbery creeping and peering over its hoary stone walls, its towers crumbling into silent oblivion, its weeping old flag-staff, bending with age, and mourning the loss of its former appendage, presents one of the most rare and racy subjects for the limner's pencil that combined art and nature ever produced.

As you pass this interesting object on your left, another of nearly, if not quite, equal interest presents itself on the right — the dwelling of wealth in a tropical clime. It would, in the North, be called the merest apology for a house, and its environs. The principal building, standing immediately upon the shore, is composed of perpendicular bamboo poles, thatched with thickly matted palm leaves, and is surrounded by its little *coterie* of out-houses, similarly constructed; with a finely cut lawn at its back, bounded by a beautiful grove of palms with smooth round trunks and tufts of long branching leaves on the top, and a dense, tangled forest in the rear — a fashionable villa, the home of luxury, in a land of indolence and poverty.

At 12 M. we dropped anchor three miles from shore, and waited two hours to be saluted, visited, or in some way recognized, but in vain. Captain Thompson then lowered his life-boat and, with a few persons, went on shore. The next morning we were all taken on shore, going, a few at a time, in a small life-boat, through fearful breakers on the bar.

Thus we reached Chagres, reported to be the most unhealthy port on the American continent.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM CHAGRES TO PANAMA.

TWENTY-SEVEN days at sea is a serious affair to beginners, in ordinary circumstances, though its monotony may have been broken by several short stops. But when a ship has been fitted for a certain purpose, and then, in the middle of her voyage, the prominent circumstances all change when it is impossible to so modify the preparations as to adapt her to the new order of things, many new and unexpected annoyances will arise; much friction will occur, and many grievances will be engendered.

Our ship had been prepared to carry the mails and a few passengers. For this purpose her accommodations were ample, and all her appointments excellent. But while at sea the gold discovery had been announced, and at New Orleans every available inch of space was occupied, much of it, by those who were willing to accept any berth, so that they might go; a class the very first to complain, and the most ready to trespass on the rights of others. With such a state of things, it is not strange that when we reached Chagres everybody was more or less nervous, and the eye of jealousy and the heart of envy saw many things that never existed, or, if existing, without the least intent in the direction suspected.

Much feeling prevailed as to who should be first served, and best provided; and not a few efforts were made to overreach and forestall, or in some other way to obtain an advantage. Nor was this wonderful when we reflect that Chagres was a small town of not more than one hundred houses, having no sort of accommodations for more than fifty or seventy-five persons, while we numbered over two hundred. Nor were the means of transportation up the river any more adequate.

The town of Chagres has perhaps one thousand souls. The buildings, with one exception, are mere bamboo huts, without doors, windows, or floors, with palm leaf thatched roofs, and would be unfit for sheep or poultry, in the North, yet seem to be quite adequate to all the wants of their tenants.

The *exception* is a very small frame house, painted red, having only two rooms, owned and occupied by a venerable Jamaica negro named John Joseph Lewis, and his equally black "Venus," each weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds. They speak English, are educated, intelligent, and make themselves very popular by their readiness to assist strangers in transacting business with the natives, whose only dialect is a medley of miserably adulterated Spanish and Indian. Nor is it wonderful that this establishment bears the noble title of the "American Hotel."

In natural scenery the vicinity of Chagres is surpassingly rich. On three sides of the town, finely moulded hills and magnificent bluffs, covered with tropically luxuriant, perennial verdure and bloom; between two hills a romantic stream rushing down, forming some of the most charming cascades, while the more pretentious river, rising high in the mountains, moves majestically through a gorge into the bay; and the open sea, within half a mile, in front, not only combine to charm the eye and invite the pencil of the artist, but with much force controvert the universally expressed belief that this is one of the most malarious spots on the face of the earth. We are, however, very fortunate in being here within the only two months in the year in which it is safe for foreigners to spend even a night.

General ADAIR, Collector of the Port of Astoria, Oregon, having his wife and five children on board; PACIFICUS ORD, Esq., of New Orleans, also having his family, and the writer went ashore to make preparations for ascending the river with our families. Contracts were readily made at $40 to $60, according to size, per canoe from Chagres to Cruces. But we soon found that to our inquiry "When will you start?" the universal reply was "Mañana," "in the morning." This was pleasant at first, but after being repeated from day to day, for half a week it became rather unsatisfactory. It was the only food to check our impatience from Wednesday to Saturday.

Having engaged a "dug out"—a mahogany log, three feet through and twenty long, made into a canoe—with four men to "pole" it up the river to Cruces, for $40, we commenced preparations for our journey.

Mine host of the "American Hotel," on the second day, in order to quiet symptoms of impatience which he thought ought to exhibit themselves, told us that he had something to show us "in the morning, which would be very interesting"—and it *was*. He brought out a four-ounce vial full of GOLD DUST FROM CALIFORNIA, and poured it upon the table with all the dignity of an emperor exhibiting his diadem, and enlarged upon the immense quantities of it to be "picked up at *San Francisco*." It was the first we had ever seen. Only wife and I were admitted—though others saw it afterward.

We were told that it was "a custom equal to a law" that "a bottle of brandy must be provided for the boatmen or they would not work," and we would either be capsized in the river, or left helpless in the midst of the journey. We believed differently, and preferred to deal with men when they were *sober*, and hence refused assent to the demand. Our canoe was loaded, all ready to start, and the men waited only to see the bottle of brandy. I said nothing, but stepped back a few paces from the bank and, with no sort of haste, drew out my faithful "seven-shooter," and examined it with great care and deliberation —seeing that all the chambers were loaded, and every cap in its place—taking especial pains that they should plainly see all I did. I then replaced the revolver, stepped into the canoe, and gave the command to "shove off." Men seldom move more actively, and never seem more willing than they. Brandy was not again named during the trip; but, at the end of their work, at Cruces, I presented each of them with coin enough to buy more than a bottle of brandy, if they so chose. Thus was inaugurated a new custom. These were stalwart men of mixed Spanish and Indian blood—muscular, strong, and well skilled in the use of the pole, but they would not wear a particle of clothing. The water is deep in the middle of the stream; they therefore keep close in shore where their poles will reach the bottom; and when rounding a point, where the water is too deep, they give a violent push toward the other bank, which, by the swiftness of the current, the boat soon reaches, but much farther down stream; they then pole along the outer bank of the long curve, thus following the longest possible line. And as the stream is very crooked, and in many places rapid, the progress is very slow. Our average speed from Chagres to Cruces was less than one mile an hour.

We had made but a short distance, around the first sharp bend, when they suddenly shoved the canoe into the bushes which overhung the bank, stuck their poles into the mud on the water side, so as to hold it in its place, and appeared to be preparing to leave us. Observing anxiety on our countenances, and a hand upon my revolver, they laughed heartily, and uttering, all at once, "Baño," plunged into the water. Five to ten minutes sufficed to cool them off, their *bath* was finished; they came aboard, drew their poles from the mud, and resumed their work. This operation was performed very frequently during the whole trip.

At dusk, and in the rain, we reached Gatun, the first *town*, consisting of one bamboo hut, situated at the confluence of a stream of the same name and the main river. Two boats were already there, and two others soon arrived, making the "army of occupation" for the night to consist of five "vessels," and seventeen souls.

General ADAIR's excellent wife was in poor health, and wished a chicken. This incident, with some others, so fully illustrate the utter simplicity of these natives at this time, in matters of finance, that its rehearsal will be pardoned:

The General asked the man of the house for one of his chickens, of which a considerable number were at hand. "Si, Señor," was the reply, politely uttered. The chicken was caught, killed, and dressed by the General

The price was asked, and with the same blandness he said, "Quatro reales." Certainly this was not unreasonable, a fine chicken for a half dollar, which was at once paid. Sticks were gathered by the ADAIRS, a fire built upon stones, and a pot—*borrowed* for the occasion—hung between an improvised "shears" over the fire, and in due time the chicken was cooked, and Mrs. ADAIR very much refreshed thereby. But the end was not yet. The "landlord" again addressed the General, very politely raising his "sombrero" and bowing his head as he said, in Spanish, "Two dollars for the use of the pot, if you please." At that particular time the General's knowledge of Spanish utterly failed him, and the "landlord" finally turned away highly disgusted with the stupidity and ignorance of "el Americano."

After being entertained for an hour or two by the very *polite* and *intelligent* conversation of the "landlord" and his "señora"—not one word of which we could understand—and the elegant *acting* of their "muchachas," the delicacy of which we failed to see; none of whom wore any sort of clothing, except that the two former had each a very poor substitute for the Edenic apron—we sought "rooms" for our wives and daughters. We gentlemen had other business than to sleep, as will soon be seen. We were accorded for the ladies "the best room in the house." In one corner of the floorless hut, a stick of timber, some six inches through and twelve feet long, with a notch cut once in eighteen inches, stood slanting against the corner. Overhead were large bamboo poles for beams, and small bamboo poles laid across them for a floor. Up that notched pole the ladies climbed, and spreading the blankets, which we threw up after them, upon these bare poles, they composed themselves for the night.

The vicinity was full of robbers. Wherefore we organized the entire male force of our party into a "home guard." Every man was heavily armed, with bowie-knife, revolver, and double-barreled shot-gun, and uniformed in a gum cloth cap and cloak. We stationed our pickets, gave strictest orders to our sentinels, and then, with shouldered arms and martial tread, patrolled the vicinity of our boats and our wives through the livelong night. Oh! how it rained.

At about 3 o'clock A. M., two or three marauders appeared near one of our pickets, the cocking of whose gun started them off in such haste that his shot did not probably overtake them.

In the morning we were off at the dawn. Upon asking for the bill for the lodgings of the ladies, we were told, "Dos pesos eada una"—*two dollars apiece.* We consulted, and handed him twenty-five cents each, which he most graciously accepted without saying a word.

About sundown of the next day we tied up to the bank, went ashore, kindled a fire, made coffee, and prepared our dinner and supper all at once. By some mishap all of the ladies had mislaid their spoons. Seeing a native hut about a quarter of a mile off, one of the gentlemen went and asked for the loan of a teaspoon. It was an old, bent, battered, dilapidated, blackened specimen of block tin, which had probably been bestowed upon some ancestral damsel by Balboa, in acknowledgment of favors received at the time he discovered the Pacific.

The ladies washed it, and then we all used it, in turn, to stir the sugar in our coffee. The meal over, the spoon was returned, so much brighter than it came that the *señora* thought it must have been nearly worn out, and charged "uno real" for the use of it.

Our canoe had a low thatched roof, covering about six feet in the central portion. This screened us from the sun by day and fog by night, and the frequent deluging rains which fell without regard to time.

After an hour we lay down, and, from long continued fatigue and want of sleep, slept very soundly. While asleep the river fell rapidly, leaving the bow of our canoe on the bank, while the stern, toward which were our heads, sank with the falling stream, until we were, unconsciously, lying with our feet at an angle of some fifteen degrees higher than our heads.

In this position there came up, or rather *down*, a tropical shower, which so filled and run down our canoe, that the water rose under our heads, and flowing into our ears, awakened us to a sense of another of the beauties of pioneering in the tropics.

Having reached Cruces — the head of navigation — we debarked, in a drenching rain, and sought lodgings in the *best hotel*. How good the accommodations were, and how delicious the fare was, need not be told beyond this, that our blankets spread upon our trunks, in an open space, thatched over head with palm leaves, under which some twenty others, like ourselves, on trunks or boxes, or on the ground, also slept, was the "best room in the house," and also that we lived on eggs and raw onions, because, when we had removed the shell from the one, and the husk from the other, we knew the inner portion was clean.

There, perhaps, never was a case where travelers more effectually frightened the natives than ours.

A few persons had, from time to time, for centuries, crossed the Isthmus, being furnished with pack and saddle animals by the people who kept them for such purposes. But now, gold had been discovered in California, and five vessels, all crowded with an excited mass of adventurers, had reached Chagres within a single week.

The canard, "the Americans have come to take the country," gained credence, and every horse, and mule, and donkey, was driven into the mountains for safety from the rapacity of the invaders. All property, of every kind that could be, was "cached," and none but the bravest, or the most feeble of the people remained at accessible points. Add to this, the cholera broke out in a most malignant form, and five of our number were soon claiming at our hands the last sad rites of sepulture. The town did not afford boards enough for a single coffin, and we buried them in their blankets. Of this number was Captain ELLIOTT, in charge of the Quartermaster's Department for the Pacific Division of the army — one of the noblest specimens of an American soldier that ever graced our army.

He and his bride left New York with us, but she suffered so terribly with seasickness, before we reached New Orleans, that he feared to take her further, and sent her overland to Mobile, the home of her parents, while he, obedient to orders, pursued his journey, to die without her soothing presence, and be buried in foreign soil, by the hands of his companions in arms.

Here, also, fell LUCKET and BURCH, and others.

This added to the general alarm of the people, and they most heartily wished us all in a place to which none of us cared to go.

After waiting five days, we induced them to bring in a few animals, that we might reach Panama. The road was in terrible condition, and the ride of twenty-five miles in the saddle was a task, especially for ladies, full of toil and danger, and gave rise to one of those bold steps, illustrative of the superior moral heroism of the fair sex over that of the sterner.

Mr. WHITNEY and Rev. O. C. WHEELER, with their wives, had been "messing" together. WHITNEY came in, early in the morning of January 5th, 1849, very much excited, and said, "Another man is dead; we must not stay here. I have obtained three animals, not very good, but the only ones to be had. If you, Mr. WHEELER, will take the ladies over, I will obtain pack animals as soon as I can, and bring the trunks." Mr. WHEELER said: "My wife has agreed to wear a suit of my clothes and ride as I do. If your wife will do so with yours, I will take her, otherwise I cannot, for I think it the only safe way." The proposition was agreed to, and in thirty minutes the whole population, both native and foreign, was assembled to see the novel sight. The three left at once, amid the most exciting cheers. These two ladies were the only ones that made the trip without disaster. Mrs. WHEELER did not dismount until they reached Panama, having actually remained in the saddle ten and a half hours, over one of the worst possible roads, and all the time under a burning tropical sun, or in such deluging showers of rain as are known only on the Isthmus.

When these two ladies and their escort passed the gates of Panama, the welkin fairly rang with shouts of applause and pealing cheers, an exercise that continually increased, until they reached the hotel, where Mrs. WHEELER was taken from her horse, and carried by enthusiastic army officers and gentlemen pioneers, to her room, in the second story of the large building. The emphatic declarations "These are the only two sensible ladies among us," "That is the only *rational* way for a lady to attempt the trip," and others of similar import were repeated for the hundredth time. This act inaugurated, and those noble men sanctioned and gave character and honorable repute, to an innovation adapted to the circumstances; and established a custom which, by ladies who had an opportunity to prepare for it before leaving home, was for years appreciated and enjoyed.

Before the passengers by the pioneer steamship had all reached Panama, some 1,500 had arrived at Chagres, and were pushing their way across the Isthmus by every conceivable and possible means.

We arrived at Panama on the very day that the steamer "California," which had gone around, was generally considered due there.

But we were compelled to wait twenty-five days, before she arrived and was ready to sail again.

During this time there were all manner of expedients resorted to for relief from the unparalleled circumstances. All were waiting, and nearly all impatiently, so to be again on the way to the land of gold.

Some, to kill time, drank, and others gambled; some studied Spanish, and others hunted paroquets and monkeys; some fished from the rocks, and others gathered shells on the beach; some sought remunerative labor at their trades, and others went into speculations. *Few — very* few, remained idle, and all gave vent to expressions of extreme delight when it was announced, "All aboard for San Francisco!"

"Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth and suit my age:
In various knowledge to instruct my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts, domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, nor pedants show."

CHAPTER V.

NEW YORK TO PANAMA VIA STRAITS OF MAGELLAN.

THE following is the journal kept by Dr. A. B. STOUT, Surgeon of the steamship "California," on her pioneer trip from New York to San Francisco, in 1848-9. We give it in the words of the author, thus affording a present view of facts, impressions and reflections, which were fresh twenty-five years ago:

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1848.

Friday, Oct. 6th.—The steamship California, Captain CLEAVELAND FORBES, though advertised to sail for the Pacific Ocean on the 2d inst., was delayed by an order from Government until to-day. All interested in her departure received instructions to be at Whitehall at 11 o'clock, to meet a steamer which would convey them on board. The mail did not arrive until later, and some complaints were expressed of the dilatory habits of the Postoffice. At 12 were, however, clear of our steamer, and fairly under weigh. A delightful passage down the bay, with as fair a day as ever dawned, was enlivened by the presence of several ladies; and a rich collation contributed to cheer all hands.

Saturday, Oct. 7th.—For the first time in my life, and though the weather was fine and sea calm as a lake, was roused at 4 A. M. by seasickness, which lasted for an hour. I attribute this to having slept in a newly painted stateroom, still redolent of the painter, and to the mental and physical fatigue consequent upon the exertions of leaving home.

At breakfast the Captain reported that the "crosshead" of the engine was cracked. On inspection, I found several cracks near the center, one of which distinctly clicked and from which the oil was forced by the action of the engine. Sad mishap! Our Engineer, Mr. **Baird**, had promised himself and us to run to Rio without stopping the machinery. All day was employed hoisting out coal to obtain access to a spare crosshead. The ship was out of trim, dirty. At evening it was determined to continue using the cracked beam, watch it carefully, and have the spare one ready if required.

A fireman came to me to dress his hand, cut in the palm one inch, about a week ago.

Sunday, Oct. 8th—I was called at 7 A. M., to visit a fireman, seasick and debilitated by the warmth of the engineers' quarters. Several engineers are complaining. Mr. **Baird** himself has taken some medicine.

Beautiful weather; a good breeze; sails set. After breakfast caught in a basket some of the gulfweed. It was covered with minute univalve shells, like *planorbis*, and small berries. I pressed the plant, and preserved some of the shells, leaves and fruit in alcohol.

The Captain called me to his stateroom, and requested me to read the church service. Irrelevant to my habits as this was, I immediately consented, to oblige him; and standing at the capstan, with all hands on deck, performed the duty. A new occupation for *Othello*—but new scenes require new aptitudes.

A sail in sight—a ship or a bark. Bravo! we shall speak her. Vain hope! She crosses our bow too far off, and the courtesies of the sea seldom take a vessel out of her track. So we showed our national flags, both American, and Captain FORBES ran up the flag of Guiana, and took the latitude, etc. She proved to be a home-bound whaler.

There have been clouds in the sky, and rain falling in the distance, indicating the line of the gulf.

Monday, Oct. 9th.—After breakfast prescribed for several small ailings. Read Spanish. The officers employed taking observations. We are near the Bermudas, and had the wind not changed should probably have had a sight of them. Saw several birds.

Tuesday, Oct. 10th—Weather very fine. No sail set. Nothing of interest has occurred. No sail seen. Read Spanish with Mr. BOWEN, and studied it through the day. Passed night watch, from 12 to 4 A. M., on deck.

First Engineer suffering severely from heat.

Wednesday, Oct. 11th.—Weather warm, fine; some clouds.

First Engineer still suffering. but better. Moved him to stateroom 18.

A young hawk has taken refuge in the rigging. I offered a premium for him, but in vain; he kept his watch as well at night as by day. Flying fish have been seen, but I was not so fortunate as to be on deck.

Thursday, Oct 12th.—Did not rise till the second gong. After breakfast I learned for the first time that my gunpowder had been put ashore without my knowledge, and left with Mr. STILLMAN, Novelty Works. After the precautions I had taken, I ought to have been spared this useless disappointment.

The First Engineer is much better; but I spent an hour taking care of him.

To the boy who had so willingly gone out twice to the end of the spanker gaff, I gave the premium, though he had failed to surprise the hawk. The affair of the hawk occasioned us not a little merriment.

In the afternoon a squall with rain came on but soon passed. Studied Spanish, and was constantly occupied with Mr. BAIRD.

Saturday, Oct. 14th. — On coming on deck this morning I was presented by the first officer, Mr. DURYEE with two flying fishes, which had come aboard in the night. I examined the fishes with care, and put them in alcohol. A ship, apparently bound to New York, has just passed, hull down. The sight of a vessel after several days of this ocean solitude, filled our hearts with joy. Charming weather, and so warm that I have thrown off silk undervest and vest, and wear, even of evenings, a thin coat.

Sunday, Oct. 15th. — The day passed in reading and studying Spanish. Fine weather. Again read the morning Church Service. Saw this afternoon a brig standing homeward.

Some wretch of a boy shut our poultry closet doors last night, and this morning the scene of death was appalling. It seemed as if a cholera plague had passed through the coops, and at least fifty cadavers were committed to the deep. Six sheep, four pigs, ducks, chickens, turkies, and geese, were found, their eyes closed in death as they had been closed in sleep.

Monday, Oct. 16th. — An accident to the boiler has kept the Captain up nearly all night. We continued with one boiler, making about five knots. After breakfast saw a sail in the distance.

Between the thermometer on deck and in the cabin there is five deg. difference, although the cabin is well ventilated. I have thrown off drawers, and put on thinner pantaloons. In recompense for what we suffer by warmth we have a beautifully clear sky, a pleasant breeze, and a lake-like ocean. But there is no awning, and no comfort on deck; to enjoy the air we must endure the sun.

The Engineer has recovered, and the first steward is now ill, though a little better to-day. Verily, we are attacked by malady in our vital parts.

An awning has been extended over our cuddy deck, which has contributed essentially to the comfort of everybody.

P. M. After tea came a squall with a heavy shower. My overcoat endured the trial and I remained out during the whole shower without being wet.

Read Spanish with Mr. Bowen, our good-natured passenger. I had a fine nap under the awning; also helped Mr. Duryee draw threads from a piece of canvass to make a cover for the binnacle.

Saturday, Oct. 17th.—Early rising has not yet become one of my virtues. After breakfast attended to my sick steward. If his heart is as difficult to open as his bowels, I pity the one who depends upon his charity.

Made a calculation for the Captain, or a table to aid him to rate his chronometer (Dent's; cost $230). Studied Spanish Grammar, and mounted a straw hat. Every day requires some change of dress to adapt me to the gradual approach to the equator.

The restoration of Mr. Baird's health is attended with a manifest improvement in the working of the engine. That of the steward is equally essential to the dinner.

Passed part of the P. M. assisting to make a capstan cover. Read Gil Blas. Thank heavens! the steward's bowels have at last yielded to a spirited siege of several days, conducted with an array of pills and potions to an appalling extent. We had dense clouds coming up from S. E. which gave us passing showers, without at any time obscuring the stars.

Wednesday, Oct. 18th. — After breakfast looked after several indisposed, re-arranged my pharmacy, and read some Spanish.

A beautiful day; the wind enabling us to set spencers.

P. M. The paint dried on the deck-lights; proving too unmanageable for the ordinary modes of cleaning deck, I attacked it with nitric acid, and succeeded in the treatment of dirty deck-lights. Then worked on Mr. DURYEE's capstan cover.

Thursday, Oct. 19th. There was heavy rain in the night. After breakfast the engine was stopped to renew the wadding of the pistons, etc. A. M. Read Spanish, etc. Prepared medicine for several who required it; our worthy Captain being among the number. Overhauled my medicine chest.

I bet with Mr. BOWEN a bottle of porter

our latitude would be less than 12°. I lost. It was 12° 13′.

I was surprised in this latitude and longitude to see a large dragon fly (libellula) amusing itself around the ship. Mr. BOWEN thought he must have come with us, and now made his first appearance on deck. The Captain supposed he hailed from the most southern and western of the West India Islands. Agassiz has told me that the female libellula is the first to seek the male. In rapid flight she seizes the object of her choice by the neck, and never relaxes her hold until her attachment is amply rewarded. I find, however, in the Dict. d'Hist. Nat. of D'Orbigny, that the "demoiselle" is exonerated from this unchaste aspersion, and that it is the male which first advances; and, seizing the female by the throat, compels her to accept his addresses.

Do the larvæ of the libellula live in salt water? If so, the specimen we saw this morning may have been washed to sea in the Gulf stream in a larval state, and, having undergone its metamorphosis at this distance from shore, been making its flight for land when attracted for rest and food to the ship.

I saw numerous small flying-fish skipping along the surface of the water, ahead of the vessel.

Friday, Oct. 20th.—Very heavy rain during the night, with frequent squalls. The Captain has been much amused in observing the difference of these squalls from those of more northern latitudes. In the latter they come up suddenly with violent gusts which require the utmost despatch to furl sail; but in these latitudes they are more mild, cover a part of the sky, then divide and pass off in different directions. Often the cloud discharges its rain, but is unattended by wind. Rain in the morning; at 12 o'clock clear sky.

All hands very busy clearing ship.

Winds high and as usual nearly ahead.

Arranged medicine chest, read a little, took a bath.

Saturday, Oct. 21st. — Fine weather, very warm. Nothing to do but read. The Captain's throat much improved.

We are every day discovering badly finished work in the ship. It is now the pipes for blowing out the salt from the boilers, which are defective, and occasioned us a loss of twenty-five minutes yesterday, during which the steamer was stopped for repairing them.

In the course of the day the alarm bell of fire was suddenly rung; the crew were in an instant running in every direction, but generally directing their course forward. Hose-pipes and water were soon in requisition; and all the pumps were quickly in activity to extinguish the fire. In a word every one was at a moment's warning at his post, and busily engaged. But this time the fire butt was directed overboard. The Captain had ordered a false alarm to exercise the men in their several allotted duties in the event of fire. The crew is entirely organized into a fire corps, having to each man a station appointed, to which, and to no other he shall instantly repair at whatever moment the fearful alarm may be given; and his duty is pre-arranged by a standing order given thus in advance, that no man may be at a loss for occupation, or be in danger of interfering or confusing others in their work. After the alarm was over and the fire implements tried, a card was issued to each one of the crew, indicating to him his number, title, duty and station. To me the following duty was assigned by card:

"Dr. A. B. STOUT. — To repair to larboard gangway, and keep passengers aft; and to see that Mr. DURYEE'S instruments, charts, &c., are passed into larboard quarter-boat if necessary."

Thus every possible precaution is taken to suppress a fire, if this most appalling of accidents which can happen to a ship at sea should occur.

Sunday, Oct. 22d.—A. M., read service of the Church on deck. P. M., a violent rain-squall came on, during which I tried my waterproof coat by sitting on the capstan, and by receiving also on my head the water collected in the cuddy deck awning. I came out dry. Several showers occurred during the evening, and numbers of gulls were seen flying in the distance. They apparently feared to approach the ship.

Monday, Oct. 23d.—Weather beautiful. I was called this morning by Mr. DURYEE to see a sail, a ship bound homeward, apparently. We hoisted our flag, to which the sail replied, and we then run up our signal, "U. S. M." Birds seen at a distance — shearwaters.

On approaching the Line the conversation turns frequently upon the subject of "Lord Neptune," and hundreds of sailor-stories of shaving, tarring and feathering, are related.

Tuesday, Oct. 24th. — Weather superb. In the morning early, cloudy. The steamer was stopped fifty minutes to repair the pump valves, and water to a considerable amount was pumped out of her.

At about 3 o'clock we crossed the Line, and, to my great joy, Lord Neptune did not appear. The Captain endeavored to make me see the *line* by fixing a *stick* across the spy-glass, but I eluded the hoax. The evening was extremely cool and the dew copious. There is an evident change in the air.

Wednesday, Oct. 25th. — Weather delightful. During the night more steam was made to enable us to come up with an island, marked on the chart, before night. The Captain expects to make it about five o'clock P. M. This morning numerous flying fish (*Exocœtus volitans*) were seen, and several stormy petrels.

The island, Fernando Noronha, was passed in the night to the westward, but not in sight.

Thursday, Oct. 26th. — Fine breeze, enabling us to spread our fore and aft sails. The nights which, before crossing the Line, had been hot and sultry, are now delightfully cool. The Captain was up nearly all night on the lookout for Fernando Noronha, but the island did not appear. As Mr. DURYEE had shown me the line through his spy-glass, I reciprocated the favor, and the only land seen was through his glass; and, in fact, as his line still remained when he had fixed it, my island was found a few degrees below it. The island proved to be carboniferous, and, as it was attached to its firm base with gum arabic, and served to hoax the natives, it was called "Great Gum Island."

Last evening the Captain pointed out to me "the bright belt of Orion," "the Pleiades," and "Aldebaran."

Friday, Oct. 27th. — The finest possible weather, only that the wind was neither fair enough, nor full enough, for our sailing qualities. All busy making bets upon our arrival at Rio. The morning I passed in reading and studying. Evening, the Captain played the accordeon, and Mr. Bowen and I waltzed.

Saturday, Oct. 28th. — Early this morning a brig was seen, which in the night must have passed within a mile of us. The sea is like a lake, a gentle land breeze blowing.

P. M., rain and head wind.

Sunday, Oct. 29th. — The rain has continued nearly all night, wind ahead, and considerable sea on, so that our speed has been diminished. This morning, at 6½ o'clock, I was called by Mr. Duryee to see a sail; and, in the hope that we might speak her, I was forthwith on deck. She proved to be a ship bound south, probably to Rio. We had overtaken her and passed out of hailing distance. By 9 A. M. she was astern, nearly out of sight. Another brig was seen, which we also passed. After reading the morning service I laid siege to a medical book, and continued before it until dinner time.

This morning a "man-of-war" bird hovered for sometime over the ship — said to be a sure indication of the vicinity of land, as they never leave sight of it — (*Trachypetes aquila*, or *Pelecanus aquilus* — Frigate pelican). These birds offer an interesting study, for there is much doubt in regard to the species.

Monday, Oct. 30th. — P. M. — I was called at 10½ P. M. last evening to the Captain, attacked with hemorrhage from the lungs. I immediately bled him, placed him in a stateroom of the cabin, and having made him as comfortable as possible, lay down by him in the same stateroom.

Tuesday, Oct. 31st. — I this morning again bled the Captain, and took every precaution to prevent a recurrence of hemorrhage. The whole day has been spent taking care of my patient. In the night hemorrhage again recurred, but to a small amount.

Wednesday, Nov. 1st. — The day has been employed in the care of our excellent Captain, whose anxiety to perform the duties of the ship is the principal obstacle to his recovery. He passed the day without fever of consequence. There was no hemorrhage in the night.

This morning at 4¼ o'clock we made Cape Frio light; and, as the Captain was improving, he was very anxious to get on deck, but the pleasure was denied him.

At 5 o'clock P. M., having certainly overrun our distance to Rio, the Captain came on deck, and was exposed considerably to the weather, but he finally put us right, and at a late hour retired. We perhaps owe to his sagacity an escape from a serious misfortune.

Thursday, Nov. 2d. — As the result proved, we had overrun to nearly St. Sebastian's Island; and the night and morning were occupied in retracing our steps, so that our voyage has been thereby increased one day. We were off the port of Rio yesterday at 12 o'clock, A. M. We have run back against a strong head wind; the steamer, however, sailing admirably. Off Santa Cruz we stopped, and blew the steam whistle to spur up the lazy port officers. At 4 P. M. all visits were finished, and, under a fine head of steam, the vessel went rapidly to her anchorage, astonishing all spectators by her speed. In the evening I went ashore, and called, with Mr. DURYEE and Mr. BOWEN, on Mr. BIRCKHEAD, the consignee of the ship. As might be expected in a Catholic country, it was a day consecrated to the church. All Soul's day was honored by an illumination of the churches.

Friday, Nov. 3d.—Went ashore to perambulate with Mr. BOWEN; while our invalid Captain, insisting on fulfilling his duties, entered his vessel at the Custom House, and performed other work. In consequence of which, he returned on board at dinner time much exhausted.

My walk was through the principal streets to see the novelties of the city—visited the church and saw the ceremony of visiting the relics of the dead, and witnessed the service for the benefit of their souls. The mode of preserving the ashes of the dear departed is singular.

Dined on board at 2 o'clock, and in the evening went to the opera Nebucadonozor.

Two acts were performed, Cachucha danced, and finally the ballet Reyna de las Flores was badly danced.

Saturday, Nov. 4th. — Remained on board all the morning; the afternoon also; when the Captain brought some friends to tea — Captain and Mrs. CORNING, and Miss DEAN of Brooklyn. The ship's beauties were shown them, and then we danced, while the Captain played the accordeon. At 9 o'clock, with Mr. DURYEE and Mr. BOWEN, went ashore to see a fancy ball at the Hotel Naçional. As the admission to ladies was gratis, the character of the ball may be surmised — a wretched affair.

Sunday, Nov. 5th. — Remained on board until 2 o'clock. During the morning, our Minister, Mr. TODD, and the consul, Mr. PARKES came to visit the ship.

At 2 o'clock went on board the Brandywine to dine with the assistant surgeon, Dr. ——. Went early to bed.

Monday, Nov. 6th. — The Captain's health having excited the solicitude of his friends ashore, he has desired a consultation, by their advice, with Dr. Bache, fleet surgeon on board the Brandywine. I went accordingly to seek him. He accompanied me immediately, and confirmed all the opinions I had already expressed. He recommended that the Captain should at once give up duty, and reside on shore. After dinner, accordingly, I accompanied him, at his request, to Catete, about two miles from the city, where we took lodgings in a delightfully situated hotel (Mr. Constant's). Although the captain was greatly fatigued, he passed the evening in the apartment of Mr. Greenway, conversing until the landlord could get the rooms ready for our reception. Mrs. Hunter, widow of a former Minister of the United States, was present, and during the evening, Mrs. Parkes, the Consul's wife, and Miss Thompson came in.

Tuesday, Nov. 7th.—Notwithstanding a rainy day, the Captain returned to the city upon some indispensable business, and I went on board to prepare some medicine for him.

As I had received information of the great prevalence of small-pox, I carefully warned the ship's crew and fire department to be as little as possible on shore; and my warning was soon followed by an order from the Captain, positively forbidding all communication.

At 3 o'clock we dined at Catete. The Captain and I then finished our letters home, to be sent in the ship E. Corning, Captain CORNING, to New York, and I took them to the city, and bade adieu to Mrs. CORNING and to Miss DEAN, who sail with him.

Took tea with Mr. DURYEE and Mr. BOWEN, whom I met in the hotel Pharoux; after which I took a cabriolet, and returned to Catete.

Wednesday, Nov. 8th.—Now that the Captain promises to remain at rest, I have recommenced treatment. He took last evening 1¼ gtt. hydrocyanic acid, and at daylight a second dose. He has passed the night with but very little coughing, and had no paroxysm of cough this morning. I took this morning a delightful walk along the Botafogo road, admiring the beautiful quintas, the gaudy and luxuriant flora of the gardens, and the almost unrivaled scenery. At 1 o'clock made a visit to Mr.

TODD, United States Minister, and afterwards called upon Mr. PARKES, his lady, and Miss THOMPSON.

Dined with the Captain, and after dinner walked into town upon business for him. Took the Rua Sapa, going in, and viewed the public garden, having a fine terrace upon the shore of the bay. A large building in course of construction appears to be a hospital, which is much needed.

Passed the evening with the Captain.

Thursday, Nov. 9th.—The Captain has passed an admirable night—without cough—has slept uninterruptedly, and did not require to drink. Tongue cleaner, and voice improved.

Our ship was delayed at Rio twenty-three days to repair and coal. The Captain's health being now sufficiently restored, we hoisted anchor. From Rio the voyage to the Straits of Magellan, on sighting Cape Virgins, presented only the usual routine of sea life.

Thursday,	Dec.	7th—	At	6.30 A. M. made Cape Virgins.
"	"	"	"	12.30 entered St. of Magellan.
"	"	"	"	2.30 P. M. off Cape Possession.
Friday,	"	8th	"	5.30 P. M. at Port Famine.

Saturday,	Dec.	9th	— At	11.30 A. M.	at Fortesque Bay.
Sunday,	"	10th	"	7.30 A. M.	at York Roads.
Monday,	"	11th	"	3 P. M.	at Fortesque Bay.
Tuesday,	"	12th	"	2.30 A. M.	leave for C. Pillar.
"	"	"	"	5.30 P. M.	off Cape Pillar.

Entered the Straits at 12.30 of Thursday 7th.

	h. m.
From 12.30 to 2.30 when off Cape Possession	2.00
" 3.00 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. Friday 8th	14.30
" 3.30 A. M. to 11.30 A. M. Saturday 9th	8.00
" 4.00 A. M. to 7.30 A. M. Sunday 10th	3.30
" 4.00 A. M. to 5.30 P. M. Tuesday 12th	13.30
Total sailing time in the Straits of Magella..n	41.30

TIME LOST IN THE STRAITS:

	h. m.
At Cape Possession, Thursday 7th, from 2.30 P. M. to 3.00 A. M.	12.30
At Port Famine, Friday 8th, from 5.30 P. M. to 2.30 A. M.	9.00
At Fortesque Bay, Saturday 9th, from 11.30 A. M. to 4.00 A. M.	16.30
At York Roads, Sunday 10th, from 7.30 A. M. to 1.30 P. M.	31.00
Backway from 1.30 to 3.00 P. M.	1.30
At Fortesque Bay, Monday 11th, from 3.00 P. M. to 2.30 A. M.	35.30
Add from Fortesque Bay to York Roads or to Jerome Point	2.00
Total time lost	108.00

The expression "time lost" alludes only to the calculation of the duration of the voyage.

To me, it was "time" to record on the great register of enjoyment.

More beautiful scenes can scarcely be imagined than are everywhere witnessed in passing through the Straits, and on entering the various harbors on its northern side. The navigation here was new to our commander. The charts were uncertain; the tides were rapid, and their rise and fall many feet; the size of the vessel great for these narrow Straits; though generally deep the water, yet frequent rocks appear in the channel, or, still worse, rise to a few feet below the surface—their location only being suspected from the long kelp which grows from them and floats upon the water, or a riff on the tide at low ebb. Again, the narrowness of the channel and its devious course prevent steering by compass. The way must be found by the skill and sight of the navigator, aided by the landmarks given in the books and charts. But now arises another danger. Sudden squalls of wind and fog, called "willewahs," from the west, dash with violence over the high lands, and, in a few moments, shut the scene from view. The head wind, with a turn in the trend of the shore, renders advance to a sail-ship impossible, to a steamer too dangerous to attempt. The ship must anchor, and hold if she can; the steamer seeks quick refuge in the nearest of the many deep harbors. It was in one of these surprises that the "California" dropped her anchor in York Roads. The "willewah" had passed; the charming serenity of the weather was restored. A scene of natural grandeur was unveiled by the departure of the fog. A long vista of mountains stretched far into the country, the highest covered with snow; innumerable cascades through the long perspective, falling from their sharp precipices, poured their waters into the lovely river which meandered through the valley — whose green verdure contrasted with the snow-covered mountain tops. A couple of hours ashore to explore this glorious scene were accorded. Quickly a boat was out, and soon we were reveling in the enjoyment of these beauties of Nature, and a nice stock of game rewardedour romance. But our joy was now rudely brought to an end.

Scarcely were we aboard when the snow-white form of the "willewah" peered over the mountain and plunged like a Niagara into our tranquil roadstead. In a few moments the bay was crisped with white-caps, as the squall cut deep furrows in the water. "The ship drags her anchor!" was the quick announcement. The usual means had recourse to in such cases were applied in vain. The strong wind and rapid ebb tide was hurrying her towards the mouth of the harbor, when, touching on a rock, the ship came to a dead halt. The rock held better than the anchor, but the fast ebbing tide afforded little consolation, as we felt our vessel beginning to list over. The potent wheels, with all steam on, failed at first to budge her. Two boats were now quickly launched, with a rapidity that was astonishing, and lashed together with a spar across their bow. On this a kedge anchor was promptly shipped, and our first officer with brave men rowed in the teeth of the squall and dropped the kedge far out in the bay. The cable was carried to the capstan, and now might be seen your surgeon trotting around the deck, tugging at the bar of the capstan, his whilom pulpit, with a "Oh hy yo, heave ho," in lieu of the words better adapted to his piety; but his ministration was effective, and with a few more "Oh hy ho, heave hos," and a lively motion of the paddles, the gallant ship yielded to the pressure and glided off like a swan upon the water. By this time Mr. Willewah had gone and all was tranquil and serene. A careful inquest was now made on the body of the ship, and it was soon found that her highly seasoned old ribs had borne the shock without a fracture, that the copper on her sternum was uninjured, and that no sign of any dropsical effusion in her abdomen could be discovered; and, with a grand head of steam on, we bade adieu to the scene of our romance and our stern necessity.

The diffidence of the Surgeon dissuades him from attributing this relief to his own personal strength, though, since the event, he has always more highly prized the truth of the adage, that it was the last feather that broke the camel's back. He has also carefully refrained from voting himself any salvage. It was manifest we owed but little gratitude to the power of side-wheels, for they had already proved a failure; but the "California," in passing a vote of thanks, was unwilling entirely to go back on her wheels, and rested her case on that old saw of, "Who helps himself, others will help."

The ship was soon off Cape Pillar, and made her first salutation to the Pacific Ocean. But a strong gale blew from the west — a welcome in no wise pacific. Our Captain might have passed by a channel between some islands and the west coast; but the navigation was uncertain, the charts doubtful, and his experience of York Roads not yet fully digested; so he determined boldly to breast the gale, and steered seaward. In a few days the "California" anchored in the harbor of Valparaiso.

Fifty hours at Valparaiso was too short a time to enjoy much of the varied hospitality proffered us by Messrs. ALSOP & Co., and others. The city is surrounded on the land side by a semicircle of mountains, which en-compass it like the walls of a mighty fortress. A drive by a tortuous road to the summit gave us an idea of the location of the city, and a refreshing contrast to sea life.

At Valparaiso, the continued illness of Captain FORBES rendered a change of officers necessary. Captain MARSHALL, commanding a ship en route for China, was induced to assist as First Officer, in lieu of Mr. DURYEE, who consequently was appointed to the command of Captain MARSHALL's ship. We parted with sorrow from both our good shipmate, and Mr. BOWEN, our agreeable passenger.

The ship arrived the 29th of December at Callao. At Lima, the health of Captain FORBES rendered a consultation with physicians known to the consignees, Messrs. ALSOP & Co., desirable to both myself and them; and it gave an anxious doctor's mind relief to be sustained by the testimony of the consultation.

At the solicitation of many friends at Callào, a social party was invited on board, and Captain MARSHALL had an opportunity to show his skill in managing a steamer in an excursion around the harbor. He proved his proficiency on the first trial. The harbor was well filled with vessels at anchor, and the beautiful manner in which he pursued his tortuous course through the fleet, without touching a vessel, elicited universal admiration. It was a gala day for the first American steamer in a Pacific port.

It was in Callao and Lima that we first encountered the gold fever. Its lurid glare shed a new light upon the scene. Its contagion was overwhelming. Everybody sought to embark for the Golden Land. Alas! alas! our steamer was in ballast, and no passengers allowed. From the small-pox people fly, but to this epidemic they rushed with resistless importunity. Influence prevailed, and finally about fifty passengers were accepted, and staterooms accordingly awarded to them.

We frankly confess the chagrin we felt on foreseeing that the delightful *otium cum dignitate* we had enjoyed was menaced. Our vision did not overleap our immediate discomfort, nor did we perceive the vastness of the new arena which was now to be disclosed. Incredulous, but resigned, we submitted to the unwelcome situation.

The next port we reached was Payta, famous for its delectable *pisco* and fine straw hats. Here another symptom of the gold mania broke out. A money broker had learned that small coin was scarce in San Francisco, though gold dust was plenty and cheap. He accordingly shipped several kegs of small change, called pistareens, worth fifteen cents, with a view to pass them off for twenty-five cent pieces. He had learned that at Panama ten bits made a dollar, while at San Francisco eight were enough, and that any piece the size of a quarter would pass for twenty-five cents. The clever broker made from eight to ten cents on every pistareen. With this fine ballast on board we arrived at Panama.

The "hurra!" which rent the welkin as the yearned-for steamer quietly and unpresumingly presented her proboscis and gently dropped her anchor, cannot be described. Its enthusiasm can only be measured by the uproar which followed when the ticket-holders ashore were informed that the best staterooms were already occupied by Spanish passengers from Callao. A universal row — a sort of moral "willewah" came down. The simple explanation consists in the fact that the ship had left New York in ballast, without through passengers, four or five passengers having been admitted by courtesy. The gold fever broke out after the departure of the steamer from New York, and the company in New York issued way tickets from Panama to San Francisco enough to crowd the ship to her utmost capacity; the issue of tickets having been predicated on her arrival empty at Panama; but the consignees at Callao or Lima, uninformed of this fact, had admitted the importunate dime-lovers from Peru.

Sharks abounded in the harbor of Panama, and to them for a breakfast were to be consigned the intruders from Peru. Litigation for swindle and damages was to be the annihilation of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company on the Pacific; and the good ship "California" was to be burnt and sunk.

But, as the last expedient would cut everybody's nose off, it was finally resolved, in consideration of the great necessity, and in respect to everybody's good intentions, that the gentlemen from Peru should receive the most ample accommodations which the hurricane deck could afford, and that the ticket-holders from New York should possess themselves of the staterooms as indicated on their tickets.

Happy solution! most upright judges! But the staterooms were not equal to the tickets. The company in New York, importuned like the agents in Callao, had over issued their tickets; and over this balance of amount was an excess of outsiders, offering double and treble prices to get only a "standee"-right on board.

But the dispute blew over, and with an overloaded ship, carrying nearly five hundred souls, we steamed out of the harbor in quest of the Land of Gold. And now the previous "dolce far niente" of the Surgeon came to grief. The Panama fever made its appearance, and very many of the passengers became ill. In the cabins, in the steerage, on the decks, in the coils of cable, above and below, were scattered the sick. Their dreams of gold were visions of disgust. Those who escaped the fever were sick of the provisions; and unconcealed grumbling added its music to the plaints of the invalids. The provisions shipped at Panama had been stored for a long time in damp warehouses and became damaged, and our own stores of delicacies for invalids were quite insufficient. To make the rounds of the ship three times daily; make up the prescriptions; gather the emptied vials and boxes, during a sweltering heat; array in uniform at meal times; and hover around the soup and gruel boilers to protect his patients from the ravages of the hungry well ones, was the night-and-day work of the doctor. Soon, however, the sick list thinned, and, on passing Cape St. Lucas, when the climate changed to a refreshing coolness, all were well. I had the blissful satisfaction of feeling that not a passenger had died.

Time does not permit to recount the thousand and one varied events of the day, as the ship rushed forward on her voyage; nor yet rehearse the drama of strange and exciting incidents which appeared on the stage as we successively made the harbors of Acapulco, San Blas, Monterey, and San Diego.

On leaving Panama, Captain FORBES became a passenger, and Captain MARSHALL assumed command; and I could not but grieve that our assiduous commander should be deprived by ill health the honor of bringing his ship to her destination. One day he called me to his stateroom, and expressing his gratitude for my care, presented me a gold breastpin as a token of regard.

As now the steamer approached her goal, a serious panic spread through the ship. The fuel was reported short. It would be necessary to cut wood ashore; and the danger of being compelled to tear the ship to supply the furnaces became imminent; but great joy succeeded the alarm, when the Engineer, Mr. RADCLIFFE, discovered a lot of coal, which had escaped notice, under the forward deck. With this aid we quickly reached our port, and cast anchor in the Bay of Yerba Buena on 28th day of February, 1849.

As the staunch ship calmly steamed up the harbor, with the dignity of a monarch who had achieved victory after a long strife, guns were fired from the heights, the United States frigate Ohio gave her a salute and manned her yards. The utmost excitement prevailed in San Francisco. Universal joy and hilarity succeeded. Everybody treated everybody. And thus in a perfect gale of pleasure terminated the long voyage from New York of the first steamer to California.

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CHAPTER VI.

SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849.

THE voyage up the coast of California is varied by ever changing scenery on the main land, and frequent clusters of islands, near or more remote from the shore. Notable among these is a group, some thirty-two miles directly west and in front of the Golden Gate. They are three in number, and their extreme points are about twelve miles from each other in a north-west and south-east direction, nearly parallel with the coast. They are rocky points of a range of mountains probably once near the coast on the main land, and are called the Farallones (*Islands of the Friars.*)

In early times they were inhabited by large numbers of seals and sea otters. To facilitate the work of capturing these, the Russians established a settlement on the islands, which continued until the animals were so killed off that their capture was no longer profitable. Though some of these animals are still to be found there, the islands have been monopolized for many years by sea fowl, which there rear their young.

This nesting of the gull and pelican, and other large birds, attracted egg-hunters, and a large trade in eggs has been carried on from there to San Francisco, and the other large towns of California, for the last twenty years.

As we approach the latitude of the Golden Gate, these islands are likely to be nearly in our course, and to be taken, by the inexperienced mariner, for one of the main land heads; but to the experienced they form a most distinguished and unmistakable landmark. When those islands are directly abreast the larboard bow of the vessel, she bears off and soon heads square in through the Golden Gate. This opening is only a trifle over one mile wide, and is walled on both sides by precipitous rocks, to a great hight.

The "bar" forms the segment of a circle extending from point Lobos, on the south to point Bonita, on the north — the outer heads — but has sufficient water, at low tide, to float the largest ship in entire safety.

As the vessel approaches the entrance to the Golden Gate, it may be *sure* of its reckoning, by a peculiar cluster of red-wood trees growing upon a high point on the north side, directly back of which rises, 2,600 feet high, the romantic Mount Tamalpais. Nearly all the remaining surface, on either hand is entirely naked, or clothed only with dwarfish shrubbery and chaparral.

As we head in through the Gate, Alcatraz, a circular rocky island, containing a few acres, appears in the centre of the strait, or rather channel, as we enter the bay proper. This has now become strongly fortified, and would be a dangerous "watch-dog" for any vessel attempting to pass with belligerent intent.

The tide when in full ebb or flow, runs between the Gate and Alcatraz, some three miles, at the rate of six knots an hour.

Perhaps it is not amiss here to pause and correct an error which, though not very important, is wide-spread, and becoming strongly rooted in the public mind. The name "Golden Gate" is very generally supposed, and naturally enough too, to have been derived from the gold fields, to which it was the great entrance from the Pacific. But the name was given and used long before the discovery of gold.

General JOHN C. FREMONT, then Captain FREMONT, in his exploring expedition to the Pacific, under the direction of the United States' government, was so struck with the richness and beauty of the natural resources, and productions, and the sweet salubrity of the climate, of the valleys and hill-sides surrounding the bay, and especially of the vast interior valleys, watered by the rivers which empty into it, that he called the entrance to all this beauty and health and future opulence the "Golden Gate."

Whether or not, this intrepid explorer possessed any special gifts of prophecy, surely few men have uttered anything more truly prophetic. The name is also applicable in view of the superior excellence of this entrance to this queen of harbors, as compared with any or all the other great harbors of the world.

Taking circumstances into account, the small number of disasters occurring here show it to have a hundred per cent. advantage over any other prominent ocean port on earth.

On the 28th of February, 1849, we found "Portsmouth Square," where the Plaza now is, in the city of San Francisco, to be in latitude 37° 48′ north, and longitude west from Greenwich 122° 25′—and we presume it is there yet.

About three miles from the ocean we bore slightly to the south, crossing a cove, upon the south-west border of which was North Beach. Continuing to bear sharply to our right, around a high jutting hill, making full three-fourths of a circle, we dropped anchor about half a mile from shore. As we are still on board where we can see, let us look at the town.

This hill that we have just rounded, and the corrugated surface looking toward the south-east and extending as far south as Sacramento street, are covered with a rich dark alluvium; not, as is generally supposed, with *sand*. But to the south of Sacramento street, and to the west of Leavenworth, the hills are mostly sand and unquestionably of ocean-drift origin.

The town was laid out sometime before our arrival, from the water front, parallel with Montgomery street, as far back as Taylor street, and with other streets at right angles with these, as far south as California street.

The lots were 50-varas, or Spanish yards — equal to 137½ feet square. The blocks, from north to south, are two lots — 275 feet; and from east to west, three lots — 412½ feet. The streets, with only a few exceptions, are sixty feet wide, California and Broadway being a few feet wider.

Though the town was thus regularly laid out, so little attention had been paid to street lines or proprietorship, that Bayard Taylor, who arrived there in August following, says: "The town is planted, but seems scarcely to have taken root, for tents, canvas, plank, mud, and adobe houses are mingled together with the least apparent attempt at order or durability."

The village of Yerba Buena (*good herb* — which herb is not, as one author states, *mint*) now denominated the city of San Francisco, lay upon a cove of the same name, extending from a jutting rocky point, near the junction of the present Broadway and Front streets, to Rincon point, near where Harrison street reaches the bay, about three-fourths of a mile.

Indians had lived here, more or less, for ages. Some three miles south-west, the Spanish mission "Dolores" was projected in 1769, but was not established until 1776.

No building, however, was erected on the present site of San Francisco until 1835, when Captain A. W. RICHARDSON put up what we would now call a shanty. It consisted of four red-wood poles stuck into the ground, over the tops of which was thrown the foresail of an old brig. Nor were there, up to 1846, more than twenty-five buildings of all descriptions.

In June, 1847, a Lieutenant of Colonel STEVENSON'S regiment took a census, and found only four hundred and fifty-nine souls of all classes. In March, 1848, the same gentleman took another census, and found the population to be just eight hundred and twelve.

In the following month gold was discovered, and almost the entire population left all, and hastened to the mines. The newspaper was compelled to stop publication, and a general gloom came over the whole place. But in this case, as in many others incident to human life, what seemed the worst was for the best. During the summer and autumn of 1848 the only reason why town lots could not have been "bought for a song" was that there was nobody there to sell, if anybody had wanted to buy. Hence no property changed hands. But on the return of the miners to their tents, for the lots they had purchased at from $100 to $1,000 each, they could find ready purchasers at more than ten times the prices they had paid. Thus while they had been digging gold wherewith to build houses, their deserted lots had earned four or ten times as much as they had obtained.

But during that winter — 1848-9 — the excitement of sudden wealth overcame the better judgment of the masses to such an extent that, though perhaps not more than two thousand souls had congregated there, the "Alta California" of February 1st, 1849, says: "San Francisco is the worst governed town in America." Nor shall we wonder at this when we notice the *instability* of those who should be most reliable in all things."

To illustrate, the paper just quoted from, editorially says of the expected arrival of the first steamer, then due at any hour:

"It is an event so fraught with future hopes of advantage, that our memories will almost deserve execration if we do not celebrate the event in proper style and spirit. It is an epoch that deserves to be brought into bold relief, and he who takes an active part in getting up a judicious observance of the occasion, will, ten years hence, think it the proudest event of his life."

Yet this same editor so *cooled off* that, four weeks after, on the day following the arrival, his whole account of the affair is written in an editorial of less than twenty lines, of such utter dullness that any second-rate stock actor, whose advent had been announced with equal coolness, would have challenged the editor for an attempt to "damn him with faint praise."

Suffice it to say that, as our steamer passed Alcatraz and circled around toward her anchorage, she passed five of our national vessels of war, which, being in the harbor and under the command of Commodore Jones, were so arranged as to receive us with due honor.

We passed the smallest first, and then the next in size; the "Ohio," then the pride of the American navy, being last.

Each gave us guns from alternate sides, the entire length, as we slowly passed, and when the first gun from the "Ohio," the Commodore's flag-ship, was fired, the order: "Man the yards!" was obeyed by fifteen hundred as noble mariners as ever — like so many emmets — swarmed into the rigging of a noble three-decker.

The Commodore was on the quarter deck, in full dress, and, by his oft-waved hat and graceful bow, gave a most finishing touch and tone to one of the grandest salutes we have ever heard given in any part of the world.

After casting anchor we went ashore in a ship's boat, landing among the rocks and boulders of Clark's Point.

There was no wharf. As we steped out of the boat upon the stones, Captain WYSE, a jolly old "shell-back," threw his small cavalry valise down upon the rocks, and, reaching a half-dollar toward a man who appeared to be a ship's porter, said: "Carry that valise up to the hotel, my boy." Jack drew back from the extended coin, and, with an air that would have done honor to a Persian monarch, drew from his own pocket *two* half dollars, and, throwing them upon the ground at the Captain's feet, said, as he strode off with magnificent disgust: "Carry it up yourself."

The people who had been to the mines the year before were preparing to go again; and the new-comers were in the greatest possible anxiety, each one, to get to the "best diggings," ahead of anybody else. This produced a state of confusion beyond all conception, and, while we called the place a town or city, because we knew not what else to call it, there was very little resemblance to any other town we had ever seen or heard of.

One of the most active and influential merchants in town, tried all day to procure for a friend and his wife, who had arrived on the steamer, a bed to lodge in during the night, but failed, and was obliged, in the evening, to take them back to the ship to "stay the first night."

There were no potatoes in town. The whole crop from the Sandwich Islands had been brought over and consumed. The place was for a time supplied with a kind of potato flour, or dessicated potato, put up in cans.

But some sharp Yankee, anticipating the state of things, had run down to Honolulu in a small vessel, and procured all the small potatoes which had been left on the ground as worthless — a much larger proportion than in a Northern "patch" — and hastened, under "all sails," back to San Francisco.

The next day, a piece of candle board, with the words, "Potatoes at dinner every day," was hung out by the side of the door of the only "regular built" eating-house in the place — on Washington street, between Montgomery and Kearny. The next morning, one of the newly arrived passengers, who, if he possessed no other Irish trait, was a most inveterate potato lover, took his basket and hastened to the market, and asked for "fresh potatoes."

"Yes, sir; not many, but very fine."

"How do you sell them?"

"Only a dollar and a half."

"A bushel?"

"No; a pound."

"I'll take two pounds."

And they were "very fine" indeed. They would not average as large as common English walnuts.

One of our passengers had "fixed up" a market at the corner of Jackson and Kearny streets, where he kept, not only meat, but other "living instrumentalities."

Mr. W—— went in to get a steak. While waiting his turn, a man, in a hurry, came in, and blurted out:

"Got 'ny eggs?"

"Yes."

"How d'ye sellum?"

"Twelve dollars a dozen."

"I'll take a dozen."

And he threw down a doubloon, receiving his eggs and four dollars in change.

The whole thing was so extravagant in every particular, that it stirred, to the bottom, the ludicrous, in a *wag* who stood by; and, as soon as the customer was gone, he put on a most serious, confidential, business-like air, and siding up to the butcher said, in a pretended whisper, but loud enough to be heard by all present, "Roe, you 're a d—n fool; didn't you know eggs is eighteen dollars this morning?"

"No," said the astonished vendor.

"Well, they *be*," said he.

The brief dialogue was scarcely ended, when another "steward" looked in—

"Haint got no eggs?"

"Yes."

"What at?"

"Eighteen; got only a half a dozen."

"I'll take em."

Paid his *nine* dollars, and carried off the prize.

The inhabitants of the town were by no means all Americans, or even English speaking people. They were Indians, Mexicans, Sonorians, Kanakas, Spanish, French, British, Germans, Chinese, Peruvians, Chilenos, Malays, and so on to the end of a chapter which would come near filling the inspired call "from every kindred, and nation, and tongue, and people under the whole heaven."

With the arrival of our steamer the preponderance, which thereafter grew heavier every month, was American. So that we are free to admit, that for whatever has since been done, *good* or *evil*, in San Francisco — yea, in California — the Americans are as essentially responsible, as is the dominant political party for acts of the administration which it has established.

There were several men located here in business two or three years before our arrival — some of whose names appear in another portion of this volume — men to whom the present city is largely indebted for teach-ing "the young-idea how to shoot" in commercial affairs.

They were, however, in the midst of a whirlpool of excitement, and could not be expected to conduct their affairs with the coolness, and system, and precision that characterize a more advanced state of commerce. Yet the perfectly wild *recklessness*, with which they pushed affairs, struck every beholder with blank astonishment.

C. V. GILLESPIE had an auction house. A cargo of tea arrived a few days after we did. There was very little in the country. On the day of sale a large number of up-country dealers in miners' supplies were present, each with a bag of gold dust, to purchase a few chests for his store. The auctioneer put up "ten chests with a privilege"—that is, with the right to take more than the ten at the same rate.

The bidding was spirited and the excitement was continually increasing, while a calm, dark complexioned man, sat up on a high box, away from most others, and without at all abating his "*whittling*," regularly raised the bid just as "sold" was about to be said.

Finally the ten chests were "sold to S. BRANNAN."

"How many will you take, Mr. BRANNAN ?" said the auctioneer.

Without ceasing to whittle, or raising his head, he with the most utter nonchalance, replied :

"The whole d—— concern;" and S. BRANNAN & Co. at once controlled all the tea on the Pacific coast. No matter what they paid, they were sure of ready sale and large profits.

Another *feature* was the clerkships in stores. Five hundred dollars a month and a privilege to do business on their own account, was not unusual. Nor was it strange if in six or nine months, when the Sheriff sold out the store, the clerk was able to purchase it, and hire his old employer as a clerk.

Multitudes of men, when leaving the "States," thinking that nothing more was necessary than to reach San Francisco, after paying their passage, invested all their remaining cash in a "venture" of some kind, purposing to sell on arrival at large profit.

Illustrative of many, *many* cases, the following scene was one day witnessed by the writer. A gentleman, having just arrived, sought the store of a prominent merchant to whom he had letters of introduction. The proprietor was "not in," but the clerk "with a privilege" *was*, and very politely bowed, and the following dialogue ensued.

"Can I do anything for you?"

I hope you can. I have a little venture that I wish to dispose of."

"Yes? What is it? Let me see your invoice."

The stranger presented it. He ran his eyé over it, and saw at a glance that it contained the very articles which no house in town could supply, and which were in constant demand. But he handed it back, and with well feigned disappointment said,—

"You hav'nt brought *them* things out here with you, have you?"

"Yes, I have. They are now landing."

"I am *sorry*, *very sorry*—D—M sorry for you. Not suited to this market at all."

"Well, what will you give me for them?"

"Don't want 'em! Wouldn't buy 'em at any price — couldn't sell 'em at all."

"But give me something for them. They are all I have left in the world, and I must get to the mines. Besides I am entirely out of funds, and am hungry;" and as he said this, his two great handsome blue eyes each became an island, his chin quivered, and his whole manly countenance expressed woe of deepest dye, as he turned to go.

"Sorry, *so* sorry you have been so very unfortunate in your selection. Wish I *could* do something for you."

The stranger was nearly half a block off when the clerk called and beckoned at the same time:

"Say! Come back! I declare, I don't want to see a man starve. I'll give you fifty per cent. on the invoice price, if I lose it all. I'll share the misfortune with you."

The bargain was closed, the dust weighed, and the stranger sought relief from his hunger.

In less than thirty minutes the clerk had disposed of the entire purchase at more than a thousand per cent. on the cost — a fact of which he was well satisfied all the time. In six months this clerk bought the store under the hammer, turned "the old man" into the street, and is now a millionaire.

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Chapter VII.

COUNTRY AND CLIMATE.

THE country to which we came, as defined by the constitutional convention which met a few months afterward, may be thus described. According to standard geographies, its extreme length, from north-west to south-east, 830 miles; extreme breadth, from west to east, 352 miles. Area, 188,982 square miles — being a larger territory than is covered by the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland combined.

In its topography it is as varied and as extravagant as its area is vast. It is all on a magnificent scale — nothing common about it.

Its mountain ranges are extensive and lofty, precipitous and rocky, running the entire length of the State, and covered with heaviest forests. Its plains are equally long and equally broad, thus dividing the whole surface into mountain and valley, with very little of rolling prairie or sloping woodlands.

The "Coast Range," which everywhere greets you with its bald heads and grinning ledges, as your steamer hugs the coast and seeks the "Golden Gate," runs nearly parallel to the shore, and generally distant ten to thirty miles, and rises 1,500 to 3,000 feet. Its peaks are often covered with snow in winter, which, however, never remains more than a few hours, or at most a few days, at a time.

Though in this range coal deposits are numerous and extensive, and quicksilver mines, equal to any in the world, and some other metals are found in limited quantities, gold and silver have not been found to any great extent.

Though called a *range*, it is really a series of ridges, of nearly the same hight, extending often twenty miles in width, with numerous valleys elevated from two hundred to eight hundred feet above sea level, each with its lake or stream, and timber, and fertile soil, and protected climate, adapting it to become the most happy home of one or more families.

In these valleys, as far up as 40° north latitude, the vine, the olive, the orange, the lemon, the lime, and the citron, reach a high state of perfection, without interference from frost.

Between this range and the coast, the hills and valleys are subject to the winds and fogs from the sea, which militate against the perfection of some of the more delicate productions, to which the fertility of the soil is fully equal.

Beyond this range lies the great valley, under the dual title "Sacramento" and "San Joaquin," extending more than five hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty to seventy-five miles.

From the north, rising in the lofty elevations, where the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada unite, the Sacramento River flows in a southerly direction, nearly through the centre of the valley. From the south, the San Joaquin, having flowed west from its sources in the Sierra Nevada to the middle of the valley, turns at nearly a right angle, and flows north, until it unites with the Sacramento, both at the same time emptying into the head of Suisun Bay, some sixty miles, in a north-easterly direction from San Francisco.

Some portions of this vast tract of country — doubtless the bed of a former sea, whose accumulated waters broke over the Coast Range, and cut, in its granite wall, the Golden Gate — and whose whole surface is entirely undiversified with hill and dale — are covered with chaparral, others with shrub oaks, or those of most majestic proportions.

But by far the greatest part is entirely void of any kind of timber; and some of those "openings" are so vast that the traveler may look in every direction and see nothing above the surface, which is everywhere covered with a luxurious growth of wild oats, grass and flowers, each in its season and locality, while he will be inevitably and strikingly reminded of his surroundings when at sea "out of sight of land."

Each of the two rivers above named receives numerous feeders from the mountains on the east, so that, before they finally merge in the bay, they are both fine navigable streams for hundreds of miles.

In the south, near the head of the valley, is "Tulare Lake," some forty-five miles long and twenty-five wide—swelling in the rainy season to much greater dimensions — whose outlet flows into the San Joaquin.

This valley is said to be, by agriculturists of the most extensive travel and thorough observation, for its extent, beauty, and fertility, unsurpassed on the globe; a statement strongly corroborated by the statistics of its production, found elsewhere in this work.

To the east lies the great range of snowy mountains, "Sierra Nevada," extending nearly the whole length of the State, and rising generally to some eight thousand feet, and having some points nearly twice that hight.

The western slope, commencing at the valley and gradually rising an average width of twenty-five miles, and five hundred miles from north to south, furnishes perhaps the grandest series of natural *parks* in the world. It includes an almost endless variety of tree, and shrub, and flower; of surface, and soil, and exposure; of bubbling spring, and sparkling rill, and leaping waterfall, and seems absolutely unfathomable in the richness of its pomological resources. There is no fruit native to any clime, save the *tropical*, that this belt does not produce in a high state of excellence, and in the greatest abundance; yet, its most especial adaptation is to the *vine*. Though there are no statistics to verify with absolute certainty the statement, yet, there is not, perhaps, a man on earth, who, if intelligent upon the subject, doubts for a moment that this district is destined, in the early future, to produce more and better grapes, and raisins, and wine, than any other district of equal extent, on which the sun ever shone.

This belt, covered on its upper border with a great variety of timber, in which the oak predominates, is succeeded by another still broader, thickly clad with a forest of pine and cedar, spruce, and fir, so extensive and so fine, and so abundant, as to attract the attention and elicit the admiration of men acquainted with the best-timbered regions of the world.

Above this are the naked granite rocks, ridges, and peaks, in the crevices and gorges of which and on some of the heads, the snow is perpetual, and in such quantities as to afford, in the melting season, material for all the rivers of the plain.

The east line of the State runs due south from the Oregon line to the 39th parallel of north latitude, thence in a straight line southeast to the Colorado River, thus throwing into California a large district on the east of the Sierra Nevada mountains, which, with the moderately elevated lands — the slope of the southern and of the great range — extending west to the ocean, constitute a vast area of country. Some portions of this are among the most highly cultivated of the whole coast. In fact, the great body of sub-tropical fruits thus far produced, come from the central portions of this district. Los Angeles, the center of this, is preëminently the home of the vine, olive, orange, lemon, and lime.

In climate California is as rich as in gold. Excluding the extreme frigid and the extreme torrid, that is, above 120 deg. of Fahrenheit, she has every conceivable variety and shade of climate. Her climate no man can describe; he must say *climates*. The influence of location, or topography, or latitude, puts all rules, as applied elsewhere, at defiance. This applies equally to both temperature and winds. But what strikes the investigator with the utmost astonishment is the immediate proximity of these extremes. For example, in the city of San Francisco and all along in the vicinity of the Golden Gate, for six months, from mid-spring to mid-autumn, the wind is cold and damp and strong, during the latter part of the day; while, across the bay, in the direction of the wind when passing San Francisco, and only from five to eight miles distant, and nothing but the smooth surface of the water intervening, there is only a gentle breeze, of the most mild and balmy kind. In some localities, not more than five miles distant from each other, the same varieties of fruit, with the same care and culture, will vary from fifteen to twenty days in the time of ripening.

On the 8th of June, 1858, the writer of this, in company with JOHN C. FALL, President of the California State Agricultural Society, left Marysville, having breakfasted on biscuits from flour of that year's production, and in three days, on horseback — spending more than half our time in stoppings and investigations — we reached Indian Valley, where the farmers were going over their wheat fields with heavy rollers, pressing back into the ground the young grain, then not more than three inches high, which had been thrown up by the winter's frosts. Returning from this town, on the 17th of the month, we were, at 10 A. M., clad in overcoats and furs, as if in a Siberian winter, and riding over snow — in a large ravine — more than forty feet deep. At half past seven the same evening we reached Oroville, where for six hours of the day the mercury had read 110°

in the shade; and where for many weeks, all who would be comfortable, had been obliged to dress in the thinnest and lightest possible garments.

In a country of dimensions and topography thus briefly glanced at, and in a climate which we will not attempt to describe, we found—beside some thousands of our own countrymen, and perhaps an equal number who having "changed their minds," had concluded "not to go any further on that *ship*," or from other motives had become adventurers or settlers in the country—relics of the following old Romish Missions. We give their statistics in brief, as they existed in, or about 1825, according to the statements of Forbes, and Walter Colton, both excellent authorities.

NAME.	Date of Establishment.	Value of Merchandise.	Amount of Specie.	No. Domestic Animals.
Dolores, S. F.	1776	$35,000	$2,500	161,766
Santa Clara	1777	120,000	....	165,484
San Jose	1797	....	....	127,380
San Juan Bantista	1797	75,000	20,000	120,000
San Carlos	1770	....	40,000	95,530
Santa Cruz	1794	....	25,000	118,700
Soledad	1791	....	....	109,600
San Antonio	1771	....	....	108,200
San Miguel	1797	....	....	144,340

NAME.	Date of Establishment.	Value of Merchandise	Amount of Specie	No. Domestic Animals.
San Luis Obispo	1772	$........	$100,000	105,200
La Purissima	1787	....	....	82,200
Santa Ines	......	....	800,000	....
Santa Barbara	1786	....	....	63,760
San Buena Ventura	1782	61,000	62,000	72,000
San Fernande	1797	50,000	90,000	124,500
San Gabriel	1771	....	144,000	128,840
San Luis Rey	1798	....	....	140,580
San Diego	1769	100,000	150,000	140,000

Beside these Missions there were those of San Rafael, San Francisco Solano, whose possessions would fully equal the average of those whose statistics are given.

We also found a small number of earlier pioneers, men of mark, reference to whom will be made in another chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLIER PIONEERS.

THE biographies of most of the early settlers of California, whose prominence entitles them to permanent record, have been so often and so fully written, that the want of time and space, which compels us to dispense with what we had intended, is less to be regretted than it otherwise would have been. As we are situated, we now barely refer to a few of those whose lives in California were fraught with peculiar interest.

GEORGE C. YOUNT,

Born in North Carolina in 1794, arrived in California as a hunter and trapper in 1831. He found no traces of civilization except the Romish Missions, to which reference was had in a previous chapter. In 1836 he obtained a large grant of fine land in Napa Valley, where he spent the remainder of his days.

After building the first log house in the territory, he devoted himself with untiring energy to the culture of his place and the development of the country.

He was a most frank, honest, and friendly man, full of the milk of human kindness, and ever engaged in some good work.

He was a zealous Free Mason, and, for many years, a member and officer of the Grand Lodge in this State. Few men ever live as active and efficient lives, and have so few enemies, as he.

ZIBA BRANCH,

A native of Scipio, Cayuga Co., N. Y., born in 1803, a descendant of a Revolutionary soldier, was, at eighteen, poor and without influential friends. Spent several years as a sailor on Lake Erie. Leaving this, he went via St. Louis to Santa Fe, where he arrived in July, 1830. In the latter part of the same year he started for a trapping tour in the Tulare Valley. But, meeting with unexpected obstacles, he did not reach San Bernardino till February, 1831. Mr. WOLFSKILL, of Los Angeles, and GEO. C. YOUNT, afterwards of Napa, were of the same party. He reached Santa Barbara, and engaged in the grocery business, which, after a time, he sold out, and, in 1835, married and settled at San Luis Obispo, where, in 1837, he obtained a Spanish grant of land, and became one of the most wealthy men in the county.

CAPT. JOHN PATY

Was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, Feb. 22d, 1807; a direct descendant from Mayflower stock. At fourteen he shipped on the brig "Gov. Winslow" from Boston for Amsterdam. Quick to learn and ready to execute, his advancements were rapid, being, at twenty-one, made master of a fine vessel, with which he cruised and traded in the Mediterranean and the West Indies for several years, his owners reposing so much confidence in him that the only instructions they ever gave him were verbal, and in these words: "Act according to your own judgment."

In June, 1834, he reached the Sandwich Islands, on his first voyage to the Pacific, having with him his young wife and a brother. For several years he was engaged in trade between Honolulu and various north-east ports, spending more or less time every voyage on the California coast.

He was at Monterey in the stormy political times of 1837–8. Moving rapidly, as the times demanded, between different places along the coast, in December, 1837, he reached San Francisco, JACOB P. LEESE, the only American, and Captain WM. RICHARDSON, the only Englishman, then residing in the place. From this time till 1840 he continued his business at sea between this coast, Honolulu and New England.

It is a most happy fact that, during the first twenty years that Captain P. commanded vessels, often in the most unhealthy ports, he never lost a man, was never wrecked, was never on short allowance.

One of the most successful, most obliging, most efficient ship-masters on the Pacific ocean, he made nearly or quite one hundred trips between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, with the loss of only one man and but one mast. Such men are few and, as it should be, their praises many.

PETER LASSEN

Was born in Denmark, in the year 1800. He was reared to, and for years, in his native land and in the United States, worked at, the trade of a blacksmith. In 1839 he crossed the Continent to Oregon, and thence to California. In 1841 he erected, at Santa Cruz, and set in operation the first successful sawmill ever built in the country.

In 1842, after working some time at his trade for Captain Sutter, he settled on his tract of land which the Mexican Government had then recently granted him, on Deer Creek, in the upper portion of Sacramento Valley — the tract that is now Gerke's. After making a tour to Missouri, and making large additions to his already extended possessions, he fell into the hands of sharpers, was "unfortunate," and obliged to sell his magnificent place for barely enough to pay his debts. He removed to Indian Valley, and then to Honey Lake Valley, whence, while prospecting for silver mines near Rock Springs, in Utah, on the 29th of April, 1859, he was, with a companion, brutally assassinated. His death sent a pang of sorrow to thousands who had shared or known his warm and generous hospitality.

ISAAC J. SPARKS

A veteran pioneer, dates existence from Bowdoin, Maine, in 1804. When very young, accompanying his father in a small boat from Cincinnati to St. Louis, they met the first steam-boat that ever visited the waters of the Mississippi.

In 1831, he left St. Louis for Santa Fe, a journey full of fearful disaster, of which we have not time to speak. Leaving there, he engaged in a hunting and trapping expedition to the Gila River, in which his trials from hostile savages were far more severe than usually falls to the lot of mountaineers. With a small party he arrived at Los Angeles, February 10, 1832. From this, until 1849, he followed the business of killing sea otter for their fur, which was very valuable, and, hence, the business lucrative. He finally settled at Santa Barbara, where the people never weary of hearing the scarred and worn veteran recount the thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes through which his devious, but always honorable path, led him to this distant coast.

JACOB P. LEESE

A native of Ohio, born in 1809, and reared to the mercantile business.

In the Fall of 1829, he joined a hunting and trapping expedition which was then being made up at Fort Smith Ark., for the Rocky Mountains, for three years. They left April 1st, 1830. At San Fernando, in the Valley of Taos, he left the company, and entered into trade. In October, 1833, he left for California, and arrived at Los Angeles on the 24th of December. He soon visited Monterey, the capital, and several of the more prominent Missions, and entered into contracts for the purchase and sale of mules. Col. LEESE is a very large man physically, and his body is only indicative of his mind. He cannot satisfy himself with any small, or even ordinary, transactions. He must operate on a grand scale. This mule trade, however, proved disastrous, on account of hostile Indians, and he, after a while, abandoned it.

For some time he continued his business

and his operations between the principal towns in California, and, on the first day of July, 1836, he arrived at "Yerba Buena Cove," where San Francisco now is, and commenced the erection of his house on the south-west corner of Clay and Dupont streets. How extensive a house it was may be "guessed," when it is known that it was completed in time to hold in it the first celebration of the Fourth of July in the place.

He continued his commercial pursuits here until 1841, when he made an overland trip to Oregon, taking with him eleven hundred head of cattle, with which to provision the famishing overland immigrants to that new territory. It took him seventy days to pick his way and make his road, and reach his destination. He resided for a time in Sonoma, and then took up his permanent residence at Monterey, from which point he made frequent and extensive commercial operations, both to the Islands of the Pacific and to the Orient.

Having been married to a sister of Gen. M. G. VALLEJO, in April, 1837, their first child was born on the fifteenth of April, 1838—*being the first born in "Yerba Buena,"* and was named ROSALIA LEESE.

In advancing years, Col. LEESE seems scarcely older than he did thirty years ago. His genial face, and erect form, and elegant step are the admiration of all who know him.

ROBERT DUNCAN

Was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1809, where he learned the carpenter's trade, and worked at it until he was thirty-three years old, when he emigrated to New Zealand and remained until 1846, then came to California, with his wife and four children. Here, until the discovery of gold, he followed his trade. Then, with his little son, went to the mines, where, in less than a year, he obtained enough to satisfy him; when he returned to San Francisco, and devoted himself to the improvement of his property, and the care of his family for several years, after which, tiring of city life, he removed to Santa Clara County and settled on a farm, where he continued to devote himself to agricultural pursuits and the education of his family, until 1857, when he quietly and peacefully passed away on his last voyage to the land where condition is not improved by change of place or diversity of pursuit.

DR. ROBERT SEMPLE,

Of Scotch descent and Kentucky birth. It is not strange that he had a strong will and an enterprising, adventurous spirit. He first learned the trade of a printer, and afterward that of dentist. With these "two strings to his bow," he could travel anywhere and always find a "job."

He visited, successively, every State in the Union, and then, in 1845, at the age of thirty-six, he crossed the Continent to California.

The story of some of the stirring times succeeding his arrival he tells so well that we desire him to speak for himself. He writes as follows:

"I arrived in Sacramento Valley on the 22nd of December, 1845. Took an interest and made a crop on the farm at the foot of the mountains, then claimed by WM. JOHNSON and S. KEYSER.

"During the winter of '45-6, Gen. JOSE CASTRO, then at the head of the military, issued several proclamations, the character of which was said to be, that all foreigners who were not naturalized citizens of Mexico. should leave the country. The people continued quiet, under the impression that there would never be sufficient unanimity in the government to enforce such an order. Don Pio Pico was then the acting Governor, but had received his office by revolution, when Micheltoreno, who had been commissioned by the Supreme Government, was thrown out.

"Although the country seemed to be entirely quiet, yet there was a deep laid scheme going on through a certain Irish priest, who was generally supposed to be an agent of Great Britain, to get possession of the territory of California. His plan was to get possession of all the unoccupied land from the Ciudad de Los Angeles to the Bay of San Francisco, for the purpose of settling thereon 5,000 Catholics, to be brought from Scotland and other portions of Great Britain, avowedly to secure the country against the "rapacious Americanos," who, he said, were like "hungry wolves swarming in, and would abrogate their sweet religion." This scheme was broken up by a timely move on the part of the few Americans who were in the country at the time, under *promise* of assistance from Lt. Col. FREMONT, who was then in the Sacramento Valley on an exploring expedition, with sixty men.

"Although a proclamation was read at Sonoma ordering the Americans to leave the country forthwith, without arms, yet they seemed to pay little attention to it, and would probably have forgotten it in a few months, but General CASTRO had resolved on another revolution, and commenced making preparations, but, being unwilling to apprise the government of his design, attempted to cloak it under a crusade against the American settlers.

"About the 1st of June, 1846, Gen. CASTRO crossed the Bay of San Francisco and collected, from the Mission of San Rafael and Gen. VALLEJO's ranch, about two hundred head of horses, and there being no means of crossing at the Straits of Carquinez, he sent Lieut. FRANCISCO DE ARCE, with the horses, to cross the Sacramento and San Joaquin. On his way he fell in with a Mr. KNIGHT, an

American, who had married a Mexican woman, and was a naturalized citizen of California. Feeling safe in it, he imparted to KNIGHT what he thought to be the designs of Gen. CASTRO; which was, first, to drive off all the Americans and Col. FREMONT, and then to build a fort at the foot of the mountains, to prevent further immigration from the United States. This news was carried to Col. FREMONT'S camp in a few hours, and, before daylight next morning, the scattered *Yankees*, for one hundred miles up and down the valley, armed and collected at FREMONT'S camp—then at the Buttes, between the Feather River and the Sacramento — under the impression that the first attack would be made on him, and thus effectually weaken the Americans.

"This news was deemed sufficient to justify Col. FREMONT in whatever steps he might choose to take, and, therefore, a proposition was made to him to strike the first blow, which he declined, but said, 'if the settlers thought proper to do so, that CASTRO should not hurt them unless he hurt him also'; upon which twelve of the Rancheros mounted their horses in full chase for the Lieutenant and his party with CASTRO's war horses, being the 9th of June. They traveled that day and night about sixty miles, and, at daylight on the morning of the 10th, surprised Lieut. 'FRANKS' in his camp, took eighteen prisoners and about two hundred horses. After some consultation, the prisoners were released, with their arms and a choice horse each, with a message to CASTRO that, if he would come for the horses himself, *with force sufficient*, he might find them near the American Forks.

"The party reached FREMONT's camp the next morning, and remained until the morning of the 12th, when, with some recruits, they marched for the fortified town of Sonoma — then under command of Gen. VALLEJO — a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. By traveling two nights they were enabled to reach Sonoma about daylight on the 14th. The General had no intimation of a move on the part of the Americans, and was, therefore, totally unprepared to receive them, and no alternative was left but to become a prisoner, without being able to offer the slightest resistance.

"The party at the taking of Sonoma consisted of thirty-three men. So far, they had neglected the important duty of making officers, and were following a pilot (Mr. MERRIK). Seeing the great necessity for some sort of an organization, the party were called together in Cuartel, when WM. B. IDE was called to the chair, and R. SEMPLE appointed Secretary. Dr. SEMPLE explained the object of the meeting in an animated speech, in which he spoke at length of the necessity of organizing and acting together with an eye single to the advancement of the cause of independence. He urged the necessity of respecting private property, and proper and respectful treatment of the prisoners, their families, and the people of the country. But before any business could be done, one of the guard notified the meeting that vaqueros and others were dispatched in different directions and were supposed to be messengers. A guard of twenty men was left to keep possession of Sonoma, while the remainder prepared to conduct the prisoners, Gen. M. G. VALLEJO, Capt. SALVADOR VALLEJO, Col. VICTOR PRUDON, and J. P. LEESE, to the Sacramento—then their head quarters.

"I cannot refrain from making a few remarks in this place, respecting the conduct of the successful party. The party was made of men from the four quarters of the earth, and of every variety of occupation, and had been so much scattered over the country, that but few were acquainted with each other; having succeeded in two important efforts without resistance, without officers, and many of them had scarcely any definite plan or object; yet, be it said to their great credit, that they touched no private property, except horses to ride, and beef to sustain life, and, for many days, lived only on broiled beef, without bread, and in many cases without salt. All possible respect was paid to the families who remained at Sonoma; a degree of moderation was practiced by the 'Bear Party' which has never been experienced by any other people under similar circumstances."

Having obtained possession of Sonoma, they hoisted the celebrated "Bear Flag," which was merely a piece of white cotton cloth about six feet long. This they bordered, about four inches wide, with red berry juice; then wrote in black, "The people's rights," and, below this, sketched a grizzly bear, with a lone star.

Before peace was declared, Dr. SEMPLE, in connection with WALTER COLTON, at Monterey, on the 15th of August, 1846, issued the first number of "*The Californian*," the first newspaper of any kind ever published in California. It was a small, four-page sheet, about twelve by fifteen inches, its typographical appearance being much marred by the substitution of two *v's* for *w*, which their types did not contain. After that he laid out, and was the acknowledged father of, the town of Benicia.

On the assembling of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey, in 1849, he was the almost unanimous choice for president of the body, a position which he filled greatly to the credit both of himself and the assembly which thus inaugurated the State.

In the latter part of 1854 he was thrown from his horse, and received injuries from which he died on the 25th of October, leaving behind him the unrecorded acts of a long and eventful career.

> "The death of those distinguished by their station,
> But by their virtue more, awakes the mind
> To solemn dread, and strikes a saddening awe.
> Not that we grieve for them, but for ourselves,
> Left to the toil of life; — and yet the best
> Are, by the playful children of this world,
> At once forgot, as they had never been."

WILLIAM DAVIS MERRY HOWARD.

Among the most prominent of San Francisco's early merchants was this native of Boston, who first visited California, as the agent of a company engaged in the hide and tallow trade in his native city, in 1839. He settled permanently in San Francisco in 1846, and, in connection with HENRY MELLUS, established a commercial house, which, up to 1850, when he retired, stood second to none on the Pacific Coast for all that makes trade honorable and business successful.

He was among the first and most efficient promoters of the establishment of that noble institution, "The Protestant Orphan Asylum," in which, to the day of his death, he took a lively interest. He also donated to the "Howard Presbyterian Church" the valuable lot on which their first house of worship was erected. The public school system and the fire department were also largely indebted to him for their early prosperity.

On the 19th of January, 1856, after a short, but exceedingly painful, illness, he died, in the midst of friends. How much his demise was felt is indicated by the following, which we find in the "*California Chronicle*," of January 21st, 1856 :

"At a meeting of the Society of California Pioneers, held at their rooms, the 20th instant, pursuant to adjournment, the committee appointed at the previous meeting, to take into consideration the untimely death of Captain W. D. M. HOWARD, and to make the necessary arrangements for the Society to participate in paying the last sad tribute of respect to their late fellow member, the following preamble, resolutions, and obituary notice, were unanimously adopted, as expressive of the sentiments of the Society :

"*Whereas*, It has been the will of Almighty God to remove from our midst Captain W. D. M. HOWARD, the first President, and ever a zealous friend of the Society of California Pioneers, and

"*Whereas*, the Society feels deep grief for the loss it has sustained, and entertains the most heartfelt sympathy with the relatives of the deceased in this sad bereavement — therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That, by this afflicting dispensation of Providence, the Society of California Pioneers has lost one of its most beloved members and one of its noblest benefactors, the community has lost one of its most esteemed and public-spirited citizens, and the family of the deceased a kind and affectionate friend in every relation of life.

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Society of California Pioneers will long cherish the memory of the deceased, endeared to them as he was by the many noble qualities which adorned his character; and that they tender to his afflicted relatives their sincere sympathy and condolence.

"*Resolved*, That the Society will attend the obsequies of the deceased; and, as an additional mark of respect, that the members of the society wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions, and of the following obituary notice, be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and published through the San Francisco press.

"OBITUARY.—Few men can pass away from the stage of life and leave their memory encircled with more well-earned honor and love than Capt. WILLIAM DAVIS MERRY HOWARD. His was a life of peace encircled with all the social virtues. The laurels of the Christian and of the high-toned gentleman are his, more precious and more difficult to win than those of the victor of the battle-field. The tears of an endeared community are shed for him, and, notwithstanding the diversity of sentiment and opinion which prevails, there was this unanimity, that Capt. W. D. M. HOWARD had no enemy. In the calm and amiable dignity of his life he won each day some victory of friendship, and of some new friend obtained the lasting affection.

"Mr. Howard arrived in California from Boston in 1839, and, after visiting various localities in the country, finally located himself in San Francisco, in 1846. As agent, in the commencement of his career, he acquitted himself with that honor which placed him in the highest position in his commercial business. His subsequent financial transactions gave him wealth;—

and, finally, in his retirement from active business to promote his health and enjoy the well-garnered harvest of his industry, he has moved through life with a heart as pure, and integrity unsullied, as when he first embarked on life's weary path, and the bloom of youth first mantled on his cheek.

"Among our social institutions the liberal and generous hand of Capt. HOWARD may everywhere be traced. The orphan, little heeding whence the sweet charity which sustained it may be derived, unconsciously in its morning and evening prayers, blesses him. The Church, when struggling for an existence, and forgotten in the hot pursuit of wealth, flourished, and raised its spire to Heaven through his encouraging aid. When conflagrations had spread desolation and poverty, both the means and the genial will were left to him to prevent the recurrence of such ruin, and our fire department well and fondly remembers the name of HOWARD.

"In the desperate efforts of worthless men to create war and anarchy in our city, the calm and unmoved dignity of HOWARD, in presiding over the lovers of law and order, gave those trying scenes an earnestness, stronger than the sword, which struck terror into evil hearts and dispersed their bands. Walk among the many tenants of his lands and listen to the music of their praise. No complaint of the oppressor's hand is heard, but the pleasant tones of grateful thanks issue from every lip. Gather around him at the social board the friends who enjoyed his intimacy, and will they not admit that his hospitality wore a grace which none can assume, and only the pure of heart can manifest?

"The politics of Capt. HOWARD took no decided form. His great idea was to promote the good of the whole nation, and whenever he could conduce to that object he was active in his country's cause.

"Although eminently disposed to lead a life of peace, when invited to assist in organizing the military of the State, Capt. HOWARD again appears, as the benefactor rather than soldier, to approve by his presence, rather than lead in the strife of war; but the California Guard will grieve to know their ancient Captain is gone, and will shed for him a soldier's tear.

"Thus have we followed him through his sphere of life, and everywhere we find the manly gentleman, the noble citizen, the generous friend."

CHARLES L. ROSS.

On that pleasant morning, as we steamed up the Bay around the Point and dropped anchor almost off Washington street, nearly all of the few citizens who had not caught the gold fever and departed for the auriferous fields, collected together upon the beach at the corner of Montgomery and Washington streets and greeted our arrival with welcome cheers. Among them was CHARLES L. ROSS, a native of Rockway, New Jersey, and who, upon the thirty-first day of January of the present year, saw his fifty-seventh birthday.

About the time of the departure of Stevenson's Regiment from New York for San Francisco, some friends, who, knowing that the Mexican tariff would be abolished upon the arrival of that regiment at its destination, determined to dispatch the bark "Whiton" with a cargo of miscellaneous goods, under the direction and management of Mr. Ross. He arrived here in April, 1847, and commenced business. He rented a building of

William Petit, on the beach, below Montgomery street and near Washington, and, as it was entirely too small to contain the quantity of goods unsold upon the departure of the vessel, a large number of cases of dry goods were obliged to remain outside, without shelter or protection, and were there opened and disposed of from time to time as purchasers were found. In those days, however, exposed property was perfectly safe from the depredations of thieves.

For a number of years prior to his immigration hither, Mr. Ross had been engaged in the sale of India Rubber goods in the New York market, and the perfection of the Goodyear patents had caused such a great demand for the manufactured products as to cause quite a scarcity in the supply of the crude India Rubber, or caoutchouc, and he had intended, as soon as his cargo was disposed of, to proceed to Peru and institute a search for it in the interior of that country, feeling persuaded it could be found as well upon the western as upon the eastern slope of that continent. By the advice, however, of James Lick, Esq., who had recently arrived here from Lima, he was induced to abandon the adventure and to remain in California, and, during the Summer, erected a store on the north-west corner of Washington and Montgomery streets. In '49 he erected other buildings on the opposite corner of Montgomery, and did an extensive business, and prospered.

During the year 1849 he purchased the brig Laura Ann, and dispatched her to Mazatlan with a special messenger, to proceed overland to New York, to procure a steamboat to navigate the waters of the Sacramento river. His agent, having been bribed here, proved faithless upon his arrival at New York, and other parties reaped the benefit of his enterprise.

In '50 he purchased of THOMAS O. LARKIN the property now occupied by the Montgomery Block, with other lots, for the sum of $300,000, and erected a large brick building at a cost of over $100,000; and other buildings upon Washington street at a further cost of upwards of another $100,000. In the brick building was established the first Merchants' Exchange, by a son of Commodore

SLOAT. The income of this property up to the time of the fire was about $10,500 per month. The great fire of '51 destroyed all his improvements, involving a loss, including debts outstanding, approximating nearly to $300,000.

By the advice of friends whose judgment he unfortunately (as it resulted in this particular instance) respected and was guided by, he sold most of his real estate immediately after the fire, and spent several years in a vain attempt to collect his outstanding debts, until the town "grew away" from him, and he has since been rated as a (comparatively) poor man. Whilst he had means, few were more generous in the relief and assistance of others, and few gave more liberally than he for benevolent purposes. Some of our very wealthy citizens have cause to remember his liberality.

He was a "charter member" of the Society of Pioneers, and one of the few now left entitled to wear the Red Scarf.

In 1850, he was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen, and, as Chairman of the

Committee of Education, reported the Bill organizing our present system of Public Schools, an institution which he has never failed to regard with lively interest.

As already remarked, his *liberality* was proverbial. He shared what he had with those who had not; and gave to every object of benevolence, and every moral and religious enterprise with an unsparing hand. Let a few facts illustrate:

When our steamer arrived, having on board Rev. O. C. WHEELER and wife — Mrs. WHEELER being the *first*, and, for a considerable time, the *only* female missionary in California — Mr. Ross at once assumed the entire responsibility of their care and expenses, although under no more obligation than any other citizen. He had, sometime before, suspended work upon a dwelling for himself because lumber had risen to $450 per thousand, but, before night of our first day, he had several workmen on the house, under orders to "complete it in the shortest possible time," notwithstanding lumber was $100 a thousand higher than when he suspended. He then hired the best *shanty* to be had, advanced $300 for the rent, and saw them as comfortable as possible until his house was done, when he took them there and made their living *free*, at a time when such fare and rooms were worth $500 a month.

When Mr. **Wheeler** proposed the necessity for a house of worship, Mr. Ross at once entered into the work, secured a lot, made the contracts* and supervised the work, without compensation, and then, beside numerous gifts of a few hundred dollars each, gave FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS at one time toward paying the debts incurred for the property.

Though, like his honorable compeer, W. D. M. **Howard**, whose name appears on another page, he had no taste for partisan politics, he was a man of most unparalleled enterprise, his operations often reaching a boldness of dash and hazardous venture which seemed perfectly reckless, though there was always, in his rapidly reached conclusions, a philosophy that those of more moderation could not discover.

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* G. W. **Meacham**, now the proprietor of the "Humboldt House," perhaps the most *recherche* and popular place for "refreshing the inner man" on the two thousand miles of Pacific Railroads, was the builder, who, both in thoroughness and time, gave entire satisfaction in his work.

It was only once in a great while that a vessel came into the harbor with merchandise, previous to the arrival of our steamer, and when one did come, it was of the utmost importance to get the *first chance* at her supercargo. In order to do this, the two rival houses of "HOWARD & MELLUS" and "C. L. ROSS," each kept the best boat and set of oarsmen procurable, always ready, at a moment's notice, to "jump aboard and pull for life," when a vessel entered the "Golden Gate."

One day, "A brig is coming in!" was announced. In a moment HOWARD had the rudder-lines of his boat, and ROSS those of his, and every oarsman sprung his "ash" to its utmost. The race was close and closely contested for about three miles, but ROSS was a hundred yards ahead when he grasped the ropes and sprang over the bulwarks. The Captain, who was also supercargo, met him at the rail, when, without one preliminary word, ROSS said, in his peculiarly rapid manner:

"Got any red woolen shirts?"

"Yes," said the skipper, "a hundred dozen."

Without asking a single question as to what else the vessel contained, Ross said:

"What will you take for your entire cargo, everything in the ship?"

"A hundred per cent. on New York invoice," said the Captain.

"IT IS DONE," said Ross, as he handed the skipper a hundred dollars, "and this binds the bargain."

And, as the Captain received the money, and said "yes," HOWARD reached the deck. There were no "red woolen shirts" in the country, and every miner must have a pair, even if they cost him a hundred dollars, and C. L. Ross *knew* it.

JAMES LICK.

Among the most noteworthy of all our "Earlier Pioneers," is the gentleman whose name we have just written, and yet, strange to say, scarcely one of them has been less noticed in all the pretentious "Annals," and other books, that have essayed to give sketches of these noble men. Toot your own horn or go unfamed was never more clearly illustrated than in the case of Mr. Lick. Naturally modest, and reticent to the last degree, nearly all the acts of his heroic and wonderful life have remained unnoticed by the present generation. In fact, he was passed by in silence, while in the bold and unique adventures which brought him such vast accumulations; and, could he have gratified his own desires, and accomplished his purposes of unparalleled philanthropy, he would have remained unknown to the day of his death. But this was not possible. The later acts of his life, now in progress, could not remain "under a bushel."

We first find Mr. Lick in the interior of

Pennsylvania, a young married man, quietly pursuing a course of operations, evincing great enterprise in their planning, untiring energy in their execution, and promising great advantages in their results.

We next find him in the pampas of Brazil and Buenos Ayres, in South America, with his thousands of horses and cattle, in the capacity of a great proprietor, from whom the Governments of those countries derived their supplies for their cavalry and their commissariat.

Again we find him on the other side of the Continent, operating in the commercial metropoli of Chili and Peru; everywhere, and at all times, so quiet, and so unobtrusive, that none, save those with whom he had transactions in business, and those who observed the external improvements wrought by his enterprise, would be aware of his existence.

His *mode*, in all departments of life, has never been in a beaten track or a rut, but always preëminently "*sui generis*." In Valparaiso he was not only doing new things, but doing them in his own way.

And, strange as it may seem, in such a

very quiet man, he was always reaching into enterprises in advance of others, "taking time by the forelock."

When the news of gold discovery in California reached Valparaiso, he was in business that would have taken an ordinary man a series of months at least, to so close up that he could leave it, with any sort of consistency; yet he put doubloons enough in his trunk to make twenty thousand dollars, besides the expenses of the trip, entrusted his business to a confidential friend, and stepped on board the first vessel leaving his place for San Francisco.

Arriving here, he found exactly what his sagacious mind had predicted from the moment that the golden news reached him, viz: a splendid opportunity to invest in real estate. He scanned the situation, foresaw the growth of the town, selected his "corner lots" with great good judgment, and invested his money. The property he then purchased with twenty thousand dollars, is perhaps to-day worth as many millions. For the first four years he built sparingly, and with great care; afterward liberally and magnificently.

In 1853, JOHN B. WELLER, U. S. Senator from California, said, in his place, "I would not give six bits for all the agricultural lands in California."

At this same time Mr. LICK was preparing the foundations for a flouring mill in Santa Clara County, which, with its massive foundations, fine Burr stones, and interior finishings of solid mahogany, had, before it was completed, cost him half a million of dollars. This done, he took fifty acres of adjoining land, reduced its surface to a spirit-level, and set, by the "square and compass," with his own hands, the whole with the choicest varieties of pear trees.

All these operations, and numerous others, although done in a country where the Honorable Senator "would not give six bits for all the agricultural land," proved immensely remunerative.

He also erected the magnificent hotel in San Francisco which bears his name, in which he finished, what is regarded the most splendid dining-room in the world, and which house is the home of the most accomplished travelers — the very *elite* of all civilized nations who visit our coast.

Recently his acts have placed him in the front rank of philanthropists of this or any other age. He has donated to the Society of California Pioneers and to the Academy of Sciences each a lot worth at least $120,000, and is arranging to erect on each a building of the most superb and magnificent style and proportions adapted to their several uses, the aggregate cost of which will fall little if any short of a million of dollars. He has also arranged and provided for the erection, furnishing and permanent endowment of a vast Astronomical Observatory on the shore of Lake Tahoe, near the summit of the Sierra Nevada mountains, at an expense which will not probably fall short of another million.

Mr. Lick has been for many months in poor health, but seems to be spending all his powers in arranging plans for the disposal of his vast wealth in a manner to secure the greatest amount of good to the coming generations of his fellow-men.

We would gladly have been more full and

explicit with the reference to Mr. LICK, but were not, as promised, furnished with the necessary data. Looking, from his sick chamber, upon the generations of the rising future, we almost hear him say:

> "Commend me to them;
> And tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
> Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, their losses,
> Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
> That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
> In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them."

Of other EARLIER PIONEERS.

General JOHN A. SUTTER, the most widely famous for his enlarged plans, and inexhaustible benevolence;

THOMAS O. LARKIN, the most extensively connected with the interests of our government on this Coast previous to our acquisition of California;

SAMUEL BRANNAN, the boldest operator, and most successful early merchant;

JONATHAN D. STEVENSON, Colonel of the First Regiment New York Volunteers for California;

JOSEPH L. FOLSOM, Quartermaster of the same, and man of far-seeing enterprise;

JAMES W. MARSHALL, the discoverer of gold;

EDWARD GILBERT, one of our first representatives in Congress;

SELIM E. WOODWORTH, the self-made naval captain.

The "Annals of San Francisco," by "Soulé and Gihon," furnishes so full and complete biographical sketches, that an attempt on our part to improve upon them, would indicate more vanity than we desire to have credit for.

Wherefore, referring the reader to the above excellent work, we close this chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

MEMORIGRAPHIA.

FROM the very meagre data furnished the Committee by most of those who responded at all, the following sketches are the best that could be prepared. With all their crudeness, we trust the individuality of each pioneer will be, in some measure, apparent.

We present them as nearly as may be in the *order* in which they reached us:

HUGH WHITTELL.

County Tyrone, in Ireland, is where the great rebellion of 1597 commenced, in behalf, and under the auspices of, the O'Neils, who had, as a house, furnished kings for the "Green Isle" long centuries before the introduction of Christianity.

Its surface is richly diversified by hill and vale, mountain, lake, and river; and its products and manufactures are as varied as its face.

It was here, in 1812, that this devotee of the "Shamrock" first began to trace the paths from which good Saint Patrick had so recently — only about fifteen hundred years before — driven the snakes and the toads.

In this County Tyrone, and in this same year, 1812, did this same new comer put on the "green," and flaunt it as an emblem of the ever changing, yet always new; and here and then he commenced that strange career, which has carried him to more new places, and the opening of more new enterprises, perhaps, than any other living man.

He was placed in school at Dublin, but would pay very little attention to anything, unless it was something *new*.

Reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and all the catalogue of ordinary studies were of little account with him, simply because they were old — others had studied them, and therefore he had no desire for them.

But, if a new chair or bench was to be introduced to the room, or a new hall to be opened, or a new professor to be installed, bidden or unbidden, without reference to the propriety, or impropriety, of the thing, he was sure to be there, closely scrutinizing every passing event.

After he became satisfied that there would be no more *new* things in his native land, he turned his attention to other coasts and climes.

Hearing the term *new* so often attached to the American World, and supposing, therefore, that in the *New* world everything was new, nothing repeated, he thought that was just the place for him.

He came to America, and after learning his mistake, and that people did here even repeat the same acts, carrying the thing so far as to eat and drink, and smoke and sleep, when they and others had done the same thing before, he became hugely disgusted, and, though then more than forty years old, in 1856, hastened off to a medical school in France, where he spent two years.

Before coming to California, he was, for a series of years, a cloth merchant at the corner of William and John streets, New York.

On the twenty-third of December, 1848, he left New York on board steamer "Crescent City," for Chagres, whence he crossed the Isthmus, and took passage in steamer "California," arriving in San Francisco February 28th, 1849.

During this same year he returned home, on account of the illness of his wife.

In 1852, he returned, and after remaining a short time, again went abroad, and remained until 1863, when he returned, and has been in California most of the time since, taking care of his property and his family.

But these few desultory facts do no sort of justice to such a life as that of Captain WHITTELL.

As already intimated, he, when very young, manifested a decided affinity for novelties; especially did this penchant develop itself in an insatiate desire to be present at the initiation of every new enterprise.

In the prosecution of this peculiar and interesting desire, he informs us that, though a mere boy, he was actually present in England, and rode on the first train of cars that ever ran on a railroad for the conveyance of passengers, and that he crossed the Atlantic in time to ride on the first steam passenger car that ever ran on an American railway; that he went to Europe in the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic from New York; was passenger in the first steamer up the Pacific Coast, and also in the first steamship from San Francisco for China; also, that he was present at the opening of the great telegraphic system in America, and at the inauguration of the Suez Canal, that great enterprise which shortens the distance, per ship, between Europe and India many thousand miles. He was present and took part in founding the town of St. Paul, in Minnesota; and was one of the first Americans permitted to visit Pekin, the capital of the Chinese Empire, where he saw domestic pigeons flying about the town, and among the towers of the palaces and the temples, with small musical instruments attached to their necks and hanging upon their breasts, so constructed and so arranged that the stirring of the atmosphere by the motion of the wings and the progress of the body through the air produce exceedingly fine strains of Æolian music. There, too, he saw the Imperial Pavilion in which the Emperor annually holds the plow, and the Empress spins at the wheel, as examples of industry to the people. There he also saw five hundred Buddhist priests dressed in uniform, worshiping in one temple, using the ancient Sanscrit language, before a statue of Buddha twenty-nine feet high, wrought with the greatest elegance, really a magnificent and fine work of art.

There is scarcely a port, visited by civilized man, into and out of which he has not sailed; scarcely a natural curiosity known on earth which he has not visited, inspected, and rendered more or less familiar.

If he has not, like Kepler, soared into boundless space, measured the orbits and weighed the density of the heavenly bodies; or, like a Lyell, extorted from the sandstone and the coalbed, the granite and the chalk, testimony to the countless years since this mundane sphere, like a globule from the crucible of liquid metal, was hurled into space from the great ball of central fire, a molten globe of fusing elements, to reach its level and thence forever balance in its orbit, slowly cooling at the surface, and successively generating animal life, to be fostered for a season and then exterminated by the ever-growing cold; or, like an Agassiz, bringing up, from the deep sea-soundings, proofs of science, which finds only one of its branches more than sufficient to occupy the utmost of a busy life—yet he has been as nearly everywhere and seen everything as any man to be found.

In doing this, he crossed the Atlantic *fifteen* times before the ocean was navigated by steam, and has crossed it *thirty-nine* times since; has threaded every prominent river and climbed every prominent mountain of earth, and is to-day one of the most social and agreeable of men, even among those celebrated wits and waggers of the tongue, the learned and cultivated sons of Erin.

He closes a recent note to the Editing

Committee of this work with the following humorous epitaph, which, we presume, he designs to have chiseled upon a lofty granite monolith and placed above his grave, when he dies, "provided always that he should live so long":

All you who chance this grave to see,
If you read English, learn by me;
I traveled, read, and studied much, to know
What interests, most, mortals here below—
The present or the future state, the love of self or power.
Envy, fear or hate absorbed each wakeful hour.
All would teach, but few would learn, and less would understand;
The bulk of all would neither know his God nor fellow-man.
Love to one another was needful, all agreed;
I add, *learn*, *labor*, and *wait*, and you will succeed.

In the four quarters of the world I have been;
The cities of Pekin and Constantinople have seen;
On the first railway I rode before others were made;
Saw the first telegraph operate—so useful to trade;
In the first steamship the Atlantic I crossed;
Suffered six shipwrecks, where many were lost.
After much trouble my business to fix,
My sole possession here is two by six.

Born, 1812. Died, ——.

L. BROOKE.

Mr. BROOKE was a native of Montgomery County, Maryland; born July 6, 1819. After the usual opportunities for education in the private schools of his native State and in the District of Columbia, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Quartermaster's Department of the United States' Army in Washington, where he remained until November, 1848, when he became attached to the command of General PERSIFER F. SMITH, in the Quartermaster's Department, under Captain ELLIOTT. He left Washington in time to embark with his commander, in the steamer "Falcon," at New York, for Chagres, December 1, 1848, and to share in all the toils and perils, all the joys and sorrows of a pioneer tour, in which almost every hope was deferred and every promise broken; in which he was called upon to bury his chief—wrapped in blanket—in foreign soil; and to grope in untried paths by land and unexplored coasts by sea.

On reaching Monterey, California, late in February, 1849, he joined Captain INGALLS in the Quartermaster's Department of the United States' Army, with whom he remained until the following May, when he accompanied him to Oregon, where he has since resided, and, with slight interruptions, continued in the same department of service.

He is now living at Portland, Oregon, where he is able to *retire* and enjoy life upon the savings of more than a quarter of a century's arduous toil. There he has seen a large and flourishing commercial city grow upon a piece of wild river-bank, now connecting, by sail, and steam, and rail, with every civilized sea, and port, and vale of earth. He has seen a vast territory change its hordes of savages for a teeming population of civilized, enlightened, cultured men, forming, maintaining and honoring that noblest of human organizations — a State. He has seen grow up and mature into manhood a generation of young men, developing the great characteristics by which self-government is maintained and the prosperity of the State assured. And, as he now looks over this field, his adopted State, and upon this mighty host of rising manhood, who shall blame him for saying, with true patriotic pride:

"From germs like these have mighty statesmen sprung,
Of prudent counsel and persuasive tongue;
Unblenching minds, who rul'd the willing throng,
Their well-braced nerves by early labor strung."

A. M. VAN NOSTRAND.

Few men live so busy, so useful, and so happy a life as the gentleman whose name heads this. Born in Brooklyn, New York, September 8th, 1816, he was carefully reared by his parents until he reached his majority. Being of a slender and delicate frame he was the object of especial solicitude, and was guarded, in his early education, with unremitting attention.

He was first placed under the instruction of a lady of great distinction as an educator, with whom he remained until her sudden decease, in the zenith of life; and was then placed with Professor N. B. MORSE, under whose tuition he remained as long as he continued to teach. He was next sent to the New York Commercial Academy, which was located where Trinity building now stands, in Broadway.

All these places, where this youth pursued his rudimentary and more advanced studies, have long since become centres of large and ever increasing business.

Having completed his scholastic studies, he became a dry goods' jobber in Pearl street, New York, in which position he was attacked by the gold fever, and by it carried on board the bark "John Benson," which sailed, with him and a crowd of others from New York for Chagres, December 8th, 1848. He reached the Isthmus, crossed to Panama, and sailed thence for San Francisco per steamer "California," on her first trip, and arrived February 28th, 1849.

RODMAN M. PRICE, a purser in the navy, and fellow-passenger, had, before reaching San Francisco, sought and secured the services of Mr. V. when and after they should arrive.

He served as agent for Mr. PRICE, and at the same time — illustrative of his wonderful energy of character, power of endurance, and versatility of talent — conducted an extensive real estate business, was acting purser, and naval agent of the station under Commodore THOMAS AP CATESBY JONES, was a member of the Ayuntamiento, or Town Council, of San Francisco; and, as member of committee of that body, drew the contracts for building the

Pacific street, the California street, and the Mission street, wharves; and was first Secretary of the Central Wharf Company, of which Captain J. L. FOLSOM was President, and R. M. PRICE Treasurer.

He was also a member and Secretary of the Grand Jury which tried the celebrated gang of marauders and cut-throats, calling themselves the "Hounds," in 1849. This jury met daily for a whole month, and Mr. VAN NOSTRAND was present at every sitting, kept all the records, and retains a full copy of the same to the present day.

He had been educated in the faith of his parents, and was a strict "churchman," of the true evangelical type. Nor did he leave his good works or his profession behind, or allow his predilections to confine him to his own sect. Having been for many years organist in one of the most prominent churches in New York, and, having brought a musical instrument with him, he at once made himself as prominent and as useful in moral and religious efforts as in those of a secular character.

Rev. O. C. WHEELER, the pioneer missionary of the Baptist Church, having organized, and erected the first Protestant Church edifice in the territory, Mr. V., who had, at an early day, become very much attached to him, led the choir, and played the full service at the dedication, and continued to devote himself, without fee or reward, as long as he remained in California, to the same class of services.

And, though a quarter of a century has since passed, the sweet strains of music which seemed to drip from his fingers, full of enthusiasm, and to flow from his clear and highly cultured voice with warm devotion, still float across the abyss in the chariot of memory, and awaken, in a multitude of minds, recollections of inexpressible tenderness and joy.

In 1852, he returned to New York, and entered the house of RUFUS E. CRANE & Co. as correspondent and financial manager, where he remained until the junior member of the firm was elected to an important position of public trust, and induced Mr. V. to accompany him, and act in a most responsible fiduciary capacity.

He continued in this until 1858; when, having originated, organized, and vitalized the Wehawken Ferry Co., he was elected its secretary, and became its chief manager. This was too much for him. His iron muscles and nerves of steel yielded to the unwarrantable pressure, and after twelve years he, in 1870, was obliged to retire and seek relaxation, or go speedily to his grave.

He sought the salubrious atmosphere of the North-west, and, after remaining two and a half years at and in the vicinity of Muscatine, Iowa, and becoming again hale and hearty, repaired to San Francisco, and spent the winter of 1872-3 with his old friends. Thence he returned, and is in a quiet business at Flushing, Long Island.

"Some there are
By their good deeds exalted; lofty minds
And meditative, authors of delight
And happiness, which, to the end of time,
Will live, and spread, and flourish."

DEWITT C. THOMPSON,

A descendant of the early pioneers of New England, was born in Peru, Berkshire County, Mass., September 1, 1826.

In boyhood he attended the district and select school of his native town, and, during a part of three years, was a student at Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass.

In 1846, he went to New York City, and was a clerk in one of the Wall street banking houses, until December, 1848, when he started for California via the Isthmus of Panama, and reached San Francisco on the pioneer steamer "California," in February, 1849, since which time he has been a resident of this State.

He was early interested in real estate, and was an original stockholder in the first wharf built here, and joint owner of the first storehouse constructed on piles, and many of the valuable lots in San Francisco have passed through his ownership.

Having taken a strong interest in farming and stock raising, he was one of the projectors and first Vice-Presidents of the State Agricultural Society, and, in 1854, received a State premium on his fine farm in Sonoma County, and several premiums for stock and crops.

He took an active part in the various Vigilance Committees, from the "Hound" riots of 1849, to the great operations of 1856; and was, for several years, Deputy Assessor and Deputy Sheriff of the City and County of San Francisco, working earnestly for the good of the government, and improvement of the same.

He was always interested in the California Militia, having been an original member of the first California Guard, in July, 1849, and has filled every rank from private to colonel.

At the commencement of the rebellion, he was Inspector General on the staff of Major HALLECK, C. M., and took a leading part in re-organizing the State Militia, and putting it on an efficient footing to sustain the National Government; also, in raising volunteers for the defence of the Pacific Coast, and in forming other associations for the maintenance of the Union.

In 1862, he assisted in raising the California Hundred, and California Cavalry Battalion — five hundred Union soldiers that went from this State into active service in Virginia.

He was commissioned Major of Volunteers, and assigned by the late Gen. GEORGE WRIGHT to the command of this splendid body of cavalry, and went with them East.

While in the military service of the United States, he participated in many of the movements, raids and engagements in Maryland and Virginia. Commanded a Battalion, Regiment and Brigade of Cavalry in the field; commanded a Post, Cavalry Encampment and Military District, and, for more than a year commanded the military forces along the upper Potomac, between Washington and Harper's Ferry.

In 1865, he returned to San Francisco, and soon after organized the National Insurance Company, of which he was for some time Vice President and active manager.

In 1868, he projected and assisted in forming the California Trust Company, now the National Gold Bank and Trust Company, and was made its Cashier, which position he fills at the present time.

Colonel THOMPSON is now in the prime of life, with a vigorous constitution, having enjoyed uninterrupted good health for the past twenty-five years, and holds a position in the State which the energies of a Pioneer will not permit to become less important.

SALISBURY HALEY.

Dr. Haley was of an old and highly esteemed family, long resident at Portsmouth, N. H., where several generations had successively lived and blest the whole world with good works and good examples. But, as there is change in all things, so in the Haley family, *enterprise* at length gained the ascendancy.

The year 1816 was peculiarly unfavorable for even old and established farmers, and indeed for all others, because, as prospers the farmer, so fares the balance of community. Cold and storm, and rain, interfered with seeding, and early frosts cut off the immature crops.

Large families suffered much, and small ones in proportion. Yet this youngster, taking time by the "fore," in defiance of all ordinary rules of prudence, "broke cover" and presented himself as a claimant for favor, at the very beginning of this fearful winter—the 16th of January.

Most undoubtedly he was welcomed with true Granite State hospitality, and treated as one fully entitled to draw rations, notwithstanding his *debut* at so unpropitious a time, when the claimants on the roll were already quite equal to any ordinary commissariat.

The first winter and the succeeding "cold summer" — for the summer of 1816 still remains the *cold summer* of the last hundred years — were passed in safety.

By and by, young Haley was sent to South Branch, Maine, where he secured the rudiments of that education which, in a few succeeding years he had, by intense application, improved, until he was a well read physician.

For a few years he practiced the "healing art," but was compelled to abandon it, on account of pulmonary disease, which he was unable to remove without a change of pursuit. How hard it is for an ambitious young man to be driven, by disease, from a chosen and cherished profession, on the very threshold of coveted acquisition and fame, none but those who have tasted the bitter cup can imagine.

But, with a strong will, he determined to shake off the enemy, at any sacrifice.

Following advice, founded upon experience, he threw up his profession, and entered upon a sea-faring life. This produced the longed-for change, restored him to health, and filled him with hope.

He was, at times, on the wave of the deep salt sea, with his clipper, and, at times, plowing the fresh-water lake and inland river, with his steamer.

In this latter pursuit he became especially familiar with the tortuous windings of the Chattahoochee, the Rio Grande and the Mississippi rivers, and the adjacent estuaries and ports of the Mexican Gulf coast.

July, 1848, found him at Vera Cruz, Mexico, sole owner of the clipper schooner "J. M. Hitchcock" and a valuable cargo, in which and with which he sailed from that port about the middle of the month for Chagres, New Granada.

Soon after sailing, he met a hurricane, which finally drove him to Key West, where, during the month of August, he refitted his vessel, renewed and enlarged his cargo, and again sailed for Chagres September 1st.

Arriving at Chagres, he landed his cargo, sent it across to Panama, sold his vessel, and followed his cargo across the Isthmus.

He was there long enough to become measurably fluent in the use of the Spanish language, and familiar with the habits and wants of the people, and to make no inconsiderable preparation for "ventures" in California, when the "fireships," which Uncle Sam had induced his nephews, W. H. ASPINWALL and associates, to send around and carry letters for him, "from Panama to Astoria, Oregon, and back, calling at San Francisco, California, each way," should commence their trips.

While at Panama, pushing his speculations with the natives, a lieutenant in the U. S. Army, bearing despatches to Washington, arrived from California.

Meeting the Captain — for he had long doffed the "Dr." — he took him into a private room, locked and bolted the door, and then, from a concealed pocket, drew a long buckskin bag, untied its mouth and, without uttering a word, deliberately poured upon the paper he had just spread upon the table the entire contents, half a quart or more of bright, shining, pure, precious gold, just as it was taken from the "diggings" of California.

Talk of the metamorphosing power of Aladdin's lamp, or the permeatings of the electric current as the bands touch the poles, or of both combined, or of the one multiplied into the other! They are tame and stolid, and insipid, compared with the exhilarations of this stalwart sea captain, as he stood there and gazed, for the first time in his life, upon the shining dust.

"*Where, when,* and *how,* was this obtained?" and "Is it plenty there?" occupied the next half hour.

Thenceforward, to when he stepped on board the "California," Captain HALEY was lost to all things else; only one thing was thought: What can be here obtained that will pay best in California?

With such maturity of mind, and such enterprise of spirit, and such advantages, the reader need not be told that the *quality* of goods he took with him was limited only by the variety to be had to choose from, and the *quantity* only by the means at command, and the amount for which he could secure freight on the steamer.

On the passage from Panama to San Francisco, when all the charts that had been furnished the steamer were not only meager and defective, but absolutely wrong in their coast line and soundings, and when neither Captain, officer, nor man on board, had ever made the trip, so closely hugging the iron coast, and, when often everything was doubt, and every thought a conjecture, and every move a hazard, the large experience of Capt. HALEY as a coaster, his keen perception and readiness to comprehend a situation, made him a most invaluable counselor to the commander of the steamer, and thus an object of the highest esteem on the part of all on board, who were acquainted with the facts.

He arrived in San Francisco on the morning of February 28, 1849, healthy, hopeful, ambitious, intelligent, and brimful of enterprise, with capital enough to purchase property that is now worth many millions of dollars. Yet he has been for years earning his bread by the practice of law in the city of Los Angeles. In a recent note he says:

"My life in California has been a checkered one. I have been rich and I have been poor, and have oft repeated the change. Too much enterprise has cost me millions; for had I properly invested, in San Francisco, the capital with which I arrived there, I should have been as rich, to-day, as our mutual friend, JAMES LICK."

And none who know him, and the circumstances, will either doubt *this*, or that he would have *disbursed* with as liberal a hand.

He has been, and still is, one of those who do largely for the development of the country, without sufficient attention to personal accumulation; a fault—if it be a fault—common to most pioneers. Yet he is not the less happy nor the less useful, and should not be the less honored on this account. Wisdom says: "All honor to such men, who sacrifice one for the good of the many."

The Captain is now located in one of the most delightful climates, one of the most fertile districts of earth; and, at full meridian of life is, with unwrinkled brow, and undimmed eye, and steady nerve, and unfaltering step, and beaming countenance, the fullest possible personification of the true and noble pioneer; and, as he sits on his broad veranda, or threads the mazes of his extensive grounds, intricate with embowered walks and winding brooks, and blooming beds, and spreading vines, all aromatic with orange bloom and fragrant rose, surrounded by the dear ones—without whom man is but half a man and undeserving what he is—who can more justly say than he:

> "Great God, we thank thee for this home—
>   This bounteous birth-land of the free;
> Where wanderers from afar may come,
>   And breathe the air of liberty.
> Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
>   Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
> And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
>   Remain Earth's loveliest paradise."

And to whom could a shipmate more appropriately refer, in the spirit of prayer:

"O thou, who in thy hand dost hold
The winds or waves that wake or sleep,
Thy tender arms of mercy fold
Around the Captain from the deep.
And, when his voyage of life is o'er,
May he be welcomed to the shore
Whose peaceful streets with gold are paved,
And angels sing, 'He's saved! He's saved!'"

JOHN KELLY

Was born in Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, March 12, 1818. His parents being of that peculiarly happy class whose prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," had been fully answered, were able to place their son, at an early day, in that path which has led more men to true excellence than any other — the path of honest industry. In this he was subjected to the rigorous culture which gives the Scotch farmer fame throughout the world, for his habits of industry, economy, and neatness — habits which have always been of incalculable value wherever and by whomsoever attained.

To Mr. K. they have laid the foundation of an enlarged success during his whole course. His college was the parish school of the National Church; and, like all other things done by the Scotch, these schools are most thorough. In the days of William and Mary, an act was passed compelling every parish to have and maintain a school and a school-master. These schools have made Scotland wise, and Scotchman a synonym for intelligence in all parts of the world.

Here, in one of these schools, young KELLY received the rudiments and maturer degrees of a good practical education, with which, in early life, he embarked for the New World, where he sought and obtained employment as a vender of dry goods. According to the principles of his early culture, he applied himself assiduously and steadily to the business, as though he were to live a thousand years, and continue in this "one stay."

But, early in December, 1848, the floating rumors that gold had been discovered in California were confirmed by official statements of the government officers at Washington, and the whole country, especially the large towns, became filled with a desire to share in the precious harvest. Shops were sold, leased, rented, given away, or closed up, and the owners seemed to have but one desire: to get on board a steamer for California.

KELLY set his house in order, procured his passports, purchased his tickets, and sailed from New York on the steamer "Isthmus," for Chagres, December 25, 1848. Already two or three steamers and several sailing vessels had departed for the same place, and, although the first passengers, sailing without any knowledge of gold, had nearly a month the start, KELLY'S party overtook the first, and embarked with them in the "California," at Panama, February 1st, 1849. Reaching San Francisco, February 28, 1849, Mr. KELLY resumed his former occupation of dry goods merchant, adding thereto groceries and miners' supplies. With a steady nerve and a brain always "in hand," he has pursued the even tenor of his way, varying his trade to catch the golden breeze, until we now find him, probably "settled for life," in the wholesale wine and liquor business, at 309 and 311 Front street, San Francisco.

REV. S. WOODBRIDGE, D. D.

This pioneer was born at Sharon, Connecticut, June 15, 1813; and, after that rigorous, physical culture, which fits the human frame for hard service and long endurance, he applied himself to study, with a view to the Gospel ministry as a life work.

Having successively and honorably graduated from Union College, at Schenectady, New York, and Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey, he was duly ordained, and entered upon his labors, as a minister in the Presbyterian Church.

A full believer in the fundamentals of Christianity, and the strong doctrines, and the rigid practices, of his church, and constitutionally fearless in the advocacy of all that he believed right, he soon attained prominence as a most practical and efficient worker.

When California was acquired by the United States, he was in parochial duty on Long Island, New York, and was appointed to represent his church in the settlement, and moral culture, of the new territory on the Pacific.

With this object in view, he sailed from New York, on board the steamer "Falcon," for Chagres, December 1, 1848, and from Panama, on the "California," February 1, 1849.

Sharing every hardship of the tour and always ministering to the necessities of the afflicted among his fellow-voyagers, he won enduring fame for philanthropy before reaching his destination; and, by a continuance of the same course and "labor of love," that fame has grown, till, at the present hour, he is a marked man in that department of life.

When he arrived at San Francisco, the new town of Benicia was attracting much attention and many believed it would soon eclipse the former, and become the permanent Metropolis of the Pacific.

Partly because he shared in this sentiment, and partly for other reasons, he went directly to Benicia and settled there. In a short time he induced his friends in the East to send out a meeting-house, all ready to put up. It was erected in his town — a beautiful

Gothic structure—and was among the first built in the Territory.

In this he faithfully ministered to an increasingly intelligent congregation; meantime doing much good work in neighboring towns, and the surrounding country, until 1868, when he removed to San Francisco, where he now resides, and still labors, both as pastor of the Howard Street Presbyterian Church and editor of "*The Occident*," a weekly religious newspaper, the organ of his denomination.

Evincive of his hold upon public esteem is the fact that he was, early in the history of the State, chosen Chaplain of the Senate, and re-elected from year to year, serving longer than any other minister. And, even when infidelity became so rank, a few years ago, that the Assembly refused to have a Chaplain, and the Senate would probably have done the same but for the esteem in which Dr. Woodbridge was universally held in that body, he was regularly and continuously re-elected, until his influence so wrought upon the whole body politic, that the Assembly returned to the "good old way," and have since regularly had *mercy*, and *blessing*, and *wisdom*, daily asked in its behalf, from the Great Disposer of all good, by some one whose calling made such a service appropriate.

A few years after Mr. Woodbridge arrived on the Coast, and when affairs were so settled as, in his mind, to warrant it, he returned East and brought out his interesting family, consisting of a wife and five children.

These children have been reared and educated in the true principles and sentiments of their ancestors, and are now, in early manhood, blessing the several communities in which they live with the fruits of a most praiseworthy life-toil, on the part of their noble and excellent parents.

PACIFICUS ORD.

This Pioneer was born in Alleghany county, Maryland, October 16, 1816. The high ridges and intervening glades of his native county, producing the "glades butter" and "mountain mutton," so celebrated wherever known, and the more towering mountains full of iron, not inaptly suggest the richness and strength of brain, often originating and developing within their borders.

At an early age, he was taken by his parents to Washington, D. C., where all that paternal solicitude, with limited means, could obtain, in educational advantages, were afforded him. But, at maturity, he found himself far below his aim in point of intellectual culture. To supply this lack, he brought into exercise a will that would not yield; habits of exactness and industry that would brook no half-made efforts; no slipshod progress; no smattering in attainments; and an ambition that could not be satisfied with anything second-rate.

Thus "armed and equipped as the law" of certain progress "directs," he began, in true earnest, his life battle. How the battle waged and on what banner victory perched, let his final triumph tell. For he had a

"Soul with faculties to comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the world,
And measure every wandering planet's course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite."

By many a rugged path, o'er many a lofty steep, through many a dark defile, he made his tedious way until he stood at the bar of justice to plead the cause of injured innocence, and contend with hard earned lore and logic's firm decree, for the right of his client, in all things.

With a high standing at the bar, he, on receiving confirmation of the rumored gold discovery, in California, embarked with his amiable wife, on board the steamer "Falcon," at New Orleans, December 18th, 1848, for California via Chagres and Panama.

Arriving at Monterey, he found his brother —now, and for years past, the valiant General Ord, of the United States army, then a Captain in the regular service; who was able, from residence in the country and acquaintance with the people, to make many valuable suggestions to him pertaining to the best methods of starting in and prosecuting business. He located at Monterey, where he very soon attained a lucrative practice in his profession, and rose rapidly in public esteem. In the ensuing summer, he was chosen a representative of Monterey, then the Capital of the Territory — in the convention which framed the constitution of the State. In this convention he took a very active part; served on several important committees, and left the impress of his mind on many parts of the important document.

During the same year, 1849, he was made presiding Judge of the "Court of First Instance," the supreme court of the territory under the provisional, or *ad interim*, government. This position he filled, with equal honor to himself and satisfaction to the people, until it was superceded by the State courts, under the constitution, which he had helped to make.

From 1854 to 1859, he held the office of United States District Attorney for the Southern district of California, the duties of which he performed in such a manner as to elicit the thanks of the administration he served, and to secure the confidence of his district.

Judge ORD has been married three times — is now living happily with his third wife — has reared with great care, and educated with much thoroughness, a son and a daughter — the latter now the esteemed wife of Colonel PRESTON of the regular army.

The Judge now, at the zenith of maturity, has an honorable pride in the facts that he has "always upheld good laws and good men, paid just taxes and voted the Democratic ticket." And, while he has pride in these facts, he has pleasure in the equally interesting facts that an honestly accumulated competence now enables him to retire from active professional and public service, and devote the remainder of his days to the care of his property, himself, and his family. Nor do any, who observe his rosy, well preserved physique, and know his real worth, fail to breathe a prayer that it may be many years before his hand shall tremble, his eye grow dim, or his step falter; that his decline of life may be far distant, and, when it is reached, be so gradual and so smooth, that his ushering into eternal bliss may be as gentle and as glorious as the rising of a cloudless morning's sun.

"Man was marked
A friend, in his creation, to himself, and may,
With fit ambition, conceive
The greatest blessings, and the brightest honors
Appointed for him, if he can achieve them
The right and noble way."

HON. JOHN McDOUGALL.

Capt. McDougall, as he was familiarly called, from having commanded a company and done efficient service in the war with Mexico, left his home in Indiana, with his family, went down the Mississippi, and joined the steamer "Falcon," leaving New Orleans December 18th, 1848.

His intelligence in matters pertaining to the war just closed, his extensive knowledge of Mexico and her people, and his familiarity with the Spanish language, together with a peculiarly free and easy way of communicating with strangers, not only gave him ready access to all on board, but made him an exceedingly useful and agreeable traveling companion.

His amiable wife, by those winning ways, vouchsafed alone to her sex, constantly held in check what might otherwise have been an undesirable degree of boldness and push, softened what might have been undue asperities of nature, and really toned the creature down and toned moral virtue up, in the husband, to such a degree, that, as a couple, they were held in very high esteem.

He was made for a leader, a captain, and could be satisfied nowhere but in the lead. Taking an early and prominent part in politics, he was chosen as one of the representatives of Sacramento, in the Constitutional Convention, which met in Monterey, in 1849. In that body he occupied a conspicuous position, served on several of the most important committees, and was a prominent member, even among the many men of mark who surrounded him.

At the close of the legitimate business of the Convention, the members resolved themselves into a sort of caucus, to fix upon candidates to fill the several positions created by the Constitution they had just framed. Gentlemen had been agreed upon for a considerable number of the officers, when "Who shall be Lieutenant-Governor?" was asked. Perfectly characteristic of the man, McDOUGALL looked up, and, with a half yawn, said, in his peculiar, self-complacent and assured manner:

"I reckon I'll take that — I don't believe anybody else will want it."

The whole thing was so ludicrously droll, that every man was thrown off his guard, and, in a paroxysm of jocose hilarity, MAC was permitted to "take that."

He was triumphantly elected, and served as President of the first Senate, with great dignity and propriety.

At the close of Governor BURNETT'S first year, he resigned, for the double reason, that he had a real taste for a domestic, quiet life, and no taste at all for the vexations and unrest of a political career. This act placed MCDOUGALL in the Executive chair, where he did as much for the welfare of the State, and for the interests of his constituents, as could have been reasonably expected of any man at the time and under the circumstances of his administration.

After retiring from the gubernatorial office he was variously engaged, in his private affairs and in political positions, everywhere acting the *Captain*, fighting the battle of life, until, by a stratagem of the great enemy, he was captured and, by the "pale horse and his rider," borne suddenly away to the pioneer's long home.

Green grows the grass o'er his grave,
His virtues grow brighter with time;
Through all of life's battle-storm, brave;
Now, he dwells in a stormless, unchangeable clime.

A. A. PORTER.

This gentleman is a native of Saratoga, New York, having been born there July 11, 1824. After completing the studies usually taught in the common schools of his native town, he availed himself of the superior advantages of Bennington, Vermont, where he succeeded in laying the foundation for a future life of intelligence and enterprise.

For a few years after leaving school, he pursued the occupation of clerk and book-keeper, with success and pleasure. But early in December, 1848, his mind became excited with a vague rumor that gold had been discovered in "paying" quantities in the newly acquired Territory of California. Of an enterprising and even adventurous spirit, he eagerly sought for confirmation, fully determined, if it should prove true, to leave all and go at once. Nor did dame fortune keep him long in waiting. He became satisfied that if "all is not gold that glitters," there was glittering gold in California. This once settled in his mind, he lost no time and hesitated not at any sacrifice to prepare and go.

He left New York, December 23, 1848, per steamer "Crescent City," for Chagres, hastened across the Isthmus, secured a place on board the pioneer steamship "California," and reached his goal—San Francisco—February 28, 1849. He has remained in San Francisco most of the time during the whole twenty-five years; though enough of the early years was spent in the mines to convince him that there were *easier* ways to get gold than to *dig* it. He returned to San Francisco, and resumed his old occupation of clerk and book-keeper. For eighteen months he served as clerk in the State Controller's office, and for four years was United States Drayman.

In these various occupations he accumulated enough to establish himself in the business of dealing in mining stocks, in which, with varied success, he has continued till the present time.

May he always be enabled to buy at the foot and sell at the top of the ever-vacillating market; and his accumulations thus attained finally be but a type of his countless shares in a mine of endless blessedness and peace.

B. F. BUTTERFIELD.

Among those who were "to the fore" at the dawn, and always in their places, and steady in habits, and frugal in life, Mr. BUTTERFIELD stands second to none. Originating in that town so prolific of good morals and great men, Grafton, New Hampshire, in the month of July 1817; reared on a rugged farm of the old Granite State; educated in the common school of his native town, and inured to those arduous pursuits which soon harden the boy into the man, Mr. B. was a fit subject for that *enlargement* which a Yankee derives from a journey West and South, via the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, to New Orleans. From this point he radiated as a steamboat-man for several years. Here the steamer "Falcon" found him, flushed with the fullest hope and impatient of delay, when she, on her first trip to Chagres, arrived there.

Having taken passage and shared the common lot with the other pioneers, down through the Caribbean sea, up the Chagres River, on a mule across the mountains to Panama, along the coast per "California," to San Francisco, he passed the "Golden Gate," at 10 o'clock A. M., February 28th, 1849.

He had come for the purpose of bettering his condition by the accumulation of gold. Wherefore, standing not upon the "order of his going," he went directly to the "Southern mines," then so prolific of "big lumps."

He directed his course to what is now Jamestown, Tuolumne County. After digging enough to commence business with, he opened a store, and commenced vending miners' supplies.

He still remains there, a highly respected merchant citizen, enjoying the entire confidence of the community. He has also long enjoyed the confidence of the Federal Government, and been its servant for many years.

For the last ten years he has been Postmaster in his town, and has so served that perhaps no man would be willing to see him leave the office unless he himself wanted it.

PETER CARTER.

Born at Earlstown in Berwickshire, Scotland, November 10th, 1808, and educated in his native town and in Edinburgh, Mr. Carter is to-day a striking specimen of that class of rare men who make a practical life-motto of Paul's terse representation of his concentrated life: "This one thing I do."

He learned, entered upon, continued, and is still in, and at the head of, his profession as a book-keeper.

His first four years of service were spent in the Capital of his native country. Thence he removed to New York, where, from 1832 to 1836, he was book-keeper for men of prominence in the commercial world.

From 1836 to 1842, he continued his profession in Nashville, Tennessee, whence he revisited his old "Scotia" home; sailed on her "Lochs," reveled in her glens, mingled in her jolly crowds, and drank in the landscape and the breeze from the "tips o'er highlands;" all the while piping with a joy which none but

"Scotia" dear, knows — sweet, plaintive, thrilling "Auld Lang Syne."

But so large a draught of the exhilarating cup of *enterprise*, in the New World, could not be thrown off, and, in 1844, he arrived in New Orleans, and continued his profession until the 18th of December, 1848, when he sailed by steamer "Falcon" for Chagres, en route to California.

He came directly to San Francisco, and has here continued his profession for twenty-five years.

Among the many incidents in such a man's life, every way worthy of permanent record, for the joyous humor they would perpetuate, and the salutary influence they would exert upon young men, too prone to

> "Spin forever
> Down the singing grooves of *change*,"

one highly to the credit of Mr. CARTER, may be related here:

The city government of San Francisco had existed three years. Three successive City Controllers, and three successive City Treasurers had, under the direction of three successive Boards of Aldermen, issued city script and warrants, for which they had rendered account in their annual reports. Yet, when the fourth Board of Aldermen wished to know the aggregate of script and warrants issued by their predecessors, and the amount still outstanding, not one, or all, the aforesaid reports or *books* of the officers enabled any one of them to learn the desired facts. In this dilemma they sought, and obtained, the services of the staid old Scotchman—perhaps the most really expert book-keeper on the coast—PETER CARTER.

In the short space of thirty days, he systematized and tabulated the multitudious mass of confused data and reports, which had hitherto been considered "past finding out," and from them presented a statement so concise and so conspicuous, that none could fail to comprehend it at a glance.*

The Aldermen paid him five hundred dollars for the service, the press lauded his skill, as quite equal to that of the Oriental linguist who first deciphered the hieroglyphics of prehistoric Egypt, and called upon the whole community to "concur" in the "joint resolution" of the Aldermen, declaring "*Peter Carter a trump.*"

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* At that early date one million two hundred thousand dollars had been issued.

MALACHI FALLON.

Mr. **Fallon**, a true son of the Emerald Isle, and an honor to the land of his birth, first saw those who were "wearing of the green," in in the month of April, 1815. With his parents, while he was quite young, he emigrated to New York, and passed the years of his minority in the usual way; was apprenticed, and became master of the trade of saddler, in which business he successfully passed several years.

For his honesty and fidelity he was selected, by the authorities of his adopted city, as keeper of the city prison (this was before the government of the American Metropolis wore as much *Tweed* as they have latterly done); in which capacity he continued until he sailed for California, on the twenty-fifth of December, 1848, a few days after the confirmation of the gold rumors which reached the United States from the Pacific.

Mr. **Fallon** arrived at Chagres per steamer "Isthmus," and crossed to Panama in time to take passage in the "California," on her first trip, and thus become one of the FIRST STEAMSHIP PIONEERS.

After arriving in California, he went to Jamestown, Tuolumne County, and engaged in mining until he had secured enough to place him upon a fair "starting point," when he returned to San Francisco, where he was soon chosen the first Chief of Police of the city.

Here his long experience as keeper of criminals in New York city, was of great service to him in managing that class, during those turbulent times which characterized the early years of that city.

He was also chosen the first Chief Marshall of the city, in which capacity he served until he chose to retire from active life.

He then settled in that "bed of roses"—fragrant with the perfume of continual spring, and rich with ever-ripening fruit—the charming, sweet, delightful city of Oakland—where he now joyously contemplates a most glorious "sunset of life," unless, perchance, he should live beyond that time, and float across in the full glow of his present vigor.

WILLIAM G. DAVIS

Was born in London County, Virginia, December, 1804. By occupation, a carpenter.

He left his native place in July, 1825, and went to Maryland, and from there to Philadelphia; and, in 1826, left the latter place, and went to New Orleans, Louisiana, where he remained until December, 1848, when he took passage on the steamer "Falcon" for Chagres with passengers *en route* to California.

While at work at his trade in New Orleans, in 1847, he fell from a scaffold and broke his ankle, laming him permanently.

He arrived at Chagres, December 27th, 1848, crossed the Isthmus, and reached Panama, January 1st, 1849. Being nearly out of money, he opened a Pioneers' Restaurant (it being the first of the kind ever started in that place), and thus was enabled to make a living until the steamer "California" (on which he took passage) left for San Francisco, February 1st, 1849, and arrived here February 28th, 1849. He remained here a few days, and then left for the mines, and located in Placerville, where he remained for more than nineteen years; and, since that time, has been living at various places in California; at present is located in San Francisco.

While in Placerville, he worked at mining, at which he made some money, but lost it again in ditching. He also served while there as Justice of the Peace for three years.

Mr. DAVIS, although nearly seventy years of age, enjoys good health, and retains all his faculties, except that he is slightly deaf.

C. M. RADCLIFF.

The subject of this notice is a native Scotchman, born February 8th, 1818, and, like most of his countrymen, educated in the parish school of his native town. He made good proficiency in his studies, and was gaining the first position in his class, when it was decided to "put him to a trade" — that of an engineer — in which he soon became proficient, and launched his bark of fortune on his own account.

Having spent several years, with steady success, he emigrated to New York, where the gold fever seized and carried him off, on board the "Crescent City," December 29th, 1848. Having made the trip to Panama, he took passage in the steamer "California," and reached San Francisco, February 28th, 1849.

Having removed to Tuolumne County, he was chosen a civil magistrate, a position which he filled with so much satisfaction to his constituents, that they elected him County Judge, where he served with equal honor and fidelity.

Since which he removed to Alameda, Alameda County, where he now resides, in the full enjoyment of health.

He has, several times, since his arrival here, been possessed of very considerable means, and, as often, by the vicissitudes of fortune, has been reduced to "first principles." But, full of hope, he is still actively pursuing his upward way, and every one who knows him wishes him the largest success.

RICHARD W. HEATH,

Called, in the war with Mexico, "Strong-armed Dick," and, in the Quartermaster's Department of the Pacific Division of the Army, "Dick Heath," and, during later years, through well earned promotion, "General Heath," having first seen the light on the thirtieth of January, 1823, in Prince George County, Maryland—the banner tobacco county of the Union—was cared for by those who saw in the boy "the father of a man" of mark, and who lost no opportunity to afford him the means of development. At an early day crossing the Potomac and entering a series of scholastic efforts, which extended through all the gradations from the primary school to the college, in the city of Richmond, Virginia, he was, at twenty years of age, fully imbued with the warm patriotism of a true Marylander, improved by the high and chivalrous bearing of a noble Virginian.

He believed that Texas ought to form an integral part of the United States, and that

Mexico could be compelled to yield to the principles of justice and accede to the transfer. But, in order to be sure he was right before taking a final stand, though still in his minority, he broke away from home comforts, and, reaching out upon the vast interior of the continent, made his first halt at Santa Fé, in New Mexico. Here he got his first real view of the squalid imbecility of that miserable race which, in Mexico, have been, for nearly three centuries, degenerating into a pale shadow of their noble Castilian ancestry. Filled with a growing faith in what he had already apprehended, he passed rapidly through the various States of the Mexican Republic, everywhere receiving additional evidence that justice demanded the ratification of Texan emancipation from servitude with such a people. Keenly alive to every passing event, young HEATH soon became highly imbued with the patriotic spirit then firing a large portion of the country, and thoroughly improving every opportunity for active service, soon became an object of attention.

Naturally a leader, the military authorities readily apprehended the bent of his mind, and called him to service in a department where his capacities were adapted to the greatest usefulness.

Illustrative of his special efficiency where a peculiar "gift" was necessary, an incident occurred while crossing the Isthmus, en route to California, in 1848–9. Captain ELLIOTT, of the Quartermaster's Department, to whose immediate command HEATH was attached, while we were lying at Cruces, and only a few hours before the Captain fell a victim to that terrible scourge, the cholera, was conversing with several of the pioneers about who would get across first. HEATH and several others, quite as well mounted as he, had already started. The question was raised, "Who will get to Panama first?" Captain ELLIOTT in the most positive manner, and with full assurance, said: "DICK HEATH will be the first man in." The writer of this asked: "Why, Captain? Has he any better horse, or is he any better horseman, or does he know the country better than the others?" "No," said the Captain, as he rose up—over six feet high — full of enthusiasm, clenching his large fist and stretching it out the full length of his long arm directly in front and with great force, as if giving an unexpected push or blow, said, in the most expressive manner: "*he has got* THIS." The Captain's prediction proved true. HEATH was the first man to pass the gates of the city. It was he who *led* the whole train of modern emigration to California within the dilapidated walls of the "Half-way House."

With such characteristics, it is not strange that he was "in the saddle" when the Mexican war "broke cover" at Palo Alto, and in the front of the chase "at the death." In short, he was all through the war which resulted in the acquisition of California by the United States; everywhere intelligent; at all times "forcing the fight." Nor could such a man be allowed to detach himself from the service. He was sent, in charge of most important trusts, connected with the staff of General PERSIFER F. SMITH, who was in the latter part of 1848 ordered to the command of the forces on the Pacific Coast. General

JESSUP, Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, knowing HEATH, selected and appointed him as Agent of the Quartermaster's Department for the Pacific Division, under which appointment he left Richmond, Virginia, in time to embark, per steamer "FALCON," at New York for Chagres, December 1, 1848.

At Cruces, Captain ELLIOTT, to whose command HEATH was attached, was stricken with cholera and died without time to dispose of even his public trusts, thus throwing upon HEATH, in the middle of a long journey and while in a foreign country, the full responsibilities of a position to which he had not been appointed and for which he had had no opportunity to prepare. But with an inherent *readiness* which had never failed him in the multitudinous and rapid vicissitudes of the Mexican war, he at once comprehended the situation, straightened his massive form in the stirrups, and proved himself equal to the emergency. On ship or on shore, everywhere and at all times, during that long and arduous pioneer trip from New York to San Francisco, he was pioneer, interpreter, negotiator, pacificator, and in all conceivable ways the friend of "strangers in a strange land," and hence became a universal favorite.

In testimony to his superiority, though very young in years, he was chosen a member of the first Legislature of California, and a member of the first Council upon the organization of the city of Stockton, in 1849. In 1852 he was a delegate to the National Convention at Baltimore which nominated General WINFIELD SCOTT for the Presidency, and WILLIAM A. GRAHAM of North Carolina for Vice President.

In 1855 he was appointed Pilot Commissioner of the harbor of San Francisco, and, in 1856, was promoted to the command of a brigade, as full Brigadier General.

In 1868 he was a member of the National Democratic Convention which met in New York and nominated HORATIO SEYMOUR for President. During the latter year, he was also appointed Warden of the port of San Francisco.

In all these public positions. General HEATH so demeaned himself, that no whisper of unfaithfulness, or want of true devotion to the interests of the country, has ever been heard.

Having completed this long series of arduous public services, the General has retired to a country seat, and styles himself a "viniculturist."

As soon as circumstances would permit, after coming to California, he returned to the home of his youth, and fulfilled the most important pledge of his life, by marrying his early choice, with whom, and by the aid of whose wise counsels and wifely care, he has often been directed and sustained in the trying scenes through which, as a public servant, he has been called to pass.

Of this wife, the General now delights to muse, as he paces the broad veranda of his mansion, or muses among his vines and garden beds; and well he may.

> "She is mine own;
> And I, as rich in having such a jewel,
> As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
> The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

A beneficent Providence has blessed their union with a large family of eleven fine healthful children, with whom they now enjoy one of the most delightfully located villas, in that gem of the Pacific — Napa Valley. From the elevated plateau on which the family mansion stands, surrounded by an almost endless variety of native and exotic trees and shrubbery, with the beautiful town of St. Helena at their feet, and the breadth of the valley before them, they look sun-rise full in the face. Few situations in life can be imagined more fully meeting all the wants of approaching age, than "Edghill" enjoyed by General HEATH and his family; a place where

"The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would
be a savage,
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man;
Then crown her queen of the world,"

And let each of her many children say:

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age;
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky."

WILLIAM VAN VOORHIES.

This pioneer is a Tennesseean by birth and education. He was born at Columbia, Tenn., June 15, 1820. He was, in an unusual degree, the child of solicitude and care on the part of a most excellent mother, who was never weary of cultivating the morals, and storing the intellect of her son.

In this respect, few boys are so highly favored as he. Naturally, his progress was rapid, and he was, at an early day, found in the advanced grades of the schools, from which he graduated with all the honors of a most liberal education before attaining his majority. He then entered upon the study of law, in which he pursued a much more wide and extended course of collateral and general reading than is prescribed by the profession, or than would have been possible for one less ready of acquisition.

In the midst of this course, which was more of a pastime with him than with those who consider the study of the law equal to "eating saw-dust without butter," he was called to the service of the general Government, in the Post Office Department at Washington.

After serving there three years, he was appointed to superintend the conveyance of the first mail to the Pacific, under the contract of the Government with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

For this purpose he left Washington, in November, 1848, in time to sail in the steamer "Falcon," from New York on the first of the following month. He also took with him, as his private property, the first full set of the "United States Statutes at Large," ever carried to the Pacific Coast.

He was elected a member of the first Legislature, from San Francisco, a post which he resigned upon being tendered, by Governor BURNETT, the position of Secretary of State. In this office he served through the gubernatorial terms of BURNETT, MCDOUGALL, and through the first, and until nearly the close of the second, term of Governor Bigler. When he resigned as Secretary of State, it was to accept the office of Surveyor of the port of

San Francisco, which was tendered to him by President Pierce. Afterwards, having settled in his profession, he was elected and served, two years, as District Attorney, in and for the county of Alameda.

Of himself and his California career he says, in a recent letter to the editors, full of humor:

"My occupations on the Pacific Coast have been multifarious, to wit: Law, merchandizing, mining, restaurant-keeping, and, least reputable of all, *office-holding*. * * * * In the meantime I have made numerous speeches, delivered sundry lectures and addresses, edited divers newspapers, voted multitudinous Democratic tickets, and, in short, have been engaged in every description of *public service* except that of *preaching!* * * * Have resided in a great many places, both in this and in the State of Nevada, but am now comfortably and cozily, and, I trust, permanently, located in the city of Oakland, engaged in gentle dalliance with my first love—the law."

WILLIAM P. WATERS.

Born in Washington, D. C., July 23d, 1826. Mr. Waters has scarcely attained full maturity, although he has been in frontier life more than a quarter of a century. His intellectual culture was conducted under the immediate supervision of fond, intelligent parents, and the parochial influences of the Episcopal Church, until the ordinary branches of a good English education were thoroughly mastered. He was then apprenticed to an artisan of the national capital, until he was pronounced by competent authority, a master-builder, and entered upon his career as an honest and skillfull carpenter.

Being in New Orleans at the time the "Falcon" arrived there, en route for Chagres, on her pioneer trip, on the 18th of December, 1848, he took passage, and became a member of a party made up of Messrs. Williams, Van Voorhies, Birch, and others, his former associates in Washington, and with them kept company through the terrible tramp across the Isthmus, in which so many of the number fell victims to the cholera. It was to the sympathizing heart and strong arm of young WATERS that the lamented LUCKET, and ELLIOTT, and BIRCH, and others, were indebted, more or less, for the soothing hand, and cooling draught, in death's dark hour, and burial in a Christian grave.

Of genial disposition, though retiring in spirit, and reticent in habit, he was a man to make no enemies, while, under most trying circumstances, he constantly accumulated favor, both in acquisition of *new* friends and strengthening the ties by which he was bound to *old* ones.

Bright as the recollections of yesterday, come up now the smiling features, and sympathizing words, and kindly acts, of WATERS, amid the most trying scenes of that voyage, though a quarter of a century, in years, and the incidents of half a dozen ordinary centuries intervene.

Mr. WATERS, upon arriving in San Francisco, went at once about his legitimate business, as a contractor and builder, in which he shared the vicissitudes of nearly all his fellow pioneers — now making money rapidly, now losing it at once — until he had spent considerable time at the principal towns then experimentally growing up.

After this he "changed front," pushed his way to the mountains, and commenced the work of mining, in which he still remains, at Tuttletown, Tuolumne County. Perhaps no man more fully answers to the descriptive phrase, "*honest* miner," than WILLIAM P. WATERS. Nor has he been entirely confined to manual labor. His pen and his pencil are, and always have been, faithful in the recording of passing events. The diary of the voyage and its events, from New Orleans to San Francisco, kept by Mr. WATERS, was among the most full and reliable of all those kept by that numerous company, and it was a real loss to literature and history when the second great fire in San Francisco entirely destroyed the valuable document.

Mr. WATERS, at the early meridian of life, and in full possession of his still developing powers, with a reputation untainted by a breath, unsullied by a stain, and in the full confidence of all who know him, presents, at the present hour, one of the noblest specimens of a California pioneer.

ROBERT BRENT ORD.

Some men will be content and happy and enjoy life as they live it, with little reference to surrounding circumstances; while others, with as little reference to surroundings, will be always in a hurry, in anxiety, in doubt, in fear, in perplexity, in trouble. Of the former class is the subject of this sketch. He was a native of the national capital, into whose society he was welcomed on the 4th of March, 1827, having chosen this particular day for his inauguration that he might become accustomed to the ceremony before he should be called upon to fill the presidency—a position to which he might have aspired with more reason than many who have made it the goal of their lives. The first twelve years of his life were spent at home in his native city, in those rudimental studies which now so universally lay the foundation for efficient manhood in our whole people.

After this, for nine years, he was with his father, who was then under appointment from the General Government in charge of the Indian Agency at Sault St. Marie, Michigan. Here he became inured to the labors of the farm, and acquainted, to a certain extent, with the manner of transacting Government business. He also became acquainted with the life, habits, customs, dispositions and tastes of the frontier settlers and the wild Indians—knowledge which has often since served him a good turn.

Arrived at his majority, in the Fall of 1848 he left the parental roof, to seek, and make, and enjoy his own fortune. Going by steamer to New Orleans, he there remained until the steamer "Falcon" arrived on her first trip from New York to Chagres, when he took passage and became incorporated with that company of which he is now one of the few survivors, the "First Steamship Pioneers."

While making his way up the Chagres river in his canoe, propelled by setting poles in the hands of naked natives, three of the latter died with cholera before reaching Cruces. Here, after spending one night among his ship-mates, fast falling by cholera, he crossed to Panama, whence he, in due time, reached San Francisco, per steamer "California,"

During the twenty-five years of his California residence, he has pursued the even tenor of his way, never indulging in visionary speculations, or undue efforts to reach that which was very hazardous.

He has seen and tried nearly every shade of our almost endless variety of climate and occupation; having lived, with his family in the valley, both large and small, on the mountain, and in the glen, in the town and in the country.

He has held various public offices, and transacted much business requiring large fiduciary trusts, and has, everywhere and at all times, so discharged his duties, as to retain the confidence of his constituents, reflect honor upon his fellow-pioneers, and secure a competence for those dependent upon him.

He is now settled, as he thinks, for life, in that modern elysium, Santa Barbara, whither he went five years since in search of health for himself and family, all of whom had hitherto suffered long and much from the malaria of districts where they had lived. He says, in a recent communication:

"We have all fully recoverd, and feel thankful that we made the change.

"I think, for evenness of climate, facilities for education, and for good morals, no town in California is equal to Santa Barbara, and I do sincerely recommend it to all who are exhausted by over-work, trouble, nervous derangement, or any sort of disease, as a superior place to find rest and comfort on the downward grade of life. Our soil is unsurpassed in fertility, and our climate could not be improved; and the sea-bathing, hot springs, and beach drives, are all that could be desired—our places of worship, and of pleasure are ample for all who come among us.

"While I have had—thanks to a beneficent Providence—few of the ills, and many of the comforts, of life in California, and have been blest with five healthful children, a good wife, and always plenty to eat, drink and wear, I can yet say, that had I not come to Santa Barbara, I should have died, with no knowledge of the extent to which happiness in this life is really attainable.

"With every possible kind wish for every one of our surviving ship-mates,

I remain, ever truly yours,

ROBERT BRENT ORD.

SANTA BARBARA, Jan. 6, 1874."

REV. S. H. WILLEY.

Among the younger class of "First Steamship Pioneers," and yet prominent in some of the striking incidents of the voyage, was the gentleman of whom we now write

From a recent note to the Editing Committeee of this work, we learn that he was born at Compton, N. H., March 11, 1821; that his life, previous to sailing for California was spent in study.

When very young, his parents, seeing in their son, characteristics warranting such a course, dedicated him to the sacerdotal office, and thenceforward directed his studies with a view to that especial work.

In Union Academy at Meriden, and Dartmouth College at Hanover — both in his native State — and at Union Theological Seminary in New York City, at each of which he graduated with distinction — his literary and scientific studies and historical reading took a wide range, while the great work of preparing to preach the Gospel, was constantly before him, as the final goal.

He had but just completed the prescribed course of Theological reading, when he was accepted as one of the Missionaries of the Presbyterian church to the newly acquired Territory of California, ordained as a clergyman of that church, and dispatched for his field of labor per steamer "Falcon," from New York, December 1, 1848.

Tall, and well formed in person, with commanding features and penetrating eye, as he came upon the deck of the steamer, and was receiving the congratulations of his former class-mates, the adieus of his family and friends, and his final instructions and suggestions from the authorities of his church, he was an attractor of much attention on the part of many observing men, who then saw him for the first time.

A clergyman, who stood conversing with another missionary, destined to the same field, and embarking on the same steamer with Willey, said, pointing to him:

"Do you see that tall young man? I am

told it is Rev. S. H. **Willey**, of the New School Presbyterian Church, destined with you to California. I never saw nor heard of him before, but unless I greatly misapprehend the *man* that his physiognomy portrays, you will need to be up early and wide awake all day, if circumstances ever bring you into competition with him."

That this clergyman saw no *vision*, but a reality, is sufficiently attested by subsequent events in his life.

While lying at Panama, waiting the arrival of the steamer, then on her way around "the Cape,"* and the crowd was daily increasing, and wild rumors afloat that the "steamer was lost," and that she had "taken in a full load at Valparaiso and Callao, and sailed direct for California and would not touch at Panama; and many others equally absurd, and, *if* facts, impossible to be known, a fine sailing vessel was put up "for California direct"—"sure to beat the steamer," etc., etc.

Mr. **Willey**, thinking he had an opportunity to reach his field sooner than by waiting for the steamer, and thus secure unexpected advantages for success in his enterprise — a most laudable idea—sold his steamer ticket and bought one for the sailing vessel.

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* She passed through the Straits of Magellan.

But fortune does not always favor plans of the deepest wisdom. Scarcely was the transaction completed, when the steamer came majestically into the harbor and cast anchor. All efforts on the part of Mr. WILLEY and his numerous and influential friends to induce the purchaser of his steamer ticket to return the same and receive his money back, even with a handsome bonus, were unavailing. And it was only when the steamer was about to sail, that a gentleman, who was obliged to leave his servant there to look after some property, not yet arrived from Chagres, consented to sell his servant's *steerage* ticket to Mr. WILLEY, and he was enabled to pursue his journey with his companions.

The discipline on board was very strict, and, as exercised upon the steerage passengers was thought, by many, to be quite unnecessarily severe.

Especially was this the case with Mr. WILLEY. No distinction was made in his favor, and no concessions could be obtained in his behalf.

His coarse canvas *pallet* was poor enough, but was a bed of roses in comparison with his food. As no relief could be obtained for him in this matter by legitimate means, even by purchase, several of his friends, men and women of the highest standing and purest lives, for him often *stole*, who never stole before; and, until such another case, will surely steal no more of, bread and butter, sugar, pie and cake, and beef *en roast*, and chicken fried, and mutton chop, and steak.

Reaching Monterey, the capital of the Territory, and the point to which his church had designated him, Mr. WILLEY left the steamer February 23rd, 1849, and entered upon his work. A public hall was opened for his Sabbath services, a congregation was gathered, and a Sabbath School instituted.

In a short time he was appointed Chaplain to the militia post, already established there, and became a great favorite with the officers and men. A few months later, when the constitutional convention assembled there, he was unanimously elected Chaplain of that body, and so served through the entire session, that a member of large experience and much travel in the world, though not himself a church member, remarked at the close of their labor:

"Whatever may be the character of the work done by this convention, the *religion* of the concern has been done up in the very best possible style."

Mr. W. remained at Monterey a year and a half, continually engaged in good works, and continually growing in public esteem. And, though the recipient of much consideration and many favors, no one of them, nor all combined, bore any comparison with that growing out of his intimacy with Capt. WESCOTT, the commandant of the post, who introduced him to, and gave him the hand of, his sister in marriage.

This noble girl, after receiving an extensive course of educational culture in all the branches which furnish the mind and adorn the life, had left her Eastern home to share the fortunes of her brother on the wild frontier of this distant coast; that she might, in the uncertainties of army life, be ever ready to dress for him a wound, or bathe a fevered brow, and aid in the instruction and elevation of such of the "Boys in Blue" as might need or desire her kind ministrations.

It seemed, to the casual observer, a wild freak of fortune that brought them together, and a wonder that they should love and wed. But to those who believe and trust in the overruling care of our Heavenly Father, there appears the divine arrangement of infinite wisdom. Few unions have been more happy; few husbands more blest in an help-meet for every occasion during more than a score of years of continuous public life. A large family of interesting children give them great joy in the present, and rich promise for the future.

After a year and a half at Monterey, he removed to San Francisco, founded the Howard Presbyterian Church, and continued to serve it as pastor for twelve years, when he resigned to accept the acting presidency of the College of California, in which position he remained, doing yeoman service, resulting in much true success, for eight years, from its inception until it became the University of the State. He then resigned, and accepted the pastorate of the Congregational Church, at Santa Çruz, where he has labored with much efficiency for three years; and is still ascending toward the zenith of a popular usefulness, whose real hight is quite unknown to man.

Passing years have dealt so gently with him and his good wife, that another quarter of a century of active service, and increasing joy, seems quite as probable as did the past twenty-five years when he left New York.

To such pioneers any new country, and especially *this*, owes more of its prosperity, its advancement in all that is desirable, in moral and intellectual culture, than we are accustomed to apprehend. Though little of what they do attracts attention, yet, like the underpinning of a mighty edifice, quite below the surface, and unseen by the casual observer, it is the foundation upon which the whole superstructure rests for all coming time.

"The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion—makes the thought start
Into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes."

SAMUEL F. BLASDELL,

A native of New York city, born November 30, 1824, was educated in private and public schools, and at the age of fourteen taken from school (to assist his father in the coal business), much to his discomfiture. At the age of seventeen, he entered the edge tool establishment of **WATTS & SHEFFIELD**, in New York, as an apprentice. His grandfather, **SAMUEL FICKETT**, a shipbuilder, of the firm of **FICKETT & CROCKETT**, built the steamship "Savannah," in 1818, the first steamship to cross the Atlantic.

On the first of February, 1848, he left New York for Callao, South America, in the Peruvian war steamer "Rimac," which vessel arrived at Callao after a voyage of six months. On arriving at Callao, the friends of those on board the steamer were found in mourning, the vessel being reported lost three months before her arrival. While at Callao he was employed at his trade, by the firm of

Conklin & Miller, millwrights, blacksmiths and carpenters.

On the tenth of January, 1849, he joined the pioneer steamship "California," bound to San Francisco, and, after six days and ten hours, reached Panama. The steamer was detained at the island of Tobago two weeks, fitting up, after which she started for San Francisco, loaded with passengers. On the twenty-second of February, 1849, the steamer arrived at Monterey, and reached San Francisco on the twenty-eighth of February.

After a sojourn of three days in San Francisco, he started for the mines, via Stockton, in the schooner "Mary Ann," Captain William Roach, where he arrived after a passage of nine days. Left Stockton for Jamestown, in the Southern mines, where he arrived on the twenty-second of June, 1849. On the Fourth of July assisted in raising the first flagstaff raised in the mines, in front of the trading post of Mr. Malachi Fallon, who was then Alcalde. After many "ups and downs" in the mines, he returned to San Francisco in October, and once more engaged in the blacksmith business. He met with quite heavy losses by the fires of 1850 and 1851. Removed to Oakland in 1853, and returned to San Francisco in 1855. Went to the Sandwich Islands; remained there two months; returned to San Francisco, and engaged in the sewing machine business for about five years, since which time he has been engaged in different pursuits. For several years he was connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company. At present he is one of the liquidating clerks in the San Francisco Custom-house.

He has traveled extensively in California, having visited nearly every city and town of importance in the State.

The first printing press built in San Francisco was built in his shop, on Pacific street, near Montgomery, for General WINCHESTER, of the "Pacific News." The office was on Kearny street, near Washington. Mr. BLASDELL has the honor of doing the first piece of forging for the press, in California.

ALEXANDER AUSTIN

Was born March 8, 1822, in Dumfriesshire, Scotland. His parents belonged to the old established Kirk of Scotland; he was brought up and educated in that faith. After receiving as good an education, as a first-class village school could give (and Scotland excels almost any other country in her schools), he worked on the farm until he was twenty-two years of age; when he left for America, landing in the city of New York, in the month of April, 1844. He obtained employment in the then large dry goods' house of JAMES BECK & Co., remaining with this firm two years, when he obtained a leading position in the world-renowned house of A. T. STEWART & Co. Remaining with STEWART & Co. two years, JAMES BECK & Co., then the rival of A. T. STEWART & Co., offered a large advance of salary, which was accepted. Remaining with this firm until the month of December, 1848, he embarked for California on the twenty-fifth of the same month, on board of the steamship

"Isthmus," via Panama; which port he left on February 1st, 1849, on board the good steamship *California*, arriving in San Francisco, February 28, 1849. Next day came ashore, pitched tent in Happy Valley, washing and cooking for a few days in company with some others. Started for the diggings, via Stockton, enjoying the free life of a miner for about three months; returned to San Francisco, engaging in the building and managing of a bakery, on the ground now occupied by the Bella Union, on Kearny street. No doubt the welcome sight of this bakery, and good, wholesome bread will be remembered by many a one, after the long and miserable voyages on jerked beef and wormy hard-tack. This was a success. Sold out in the month of November, 1849; went into the grocery business, and carried on that business until the spring of 1851, when he went to New York, purchased and shipped to San Francisco a very rich and large selection of dry goods, thereby establishing the house of A. AUSTIN & Co., which afterwards became so well and favorably known all over the Pacific Coast. It is only within a few months that Mr. AUSTIN has retired from the business then established. During the twenty-two years in which he was in business, he experienced all the ups and downs, losses by fire, and his full share of the vicissitudes which have been so common to the "forty-niners." Conducting his business all through on a fair and just principle, he obtained the confidence of the public, and was elected to the office of Tax Collector, in the fall of 1868, and has been re-elected twice by very large majorities — a compliment paid to few. His present term will expire December, 1875.

HENRY FAIRFAX WILLIAMS

Was born in Prince William County, State of Virginia, March 2d, 1828, and is, consequently, now nearly forty-six years of age. His ancestors, for many generations, were Virginia farmers, but his father resolved his children should be reared to a different calling. Being a true Democrat, in practice as well as theory, he determined to give his boys *trades*, which was entirely at variance with the then existing sentiment prevailing around him.

Fully realizing the curse of slavery, particularly in its evil consequences to the white race, he resolved that his children should not be afflicted with it as he had been. With that resolution firmly established in his mind, he removed to Washington City, where he liberated his slaves (something he could not do at that time in the State of Virginia, under the then existing laws); and, as soon as his sons, of whom he had three, reached a suitable age, he apprenticed them out to learn trades. He lived to see them good mechanics, and, on his death-bed, realized the fact that the groundwork was laid for useful lives, if they but followed his counsels.

His eldest son, JOHN, had already reached manhood, and, with a moderate outfit, and a father's blessing, was told to seek a home in one of the free States west of the Alleghany mountains, which he did, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio.

HENRY, the second son, and subject of this sketch, had completed his apprenticeship at the age of twenty, and, feeling that he had mastered his trade, which would serve as a certain dependence in time of need, had resolved upon securing a profession also, and entered the office of the Hon. J. M. CARLISLE, as a student at law. Mr. CARLISLE, at first, hesitated somewhat about receiving HENRY as a student, knowing he had just left a carpenter's work-bench, but finally consented to give him a trial through friendly feelings to his father, and the following letter, which was written a month later, shows with what result.

(*Copy of letter from Hon.* J. M. CARLISLE *to Maj.* J. W. WILLIAMS) :

February 11th, 1848.

My Dear Sir: — It may be some satisfaction for you to hear that I am extremely content with your son, and that I have great confidence in his making himself, in due time, master of his profession. He is regular, attentive, and studious, and is worthy all the care and attention which can be bestowed on him.

Very truly yours,

J. M. CARLISLE.

Maj. WILLIAMS.

But HENRY had only got fairly started in his new pursuit when the unexpected demise of his father entirely frustrated his plans, and the absolute necessities of the case required him to abandon his books for his tools, which he had so recently laid aside. He had to do so, not only to provide for his own wants, but also to assist in the maintenance of his mother and sisters.

The following strong letter from Mr. CARLISLE to HENRY, upon his retiring from his office, shows what progress had been made in a few months by the young carpenter.

"WASHINGTON, Nov. 27, 1848.

"Mr. HENRY F. WILLIAMS has been reading law in my office for nearly a year past, and I heartily regret that his changed circumstances, consequent upon the death of his respected father, have obliged him to abandon a profession which he had chosen, and to fall back for the present, upon a trade in which he had been instructed, partly for the purpose of strengthening his physical constitution, and partly to serve him as a rearguard as it must now do.

"As he may fall in with friends of mine, or persons who know me by name, I have offered him these lines, as a testimonial of the sincere interest I take in his welfare; an interest, founded not only upon his amiable qualities and excellent capacity, but upon a thorough knowledge of his perfect integrity and upright manliness of heart.

"I sincerely hope it may be the means of gaining for him the friendly countenance of any friend or acquaintance of mine to whom he may exhibit it.

J. M. CARLISLE."

Finding it necessary to resume his trade, and seeing but a poor field for operations if he remained in Washington, he resolved to emigrate, and his attention was drawn to California. He, and three other young mechanics, left Washington, November 28, 1848, for San Francisco, each provided with a chest of tools.

They sailed from New York, Dec. 1, 1848, on the steamer "Falcon." While on the Isthmus, one of their number died of cholera, but the remaining three reached San Francisco safely, on board the steamer "California," Feb. 28, 1849.

The extra expense, occasioned by a delay on the Isthmus of a month, awaiting the arrival of the steamer "California," completely exhausted the small capital with which Mr. WILLIAMS started on his long journey, so that when he reached San Francisco, he had but twenty-five cents left. He did not leave the ship on the day of her arrival, but waited till the next day that he might take his tool-chest ashore with him.

Instead of starting for the mines, as did almost all of his fellow passengers, he determined to remain permanently in San Francisco, and was soon established as a builder, with more work than he could find men to execute. He soon erected a carpenter shop—the first built in San Francisco—which fact justly entitles him to the credit of being considered the pioneer builder of the city.

His success far exceeded his most sanguine expectations till overtaken by the big fires which swept over the city, when he, in common with almost every man of enterprise, was almost ruined.

His early success, however, enabled him to provide amply for his mother and sisters, and there was no time, up to the date of her death, when his mother did not have a surplus in bank to her credit.

The amount which he sent back to Washington was far more than he could possibly have earned, had he remained there, to say nothing of what he accumulated for himself in the meantime.

For ten years Mr. WILLIAMS pursued his business as a builder, dealing, more or less, in real estate all the time. He then ceased to take contracts as a builder, and limited his operations to real estate and building on his own account.

His real estate operations have been very extensive, as the Recorder's office shows—the index of his name being one of the largest, if not the very largest, in said office.

He was one of the founders of the Mechanic's Institute, and for many years an active and efficient officer.

He was mainly instrumental in getting up the first Mechanical Exhibition in San Francisco, and was selected to deliver the opening address, which he did in a manner that reflected very great credit upon himself.

He is regarded as the founder of South San Francisco, which is the most flourishing suburb of the city; was elected the first President of the South San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association, and each year thereafter, for five years (till it expired by limitation), he was re-elected almost by acclamation. When the South San Francisco Dock Company was organized (which company owns about three hundred acres of land within the city limits), he was chosen President, and is now serving for the eighth term, having been re-elected almost unanimously each time.

He is now, and has been, since its organization, about six years since, the President of the City Paving Company, which has not been so great a success, financially, as the efforts which have been expended upon it should have guaranteed.

The laws for the collection of street assessments have been so defective, that the Company has lost very largely by bad debts, and the prejudice, which has sprung up against wooden pavements, has operated very seriously against the success of the Company, but Mr. WILLIAMS is still battling with determined energy to make wooden pavements a success, and seems confident he will be able to do so. His card which appeared in all the daily papers January 30 and 31, 1874, upon the subject of street pavements, is regarded, by almost every one who has read it, as the ablest paper which has appeared here upon the subject, and has caused very many of our citizens to entirely reconsider former conclusions upon the subject.

Mr. WILLIAMS is a man of indomitable will and untiring energy, and is justly regarded, by the citizens of San Francisco, as being entitled to a front rank among the "live men" of the city. And his strict integrity of purpose is conceded by all who know him.

When Professor O. C. FOWLER was lecturing n this City, a few years since, upon the subject of phrenology to a crowded house, Mr. W. was selected by the audience for a public examination; and the truthfulness of the Professor's delineation of his character was attested to by many rounds of applause.

He characterized Mr. W. as a man of the strictest integrity, and one of the most energetic men he had met in forty years' experience.

Mr. W. has never consented to run for, or occupy, a public office of any kind, except for a single term as School Director, from the eleventh district, and positively refused to run a second time, though urged to do so by both political parties, when a nomination would, of course, have been equivalent to an election.

He is strictly temperate in his habits, never having used liquor or tobacco in any form, and he asserts that it is a fact that he has never yet in his life been tempted to bet a dollar upon a game of chance.

He is a man of family, with a wife and five children — three girls and two boys.

He enjoys almost uninterrupted good health — never having been sick enough to call upon a physician more than twice in twenty-five years.

He is a member of the Episcopal Church, and has, for many years, been a vestryman of Grace Church.

He is a useful man and a good citizen in the fullest acceptation of the term, for he is not only always actively and usefully employed himself, but has seldom less than a hundred, and sometimes as high as a thousand men, employed in carrying out his extensive plans for city improvements.

It is elsewhere in this work said that Mr. WILLIAMS was, while in his minority, standing in the front rank as an architect. A fact or two will illustrate: While in his nineteenth year, an apprentice in the office of JOEL DOWNER, master-carpenter of the General Post-Office building at Washington, Mr. DOWNER gave him the severest test, for a boy, within his power, viz.: To construct a stair-case with continuous rail. He drew his lines on a board and showed them to his boss, who, at once pronounced them *wrong*, and tried to convince the boy, but he insisted he was right. Finally his master ordered him to "plane off his marks, and make his drawing right." HENRY obeyed, but, knowing he *was* right, exactly reproduced his drawing. The master, with well-feigned anger, severely upbraided him, and again made every possible effort to convince him that he was *wrong*. But, finally, finding him immovable, he smiled and said: "Yes, HENRY, you are right, and were so at first; I was only trying to see if you *knew* you were right. You are hereafter foreman of my men" —a position to which both apprentices and journeymen said he was fully entitled; and which he held, until released from further service, with the strongest testimonials that Mr. DOWNER could write.

While in this capacity, drawings for the construction of the large Custom House, proposed to be erected in New Orleans, were presented to the Secretary of the Treasury. But he, an old man unskilled in drawing, could not understand "how the building would look." The architect took his drawings to young WILLIAMS and said: "Can you make a model from these drawings, ten feet to the inch?"

"Yes, sir," was the boy's prompt reply.

In a short time the work was done, and presented to the venerable Secretary, who looked with deep interest while he took off each successive story, beginning at the top, showing every room, hall, door, closet, vault, and counter, in miniature, and explained the relations of each to the other. The Secretary saw it all, approved the plans, and made the award. In consequence of this, WILLIAMS was offered higher salary to remain in New Orleans and superintend the erection of the building, than had ever before been paid in the profession, which, however, he declined and pursued his way to his chosen home on the Pacific.

"Mechanics :—To your hands we owe,
Whatever we behold below,
From Nature taken and designed
To suit the ever changing mind.
* * * * Our State,
So young, and yet so proudly great,
In peace or war, and always true,
Support, defense, demands of you ;
And all who love the Union, pray
That, till earth shall pass away,
Her strong-armed sons may ever be
Industrious, honest, brave, and free."

O. C. WHEELER.

This gentleman writes us that he is "too busy with work more important to the present generation, to furnish us with any extended *notes* of his life." Yet, one who has been so constantly and so prominently in public service, as he has, for twenty-five years, cannot hide himself if he would.

Much of his career, yea, many of its details are familiar as household words to all old settlers possessing even a modicum of intelligence. We are, therefore, able to state more *facts* concerning him than of most others who have furnished us with the same amount of data.

He was born in the township of Wolcott, (now Butler,) Wayne Co., N. Y., March 13th, 1816—the tenth of a family of twelve children. Ushered into life amid the raw, harsh winds of March—always rough in that district—of that coldest of all seasons, ever yet experienced in that State, and subjected to all the rigors and privations incident to a large family in a new country, with little or nothing in store, it is no wonder that he never attained more than five feet two and a half inches in hight, and, until past the middle of life, was of slender mould and delicate health.

Circumstances hinted at above deprived him of educational advantages, except in a very limited amount, until he attained his majority.

Leaving home at about twenty-one, he determined to make it his first business to secure the most thorough education the schools of his country could furnish.

How daring such a resolution was, and what it cost to carry it out, may be surmised when the reader is told that, on leaving home to enter upon this task, he had only 37½ cts. in money, only one suit of *homespun* clothes, and very poor health; that he worked his own way, pursued an entire eight years' course, at Madison University, graduating with honor, from both the college proper and the Theological Seminary, married and settled as pastor before he was thirty. His amiable wife, originally Miss H. E. HAMILTON, to whom refer-

ence is made by several contributors to this volume, was a woman of thorough culture, strong practical common sense, great affection and ardent piety, constituting her a *wife* and *mother* of superior excellence. She lived to bless him and their son and daughter until July, 1869, when death relieved her from a long and painful illness.

Few women have done as much good in the world, and none made less enemies than she. Especially was her course marked with great good influences while she was the only female missionary here, and multitudes of men, away from home, among strangers, were sick and dying. Her visits to such as they lay in tents and under the bushes on the hills where the great City of San Francisco now stands, will long be remembered by those who survive, and are recorded in heaven in behalf of those who there bade her and earth, at once, a long farewell.

Mr. Wheeler was ordained as a Minister of the Gospel at East Greenwich, R. I., where he became the first pastor of the Baptist church. In two years a fine house of worship had been erected, and such success had attended his labors that he was called to a much more important field in Jersey City, N. J. Here he found his denomination, by previous maladministration divided into three rival, not to say hostile, bands. In eleven months he had succeeded in disbanding all three of the organizations, and in organizing one good, strong body from the best material found in all the church, of which his successor, Rev. Dr. PARMLY, is still pastor. He had secured a good brick chapel, had a large congregation and was anticipating much from so pleasant a beginning, in such a favored locality, when the Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, on the first of Nov., 1848, called upon him and said: "We want you to go to California, as our Pioneer Missionary." Mr. WHEELER replied: "I have been less than a year here and things are in such a shape that I would not exchange my pulpit for any other in the United States. *I cannot go, sir.*" To this the Secretary responded, "It is *because* things are in such shape in your church that we wish you to go; and we think you *must.*" "No, sir! I *will not leave*," was the positive reply of the young man. This first interview was daily repeated with such variations, in motives presented as the Secretary and his associates thought best adapted to secure their object, for *sixteen* days, during which numbers of the most influential clergymen of the denomination brought their influence to bear upon him, and at the end of which he yielded. The Secretary said at once, "Let us go to the steamer and secure your state-room." After the room was selected, the Secretary, addressing the Captain, said, "You sail, as per advertisement, Dec. 20th, I suppose?" "No," said the Captain, "orders are changed; we shall sail December 1st." "Is that positive?" said the Secretary. "Absolutely," said the Captain. It was then November 16th, 11 A. M. The Secretary, with sad countenance, turned to Mr. W., and said: "Then, you cannot go; you cannot get ready." To which the young man instantly replied. "Yes, sir! After the sacrifice of feeling I have endured to yield this point, rather than give it up, I would start to-morrow morning." "But your wife will have to re-remain? She certainly cannot get ready."

"She *will*," finished the argument.

Mr. **Wheeler** was thus the chosen, *sole* representative of his denomination, then numbering over one million of communicants in the United States, to carry, set up, establish and maintain their institutions on a distant coast, at a time and under circumstances unparalleled in the history of the world. The very day the decision was made, the venerable Dr. S. H. **Cone**, pastor of the First Church, New York, and President of the Society that was sending him, said to Mr. W.: "Do you know where you are going, my brother? I would rather go as a missionary to China, or Cochin-China, than to San Francisco. Don't you stir a step, unless you are prepared to go to the *darkest spot on earth*"

Whether they had chosen a man of *energy*, equal to the occasion, may be judged by the fact that, within the *fourteen* days, he resigned his pastorate, closed up all his business for life, made a trip to Philadelphia, preached ten sermons, delivered three addresses, superintended his entire outfit, and was, with his wife, on board the steamer "Falcon" one hour before she sailed, at 12 M., December 1, 1848.

On the voyage and at the several stopping places, Mr. and Mrs. WHEELER, whenever not confined with seasickness, were ever ready to minister to the comfort of the sick, the consolation of the dying, and the proper Christian burial of the dead. He also bore a large share in the religious exercises, and won the golden opinions of the wise and the good.

At one time, while in the Pacific, off the Gulf of Tehuantepec, during a furious storm, he and his wife both remained in their stateroom, unable to leave their berths, forty-eight hours, without seeing waiter, steward, or any other being. This was a trial of patience which, coupled with some other inconveniences that he thought quite unnecessary, caused him to write some things for the Eastern press which were regarded as quite severe, and which he now thinks "did no good."

Having shared in all the vicissitudes of the ninety days' voyage, from New York to Chagres per steamer "Falcon," from Chagres to Cruces in a dug-out, from Cruces to Panama on the hurricane deck of a mule, and from Panama to San Francisco on the steamer "California," where he landed February 28, 1849, he at once surveyed the ground—morally—laid his plans, and in a comparatively few hours was at his work.

He soon commenced preaching in the private dwelling of Mr. C. L. Ross, and proposed to organize a Sabbath School, to which several parents had agreed to send their children. But untoward circumstances, for which Mr. W. was in no way responsible, having arisen, when the hour arrived, only *one*—a little boy, son of Hon. JOHN W. GEARY, late Governor of Pennsylvania—came. Here was a novel sight, a Sabbath school with two teachers—Mr. and Mrs. WHEELER—and *one scholar*. This continued, in the same exact form, for four successive Sabbaths. On the fourth Sabbath there were only six persons to hear the preacher—three of them residents in the house, and the Sabbath School of one scholar and two teachers. Toward evening Mr. Ross took Mr. WHEELER aside, and said:

"I guess you'll have to give this up, parson."

"Give what up?"

"Oh! this preaching and Sabbath School. It's no use, the pressure is too strong. You can't make it go."

Mr. W. said: "I will give up the effort in *your house*, if you say so, but shall get another place. I didn't come here to *give up*, but to *succeed*, and, I shall do it or die."

"Oh! that isn't what I mean at all. You are welcome to the house. If you have got the spunk to stand it, I can; go ahead, and I am with you."

Four weeks from that time, the three rooms and the long veranda were all filled to listen to the preaching, and there were forty scholars in the Sabbath School. Surely, California *extravagances* do not all pertain to money. This is the oldest Sabbath School in California. In a few weeks, he formed a church of six members; and, in July, of the same year, bought a lot where the First Baptist Church now stands, on Washington street, at $10,000; cleared off the shrubs, bored the first hole, and made the first mortice in the frame with his own hands, and did not fail to be daily about the work; and, in twenty-two working days, completed and dedicated the first Protestant church edifice in California. It was a simple structure, thirty by fifty feet, framed of three-by-four inch scantling; twelve feet posts, covered with clapboards, unplaned, six inches wide and four feet long; the roof being made of the old foresails of a brig then in the harbor. The interior was lined with common unbleached cotton, and the seats were of the simplest and most primitive structure. Yet the cost was over $6,000 in gold.

At the dedication, Mr. W. was assisted by the pastors of other churches: and Deacon Caldwell, of the Presbyterian Church, passed the plate for the collection in one of the aisles, and, before he got through, the plate was full and the coin began to fall off upon the floor.

The house was often full, with no female present except the preacher's wife.

After a few months, Mr. JOHN C. PELTON, a teacher of experience, from Massachusetts, said to Mr. W.: "If you will let me have the use of your church, without rent, I will open and keep a *free school* in it." Mr. W. said, "agreed." The arrangement was consummated, and thus this church became the home, and Mr. PELTON the teacher, of the *first free school* on the Pacific Coast; an enterprise which, under the intelligent manipulation of Col. T. J. NEVINS and others, was finally developed into the noble *system* which, we trust, will continue to bless the youth of our State till

"Time shall fold her wing."

During the Summer and Autumn, large numbers of men, especially members of Col. STEVENSON's regiment of volunteers, from the excessive circumstances surrounding them, fell sick and died. Mr. WHEELER writes: "We often found them and others under miserable tents, or under bushes only, without even a blanket, in the very act of dying, or already gone." Mrs. WHEELER, like an angel of mercy, was always with him, with some delicacy for the body of those yet able to receive it, and a word of consolation and cheer for those ready to depart. How this labor was regarded, by those who looked on, is indicated by the following brief address, by Col. STEVENSON to Mr. WHEELER, on presenting him with the best gold watch and chain to be had on the Coast:

"*Reverend Sir:* — My late companions in arms, who are now before you, have requested me to present you this watch, as a mark of their personal regard for your character as a man, and a minister of the sacred religion of our Savior. The law of our country which called the 1st Reg't of New York Volunteers into service, made ample provision for food and raiment to fit the body of the soldier for the soldier's toil; made liberal provision for the best of medical attendance for the diseased or wounded body, but made no provision for the administration of holy consolation to a mind diseased. And, while the regular soldier, nearer home, was abundantly supplied with gentlemen of your profession, to soothe and comfort them in the hour of sickness and death, we, sir, were ordered upon a long and perilous voyage, to invade a strange land, whose inhabitants did not speak our language, and whose laws tolerated no religion but its own; and where the dead were denied the privilege of burial in consecrated ground, unless they were of the religion of the country we invaded. Hence, sir, we were without a holy comforter, in whose prayers the most profligate and abandoned find comfort and consolation in a dying hour. You, sir, since your arrival in this place, have had occasion to meet and associate with many of the soldiers of my late command, and can bear testimony that they are not the profligate and abondoned crew they have been represented by the press of their native land, and as some few here would believe.

"True, sir, some of them have forgotten their duty to their God, and their fellow-man; but the laws they have violated, have been amply vindicated, and they have atoned, and are now atoning for their acts of folly and wickedness. But, sir, of the great mass of the men who composed that regiment, I can speak from personal observation. And, sir, of these before you, a large portion left our native land with me, and were my companions while on service. And I will say here and elsewhere, that I want no truer hearts or nobler spirits; no firmer friends, or better men for my companions and friends.

"For you, sir, they have conceived a warm attachment, unsolicited, and almost unknown to you. You sought out their sick companions, soothed and calmed with pious care and holy admonitions the troubled spirit, watched by them in their hours of sadness and pain, soothed in the hour of death, received their last sigh as the spirit took its flight to the God who gave it, and, finally, performed the last sad office man can pay to his fellow — following his body to the silent tomb.

For these acts of Christian benevolence and kindness, we honor and respect you. Every member of my late command have a hold upon my affections almost as strong as the ties of parental love, for if any of them ever failed in their duty to others, they were ever faithful to me. I, therefore, most cordially unite with them in their strong expression of affectionate regard for your person and character, and for myself, and them, desire you to wear about your person this small token of a soldier's gratitude and love."

The surprise was entire. Mr. W. had not the remotest idea that he had thus attracted attention, or was to be thus rewarded.

In October of 1849, the first Baptist Society, of which he was pastor, resolved to assume his entire support, thus relieving the treasury of the society that had sent him out. In order to do this intelligently, they appointed a committee of three gentlemen, each having a family, and keeping house in the city, and each a thorough business man. They, from their own bills, itemized their necessary monthly expenses, and presented a report, the original of which is still in Mr. WHEELER'S hands, that it would necessarily cost at least ten thousand dollars; whereupon the Society resolved to pay their pastor ten thousand dollars a year, gold, and that it be paid monthly in advance. At the end of five months times had so changed, and the cost of living so diminished, that Mr. WHEELER voluntarily asked the Society to reduce his salary to just one half what it had been, and he would subscribe and pay toward that sum twenty-five dollars per month.

On the 27th of February, 1850, "The Pacific Tract Society," auxiliary to the American Tract Society, was organized under the labors of Col. T. J. NEVINS, agent of the parent society. Mr. WHEELER was unanimously elected President, and continued to be thus re-elected until his removal to Sacramento rendered it impossible for him to serve. Col. NEVINS was the Corresponding Secretary and active working man, while Mr. WHEELER'S influence and energy added greatly to the efficiency of the institution.

We are the more particular to note his connection with this institution, because the ponderous volume the "Annals of San Francisco," almost the only work yet pretending to give a history of the early men and times of San Francisco, after passing by Mr. WHEELER'S labors in various connections, either in entire silence, or with the faintest possible reference to them, here entirely *ignores* him and places in his stead a man who was not elected until he (Mr. Wheeler) had served for years and resigned, as above indicated.

During the winter of 1850, Mr. W., being in San José for a few days, the Legislature — being then in session there — had under consideration a bill upon the subject of divorce, which had passed the Assembly, and been referred to a Committee in the Senate; the Committee applied to Mr. W. to preach a sermon on the subject on the following Sabbath; they, in the mean time, withholding action. This request came on Friday at 8 P. M. He had never heard or read a discourse of any kind on the subject. His library was fifty miles distant, and he knew of no available source of assistance. He took till 9 A. M. of the next day to answer, then said "I will try." He spent the day among the small family libraries in town, trying to find something on the subject, but *failed*. At 7:30 P. M., he took a sandwich and a mug of cold tea, pen, ink, and paper, and went to his room. Such was the confidence of the

Senate Committee, in his ability, that they arranged for the printing of the discourse before they heard it. At midnight the printer called for the MS., supposing it was done. Mr. W. handed him the sheets already written, and went on with his work, which he completed at a quarter past eight Sunday morning, ate his breakfast, and filled, at half past ten, an appointment to dedicate a church; at half past 2 P. M. delivered his divorce sermon to a congregation which filled the house, and stood outside in greater numbers than could get in, including nearly every one of the State officers and members of the Legislature; and then, before going to sleep, addressed, in the evening, the quarterly meeting of the Pacific Tract Society. We need not say that the bill passed in accordance with the Scripture law, laid down in his discourse.

During the following season, news came of the death of General TAYLOR. President of the United States. At the close of the morning service of the following Sabbath, he announced, for the next Sabbath A. M., a funeral sermon on the death of the President. As the congregation were dispersing, Mr. Ross, elsewhere referred to, said:

"Parson, if you are going to do that, this house must be enlarged; for it is crowded on common occasions." And, before the next Saturday night, an addition of twenty-five by forty feet was added to the church, seated, and all complete.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, though regarding the Sabbath, elsewhere had given express orders to have their ships leave San Francisco on the fixed day of the month, without reference to the Sabbath. And when appealed to by their agent here, replied that their practice could not be modified without orders from the Postmaster General, with whom they had contracted to leave with the mails on given days of the month. The Agent, Captain KNIGHT, came to Mr. WHEELER, explained the situation, and said:

"I want you to write and preach a sermon on Sabbath observance that I can print, and send it to Washington, to aid us in getting the Postmaster General to modify his order." Mr. W. wrote and preached, and

Captain KNIGHT printed, and sent the sermon to Washington. And, as soon as a return mail could come, orders were received that, "hereafter, when sailing day falls on Sunday, dispatch your steamer on Saturday, the preceding day."

Mr. WHEELER, by previous appointment of the citizens, delivered, from the Plaza, to assembled thousands, the first Fourth of July oration ever heard in California, which was published at public expense, and has been quoted from scores of times.

His untiring energy, and almost exhaustless powers of endurance, enabled him to prepare such discourses, both sacred and secular, and his rare powers of oratory enabled him to so deliver them that he soon became a universal favorite, and was called upon, not only on nearly every public occasion at home, but often to make long journeys into the interior, to address his fellow citizens and advance every moral and religious enterprise. Perhaps no man was ever oftener called upon for "a copy for *publication*" than he was for the first few years, and until his health gave way.

The Society that sent him here promised him "an assistant by next steamer, if possible;" but he remained and fought the battle twenty months before their first "assistant" reached the field. Such an herculean task, under such trying circumstances, had never before been laid on one man's shoulders; and yet he stood it, without once shrinking. His "instructions," when leaving, were, to "give much attention that the educational institutions of the country be carefully inaugurated and assiduously fostered," which he has scrupulously and practically followed to the present hour.

In 1850 he and H. H. HAIGHT, our late Governor, were candidates for the chair of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance. Mr. H. beat him by one vote, but never officiated; so that Mr. W., being the second officer, filled the chair of that honorable body during the first year of its existence, attending and addressing each of its quarterly meetings in a different part of the State.

He was also early identified with the Masonic fraternity, and having passed all the degrees, including those of knighthood, and officiated in almost all "stations" and "chairs," is highly esteemed throughout this venerable and noble brotherhood.

The unwarrantable drafts made upon him during the first five and a half years prostrated his nervous system, and laid the foundation of disease in the throat which has for years entirely incapacitated him for public speaking.

Early in 1852 he removed to Sacramento, took charge of the church, and published and edited the first religious paper of his denomination on the coast. The first year it cost him three thousand dollars more than the receipts, beside all his labor.

In April, 1854, hoping to find relief in relaxation, he resigned his pastorate, and visited the Eastern States. How much relaxation he had may be imagined, when we know that, the next day after his arrival, he was called upon for active duties in the national anniversaries of his denomination, in Philadelphia; and, as soon as those were through, for similar labors in Richmond, Virginia, that he was called upon to address the President, Cabinet and members of Congress in the hall of the

House of Representatives, at Washington, on the first Sabbath evening it was ever opened for such a purpose; that he was then sent for, to address religious anniversaries in New York and Boston and the State of Maine; that, during the four months he spent there, he traveled for the Society that originally sent him out, in eleven of the States, and in Canada and New Brunswick, over six thousand miles; and, when he re-embarked for California, had spent an aggregate of only sixteen days in visiting and traveling among all his numerous relatives and friends.

He returned somewhat improved, except in his throat. That had been damaged beyond repair. It soon began to ulcerate, and, with varying effect, continued to grow generally worse for fifteen years, during all which time he refused *permanent* secular business, in the hope that he would, eventually, recover, and be able to finish his days in his chosen profession. But, in 1869, the malady increased rapidly, rendering it impossible to continue, and he permanently abandoned all efforts in that direction.

Before his return from the East, in 1854, the State Agricultural Society, then just organized, had elected him Secretary. He served one year, and then declined a re-election, unless the Society would establish itself and enable him to secure some degree of permanence to the results of his labor. This was not acceded to, and, during the year 1856, he was only an unofficial aid to the work. The next year they acceded to his proposition, and he accepted of their unanimous election, and entered upon the work, which resulted in giving the Society better accommodations, a more permanent home, and more extensive grounds and property, than any similar institution in America. And this was its condition, when, in 1863, he resigned, and accepted the position of chief clerk of the Legislative Assembly. To this position he was elected without an opposing vote. During the whole session, of some hundred and twenty days, he was present at every roll-call, and at every adjournment, and was not once out of the House five minutes, while in session. At the close of the session, he was presented with a handsomer testimonial than has ever been received by any other occupant of the position, and was called upon to address the House. The only member who did not vote for Mr. WHEELER when he was elected, said, on the last day of the session: "I did not vote for Mr. WHEELER because of political reasons—did not vote at all; but I regret it, and if it was to do again, I should give him my most hearty support."

At the close of this service he was called upon, entirely unexpectedly, to take charge of the Fourth Collection District of Internal Revenue, in California, then covering more territory than any other in the United States.

While successfully engaged in this important work, he was solicited to go to San Francisco and take charge of the interests of the United States Sanitary Commission on this Coast. Dr. Bellows, the President of the Commission, had been here for several months, and collected so many and so large amounts, that it was supposed the work was nearly done, or, at least, all but small matters. Mr. W. at once entered upon the task of systematizing the work. Within ten months from the time he entered the office, he had organized three hundred and five "Soldiers' Aid Societies," generally on the basis of a minimum contribution of *ten cents* a month, by each member, and, from these sources, had collected and sent to the Commission in New York over $197,000; and, on settlement, his books balanced to a cent.

In 1869, he was called upon to bury his most excellent wife, with whom he had spent almost twenty-four years of a happier married life than is the fortune of most men. This so prostrated him that, for a long time, both he and his children thought he would soon follow her. But he recovered, and, in 1871, was solicited, by the Central Pacific Railroad Company, to organize and build up their work in the department of baggage — the effort having failed in the hands of three men, who had previously been successively engaged for the purpose. He found the whole department in a state of the most utter demoralization and confusion. He brought to the work all the powers of his peculiarly analytical, systematic, and organizing mind, and achieved such success that, in the spring of 1873, the Company dispatched him on a tour of inspection and examination, giving him a *carte blanche* as to where he should go and when return. He passed through twenty-six States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada, making a journey of over nine thousand miles; visited, minutely examined, and took full notes of, the working of every prominent railroad in North America, and was back in his office in just *fifty-eight* days.

About one hundred and fifty-five men, scattered over two thousand miles of railroad and steamboat lines controlled by the Company, now report to him every day the check attached to every piece of baggage they handle, where and by whom issued, by whom and where carried, and to whom delivered.

These reports aggregate about three hundred and fifty per day. And yet his analysis is so thorough, and his system of filing so perfect, that he can put his hand upon any one of them in less than half a minute, if within the current month; and in less than two minutes, if within the last two years.

He is also, by this thoroughness of analysis and system of record and filing — a great part of which is his own invention — doing his work with fifty per cent. less help, than any other general baggage office in America does an equal amount.

Another fact growing out of his peculiar efficiency, is that for more than two years he has found every piece of stray baggage, so that the Company has not had a dollar to pay for baggage, unless it was *stolen* or destroyed by accident.

In April of 1872, Mr. WHEELER was married to his second wife, Miss ELLEN R. FRISBIE, of Quincy, Ill., a woman of inestimable worth in every department of life every way worthy of such a husband.

And it may not be amiss to say, that to her pen, and to her untiring energy, the "First Steamship Pioneers" are very largely indebted for every merit in the literary department of this volume, except this article.

"To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavor to the fruitful year,

And lighten nature's dainties, in their race
To rear the graces into second life;
To give society its highest taste;
Well-ordered home man's best delight to make;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
And sweeten all the toil of human life:—
This be the female dignity and praise."

THE two following sketches were received too late for any sort of revision by the Editing Committee, and are hence given as written by the gentlemen themselves.

EDWIN L. MORGAN

Was born at Radnor, Pennsylvania, July 27, 1824; was reared in Philadelphia among the "Friends"; educated to the mercantile business. Left New York, per steamer "Crescent City," December 23, 1848, for San Francisco, via Chagres and Panama.

The following communication received as our work is nearly through the press, leaving us no time to do otherwise, we print it as he wrote it:

PHILADELPHIA, January 7, 1874.

MR. O. C. WHEELER:

Dear Sir—Your circular of December 24, 1873, came to hand this morning. It has given me much pleasure, as it recalls to mind many recollections of young and happier years enjoyed in passing through scenes, though sometimes rough; yet I am thankful that kind Providence has thus far spared me, and blessed me also; so that, now, in the enjoyment of good health, and all that man need wish for, I can sit down to answer.

The questions propounded in your circular, so far as relates to place of birth, occupation, etc., before leaving for California, are stated, which is returned with this.

I left New York on the twenty-third of December, 1848, in the steamship "Crescent City," Captain STODDARD. Those who were traveling companions may recollect, when off Cape Hatteras, in the Gulf Stream, on Christmas, our first impressions on witnessing a gale. While, out of one hundred and thirty passengers, very few were able to reach the deck; and that few on their hands and knees, until they could lay hold of a belaying-pin, and finally grasp the shrouds; and then, with fearful, sinking hearts, for the first time beheld an angry ocean. While thus despairing, out of sight of land, with every wave apparently about to overwhelm us, dread of sinking every moment, old Captain Stoddard came out from his room on the upper deck, with a peculiar, mischievous smile on his face, greeted us with: "*Good morning, gentlemen. I wish you a merry Christmas.*" There were but ten of one hundred and thirty on deck. "God knows," I never can forget the Captain, for his cunning smile and merry greeting. We had all forgotten, amidst our fears, that it was Christmas. The assurance conveyed to us through his countenance gave us strength. We began to see the vessel riding the waves, like a duck on a mill pond; and, getting our sea-legs on, began to venture round the quarter-deck. While thus making ventures, the writer, holding on to the shrouds, was suddenly horrified with the cry, "Man overboard!" Quick as thought, my eyes were turned in the direction of the sound, and no one can imagine, far less describe, my feelings when seeing a man in the stormy waves, rapidly going astern. An old sailor, standing near me, at once caught a small bench, and threw it with all his strength towards the floating man. With like instinct, I threw him a stool, which I had managed to get along with me to the shrouds; and soon some of the others threw stools. We watched, with much anxiety, the result. And, strange to say, while sometimes out of sight, at others just passing over the top of a wave, the poor fellow had caught the bench. The life-boat was lowered; Captain FOWLER (a Boston pilot), one of the passengers, took command. They reached the drowning man. He proved to be the steward of the vessel, who, having gone into the privy (several of which had been erected by the wheel-house, inside the guards), by a sudden heavy sea he had been carried by the torrent from the privy seat clear over the guards into the boisterous waves.

After this our voyage was pleasant; reached Chagres January 2, 1849, and arrived in Panama January 6th. All the time fearing we should fail to connect with the steamship "California," which had been advertised to leave Panama January 1st. Great was our joy to find, on arrival in Panama, that the "California" had not arrived. A party of us formed a club, and made common property of the funds.

The "California" arrived on the 17th. In the meantime, numerous passengers had arrived, most of which were by steamer "Falcon," from New Orleans. We lived in Panama from January 6th to 31st. Our funds were almost exhausted, being under the necessity of sacrificing all our stock of hams, dried beef, and crackers, in consequence of not being able to get means of transporting them across the Isthmus.

When I left Panama, and boarded the steamship "California," one gold piece (two and a half dollars) was all the money in my pocket, but had a cabin passage paid through from New York to San Francisco. Finding myself short of funds, and with but little experience in the world, it naturally occurred that some provision should be made for the future. Consequently it was made known, through some of my companions who had accompanied me, that, for a fair consideration, my place could be had in the cabin for one in steerage. Several offers were made, and, finally, one hundred and fifty dollars was accepted in exchange, from one of the Aids of

General ADAIR, or, perhaps, PERSIFER F. SMITH. who was then on his way to Oregon.

This matter placed me on good footing, as I could purchase fresh eggs at Acapulco and Mazatlan, and had a much cooler apartment (in a hammock) for sleeping, on deck.

When off Monterey, distant about ninety miles, the fuel on board the "California" was reported to have suddenly given out; upon which the reporter for the New York *Herald* (STEPHEN BRANCH), inquired from my old companion, friend, and partner, if he did not think there was a storm rapidly approaching, pointing towards a dark cloud in the distance. Mr. E. T. BATTURS, who is now a resident of your city, the partner referred to above, quickly replied, "Yes, I think there is going to be a — of a storm," which sent the nervous reporter to his berth, on coming events to cogitate, and perhaps pray for the Almighty to forgive him for the many exaggerations he had furnished to that paper, while on the passage. After chopping up some spare spars, and a lot of temporary berths which had been hastily put in place on the steamship, on her arrival at Panama, for the accommodation of Chilenos who had been taken aboard at Valparaiso, the vessel managed to get into Monterey harbor. Young as I was, it made the hair of my head stand on end when I witnessed the stars and stripes, waving gracefully to the breeze; "then I had no military enthusiasm, but the sight of that flag made me feel as though I had been absent from home for a long time, and just got back."

At Monterey I first saw public gambling. Here were tables exposed to public view, with piles of Mexican doubloons, laid out as carefully as upon a bank counter, such as were seen in Philadelphia or New York at that time. And, strange to say, nearly every person who was attracted by this tempting view was disposed to take a chance, or, in other words, "buck at the bank."

After our arrival at San Francisco we (several of us) pitched a tent on the north side of Washington street, between Kearny and Montgomery streets, on or near property afterwards owned and occupied by Eugene L. Sullivan; where, after disposing of our Sunday clothing, and some few articles of surplus stock, such as percussion caps, knives, watches, etc., the writer had on hand $1,300. We left San Francisco for the mining regions by water to Stockton; from thence to Angel's Camp, near the Stanislaus river, where I remained, without much success, for about six months, when I left, determined to start for Philadelphia. Mr. BATTURS accompanied me to San Francisco. Upon our arrival there, he persuaded me to start into business with him. We then started, under the firm name of E. L. MORGAN & Co., on the north-east corner of Pacific and Dupont streets. Here we continued until the fire of 1851, which destroyed our stock and building, leaving us about $3,000. In May, 1852, returned to the Atlantic States. Was married in Lancaster City, Pennsylvania, in June, 1852. Returned to San Francisco in September, 1852. Mr. BATTURS being desirous of returning, to visit his mother and family, I conducted the business until his return in 1853. During his visit to Philadelphia, he purchased a large quantity of hams, and some other articles, which, upon their arrival, we found to be damaged, and would not bring more than three-fourths of the original cost. The price paid in Philadelphia was twelve and one-half cents per pound; when they arrived, they could not be sold for more than nine and three-fourths cents. Finally, many of them were sold at auction for two and one-half cents per pound, for soap fat — some enterprising gentleman, from Australia, having entered into the manufacture of soap, at this time. This puts me ahead of what was intended in detail.

Upon the return of Mr. BATTURS, in 1853, I determined to return to Philadelphia, and bring my wife out to San Francisco, who was constantly writing, with urgent requests, that we should not live apart, or so distant. In accordance with these frequent, urgent appeals, I again left San Francisco, in June, 1853, and left New York on September 20th, 1853, arriving at San Francisco in October following. We took lodgings at Wilson's Exchange Hotel, on Sansome street, near Sacramento.

Upon going up to the store, at Pacific and Dupont, I was surprised to find that portion of "the village" had been taken possession of by the "heathen Chinese." The "Hounds" had left, or were slowly leaving, in utter disgust. I thought this would be a sad looking place to take my wife, yet I did it. And, I am glad to say, that she was a farmer's daughter; one who had been brought up from childhood *to work*; and, with that kindly feeling which is the peculiar character of Friends, commonly called "Quakers," she was, and did command the respect of all by her unassuming manners and kind actions towards the surrounding neighbors, "bad as they were." It was upon this corner (Pacific and Dupont streets) that our first child was born and died. It lies buried in Dale avenue, Lone Mountain Cemetery. My wife's father died in June, 1855; in consequence of which I was obliged to close up my business, "which had not been agreeable to me;" and that estate (wife's) requiring a long time to settle it, I felt it necessary to console my wife, and a dear mother, who both longed for the company of each other, to gratify them. Therefore left San Francisco, February 20th, 1856, and arrived in Philadelphia March 13th, 1856.

I spent the balance of 1856 on the farm in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in the company of my wife and her mother. In 1857 I became a member of the firm of **MORGAN, ORR & Co.**, of Philadelphia. The firm being composed of my oldest brother, **JOSHUA MORGAN, ARTHUR ORR**, and myself. Some few years previous, 1852 and 1853, the firm of **MORGAN & ORR** as it then existed, had finished the coining presses, milling, and other fine machines, located in the mint on Commercial Street, San Francisco. They were both hard working mechanics, had their education as such in the United States Mint in this city. When I returned, their greatest need was a book-keeper, who could manage their accounts with care and precision. This position, through a casual conversation between my wife and oldest brother, was gained for me. Since that period until the present time, our specialty has been the manufacture of mint or coining machinery. My oldest brother having retired on May 1st, 1868, our firm now consists of **ARTHUR ORR** and myself, styled **MORGAN & ORR**, which you will find engraved on the largest coining press lately erected in your new mint, in San Francisco, of which we feel proud. And we hope the citizens of your city may also feel a pride while visiting, what we have learned to be the largest and finest mint in the world, when finished.

In 185—, I was persuaded to become a candidate from the first ward, in San Francisco, for the Board of Aldermen, and was elected on the Democratic ticket in that capacity, and was again elected in the year following, when STEPHEN R. HARRIS occupied the mayor's chair. Not liking the position nor the manner in which they were elected, I resigned my position on the first night Mr. HARRIS took the chair.

I was, in 1849, while in San Joaquin County (or district) elected a member of the convention which assembled at Monterey, in August, 1849, to form the State Constitution, in pursuance of an order issued by Brigadier General BENNETT H. RILEY, sent to E. T. BATTURS, Alcalde, while at Angel's Camp. In accordance with this proclamation, an election was held for delegates and alternate delegates. Politics being distasteful to me, I took no part in these matters further than on one occasion, while excited, I made a short speech at Angel's Camp, strongly opposing the introduction of slavery into California, which was agitated at that time. I did not attend the convention—the alternate delegate went to Monterey and filled the position. He was from Tennessee, and, like myself, strongly opposed to introducing peons from Mexico, coolies from China, or negroes from our Southern States. Though Democrat in that age, yet I am a warm Republican now.

When the views of THOMAS JEFFERSON were asked as to the definition of what constituted a man called Democrat, he replied: "He is one who advocates the passage of such measuses as will bring about the greatest good to the greatest number." I do not wish to appear egotistical while writing this, but will merely say that, when the Democratic party carries out the principles and words of THOMAS JEFFERSON, then I am "a Democrat."

I have written this within two or three days, as time has been allotted me, and only as memory can refresh an imperfect recollection of scenes gone by, and well-nigh forgotten.

I fear you may think me bold, but it is printed at the bottom of your circular, "Don't be afraid of writing too much," and you haven't got the greater portion, as you said, "Be sure to be in time."

With my kind regards to many old and respected friends and acquaintances, which I trust it may be my pleasure to meet at some day not far distant, in San Francisco,

I am, respectfully yours,

EDWIN L. MORGAN.

RODMAN M. PRICE.

OAKLAND, BERGEN CO., NEW JERSEY,
January 26th, 1874.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the circular of "The Society First Steamship Pioneers," requesting matter for a biographical sketch of each passenger who arrived in San Francisco per steamship "California," February 28th, 1849," for their twenty-fifth anniversary, and cheerfully comply with the request, and beg to assure the Society, that it affords me infinite pleasure to know a historical event so full of interest to California, is thus commemorated; and the biographical sketch of the passengers must prove a very interesting history, as each had a marked individuality, and represented the highest type of enterprise, intelligence, progress, and discovery.

Their vicissitudes, and trials, on that crowded ship, made up of representatives of every nation, profession, trade, and occupation, who had paid the most fabulous prices for passage, and received the poorest accommodation. The "California" being a vessel calculated to carry one hundred and twenty, whilst we left Panama with, I think, eight hundred; but this I know, that as high as twelve hundred dollars was paid for deck passage alone. There were two reasons which operated to make persons pay any amount of money they had at command to get a passage on board of the "California," rather than be detained at Panama, where many had been waiting several weeks; the cholera was raging violently on the one hand, and the desire to reach California, the land of golden promise, on the other.

My memory is full of the incidents of that remarkable voyage. I presume I am addressing Rev. O. C. WHEELER, a fellow passenger on the occasion, and your name brings back to me most vividly, the heroism, fortitude, and quiet endurance of your wife, both in her transit across the Isthmus, and on board the steamship. Her ride across the Isthmus on mule-back, man-wise, covered with waterproof overalls and coat, which I often referred to, as an example of the brave spirit and will of American women, as the ride was made over a dangerous road, and in a perfect deluge of rain. And then, sir, as regards yourself, well do I remember the beautiful and impressive sermon, on one of the Sabbath days of the voyage, your text so appropriate for the occasion, from the book of *Numbers*, (if I recollect rightly,), liking our voyaging to the promise of the Lord to Moses, and the Children of Israel, coming to a land flowing with milk and honey.

The discomforts of the voyage, although we were marvelously preserved from sickness, and favored with pleasant weather.

The incapacity of the Captain, (MARSHALL,) and the entire want of discipline of the crew, made our situation unsafe, dangerous, and sometimes critical. The ship was on fire at least four times during our voyage, but well do we remember the dismay among the passengers, when the ship, after groping her way for several days, in an impenetrable fog, came to a stand, the last land having been seen near St. James. Without fuel, and with very limited provisions, the Captain and his officers entirely worn out with watching and anxiety, and the rumor went through the ship that parties were made up to seize the boats, which were not sufficient to carry one tenth of the number on board.

As I had been frequently up and down the coast of California, the Captain had advised with me in relation to his navigation, and it may have been known to a few of the passengers, that at this critical and perilous time, he was directed entirely by it; the steam ran down about daylight, and in walking the elevated gangway between the wheel boxes, by a sudden falling of the fog, I discovered land, which I recognized as the highlands of Santa Cruz, and without moving my position, sent for the chart and compass, and took the bearings of the land, and before I had time to lay it down on the chart, it was again shut out and entirely obscured. I was confident of my observation, and laid down the position of the ship upon the chart, and the course to be steered to the nearest port, viz: Monterey, and then directed that all the lumber which had been used in making extra sleeping accommodations, should be broken up, and that a thorough search should be made in the coal bunkers and hold of the vessel, for everything that could be used for fuel; in this search a few bags of coal were providentially found down beside the keelson of the ship, which were covered over with dunnage, and had been overlooked. With close sweepings of the coal bunkers, and the light wood broken up, we had fuel for a few hours steaming; steam was gotten up, and the course I had given, steered for Monterey, and after running about five hours, and without changing the course, and without the sight of land again, and without stopping the engine, we found the ship just in time to stop her from running into the Custom House wharf at Monterey, to the great relief of all on board. Here, it will be recollected, we had to remain several days, to procure wood from the forest, and necessaries to carry us to San Francisco.

After our arrival there, from the extraordinary state of the country, the ship was soon deserted by, not only her passengers, but all of her crew and officers, save one.

Her passage and freight money, from Panama, had been enormous, but such was the high rate of wages in California at that time, that the steamship company had to pay sailors as high as two hundred dollars per month, to get a sufficient crew to send her back to Panama.

The joy manifested by the citizens of San Francisco, upon the arrival of the "California," and the landing of the passengers, was shown in the wildest and most frantic manner; baskets of *champagne* were thrown in our path, and the most profuse and extravagant exhibitions of welcome, giving a clear indication of the abundance of gold.

I was born in Sussex County, New Jersey, November 5, 1818. Reared by my parents, residing part of the time in New Jersey, and part in New York City, and educated in the schools of New Jersey and New York City. Prepared for Princeton, at Lawrenceville, New Jersey, and entered the Sophomore class at Princeton College, but did not graduate.

Studied law in the office of Mr. DANE ELLINGWOOD, New York City; afterwards entered the navy of the United States as Purser, in 1840, and was serving in the U. S. ship "Cyane," of the Pacific squadron. First arrived in California, in March, 1846, and was at Monterey, and landed with the naval force on the 6th of July of that year which raised the flag of the United States over California; and was sent on shore to take charge of the Mexican and Californian archives; and to perform the duties of Alcalde and Prefect during our military occupation, which I performed for some time. Upon the receipt of official news of war between the United States and Mexico, I volunteered to carry the important news to Commodore Stockton, then commanding the American forces in California, who had captured and was occupying Los Angeles. After that I joined my ship, which was employed in blockading the Mexican ports, and was present at the taking of Guaymas, La Paz, San Jose, San Blas, and Mazatlan. Returned home in 1848, via Mexico, riding from Mazatlan to Vera Cruz, with verbal dispatches from Commodore Shubrick to General Scott, in the city of Mexico, to arrange for a combined attack of the army and navy upon Acapulco; and also with dispatches to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. The treaty of peace had just been signed at Gaudalupe, Hidalgo, when I arrived at the city of Mexico. I was not home long before I was ordered to return to California, as Navy Agent of the whole Pacific coast, with various and extraordinary powers, not only to act as fiscal agent, but to test and ascertain the productiveness and resources of California for supplying the army and navy, required for its defense, as California had been represented, by most of those who had explored it, as a non-productive, barren, sterile country. My orders also embraced the large power of drawing bills of exchange on the government at Washington, against any gold and silver that could be had, not only in California, but in all the ports exporting gold and silver, by agents to be appointed by me in South America, Central American States and Mexico. The design of the government was to control the entire product of gold and silver, and direct it to Washington, and, by thus controlling and concentrating the precious metals, to control the exchanges of the world, and unseat London.

In December, 1848, left New York for California, via Chagres and Panama, in the bark "John Benson." I resided in San Francisco, from the time of my arrival by the steamship "California," to the time of my leaving in 1851. Was Navy Agent for the government the whole time.

I represented San Francisco in the convention which framed the Constitution of the State, held at Monterey, 1849. Was also elected to the first town council of San Francisco, and took a very active part in the improvement and development of the commercial facilities of San Francisco, and did much by assisting to build the first wharf (Long Wharf), and by selling lands, at low prices, to merchants arriving with goods, to erect warehouses upon. By such means contributed very much to make San Francisco the commercial emporium, particularly to defeat the effort and pretentions of her (at one time) formidable rival, Benicia, which claimed superior advantages of location, harbor defense, and proximity to the rivers Sacramento and San Joaquin. It was only by great efforts, sacrifices, and liberality of a few persons at that early time, that Benicia was prevented from successfully rivaling San Francisco and becoming the great entrepôt. Superior advantages were claimed for Benicia by many influential persons — particularly by Commodore AP CATESBY JONES, commanding our naval forces at that time.

I claim to have been among the first in building extensively in San Francisco, owning more houses, in 1850-51, than any other person, and also to have contributed largely to all the charities and to the erection of all the early churches, and the establishing of schools, and all the material interests, of San Francisco. It will also be remembered that I was the regular Democratic candidate, at the first election, for Congress, and received very large majorities along the coast where I was known, but was defeated by the mining districts, by Mr. GILBERT, by a small majority. I will add that, on my return home, I was elected the following year to Congress by my native State, and, subsequently, Governor.

I am living on a farm in Ramapo Valley, which affords me occupation, and my address is: Oakland, Bergen County, New Jersey.

* * *

CHAPTER X.

A CONTRAST:

CALIFORNIA IN 1849 AND CALIFORNIA IN 1874.

TO PROPERLY compare California, as we found her in 1849, with what she really is at the present time — to enter fully into a description of the wonderful changes which have taken place in every avenue and department of life, and to trace out the causes of her unparalleled development — would be a work of such magnitude as to require a whole volume. Therefore, we can but briefly allude to some of the most striking features, as they are presented to the mind.

As the good steamship "California," with her four hundred and eighty passengers, nearly all of whom were vigorous young men of the

Anglo-Saxon race, was pursuing her course from Panama to this port, the startling news of the wonderful discovery of fabulous amounts of gold was being read all over the globe. Just at that time, at least one-half of the people of the globe were looking up their atlases to see in what part of the world California was. From almost every port under the sun, ships were taking their departure, loaded with adventurous passengers like ourselves, and pointing their prows toward the land of gold. All over the Western and Eastern States, thousands upon thousands were busily engaged, forming parties and making preparations to start early in the Spring, over the lofty mountains, and across the desert plains, *en route* to this proclaimed El Dorado.

On the beautiful, warm, and sunshiny morning of the 28th of February, 1849, as we passed through the Golden Gate, and entered upon the waters of the magnificent bay of San Francisco, and in the first steamship to disturb its placid surface, we all were delighted with the prospect, and rejoiced at the successful accomplishment of our voyage. We were the first to arrive from the East, after the announcement of the finding of the gold.

Casting anchor in the bay, as there were no wharves then, we were conveyed to the shore by the boats of the ship, landing at a rocky point, near what is now the corner of Pacific and Sansome streets. As we jumped from the boats and walked up the beach, a person gifted with a prophetic mind and witnessing our arrival might, in the most appropriate manner, have uttered these inspired words of WHITTIER:

> "I hear the tramp of pioneers,
> Of nations yet to be:
> The first low wash of waves, where soon
> Shall roll a human sea."

Let the reader conceive that the San Francisco presented to our view at that time, both as regards the presentations of nature and art, afforded quite a different aspect to what we behold at the present moment. The natural boundaries of the bay had not at that time been encroached upon. The bay then lifted her tides above Montgomery street, between Washington and Jackson streets; and, where the Bank of California now stands, a ship could then float in safety at high tide. As we walked up from the beach, we saw a succession of bleak, sandy hills, covered, here and there, with sagebrush, yerba buena, and a scrubby brushwood. There was not a respectable looking building to be seen. No paved streets, no sidewalks; and scarcely houses enough to make out the line of any street. There were no regular hotels. We camped out under tents of our own construction and in shanties where the owners would receive us, and we lived in the most rough and rude way. Salt pork and beans were the chief living. The price of a common meal was five dollars, and eggs were twelve dollars per dozen. Potatoes and onions were being brought from the Sandwich Islands, and sold at one dollar and fifty cents per pound. Lumber was six hundred dollars per thousand feet; and all the other requirements of human life were proportionately expensive.

There were, at the time we landed, not to exceed one thousand human beings in San Francisco, and they were chiefly composed of

Spaniards, native Californians, and Indians. There were, however, a few foreign merchants engaged in the export of hides, horns, and tallow. Up to this time only a few whalers and men-of-war dropped into the harbor for supplies of water and provisions. Occasionally a merchant's ship had come into the port to exchange her cargo of goods and trinkets, such as the people required, for their hides, horns, and tallow.

The total population of California was estimated, on the 1st of January, 1849, at twenty-six thousand, viz.: Natives of the country (not including Indians), thirteen thousand; United States Americans, eight thousand; Europeans, five thousand.

The city of San Francisco was really founded in the year 1776, by the old Spanish missionaries of the Catholic Order of Franciscans; and, during the seventy-three years of their occupancy and rule, to the time of our arrival, there had been no progress.

The old adobe mission church at the Mission Dolores, a portion of which still remains, to be seen at the head of Sixteenth street, is, we believe, the only visible remains of what we found of human arrangements in San Francisco, when we landed in 1849. Most of the people of the city, at that time, had a cadaverous appearance, and seemed as if waiting anxiously for the moment when they could take their departure from this world. There were no public schools, as we could learn, in the whole country. Ignorance, and a drowsy listlessness seemed to characterize the masses of the community.

A few gold seekers from the South American and Mexican coasts, and from the Islands of the Sea, had preceded us; but the inhabitants of the country had not as yet become fully aroused to the important results which the discovery of gold was destined to bring upon the whole country.

With the exception of this City, Santa Clara, San Jose, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, San Diego, and a few other easily accessible points, there was no real settlement of the country. With the exception of Colonel Sutter's ranch, there were but a very few thousand acres that had ever been brought under cultivation. The whole country, outside of a limited range of these places, was one vast solitude, roamed over by the deer, elk, antelope, and grizzly bear; and the bays, rivers, and lakes swarmed with wild geese, ducks, swans, and other water-fowls.

The only paper published in San Francisco, at the time of our arrival, was the weekly "Alta California," which was started on the fourth of January, 1849. It was a very small and inferior appearing sheet to what it is at the present time.

A few months after we landed, a large fleet of ships gathered into the bay, bringing anxious gold seekers and goods. As soon as they anchored, their crews left them and rushed to the gold fields. Labor became so high in San Francisco, that it cost as much or more to unload the goods from the ships as the charges for their freight from New York amounted to. There were no return cargoes for the ships, or seamen to navigate them; consequently, numerous vessels never left the port, but were used for warehouses or built over for habitations.

There were no public roads or stage lines; communication was made from one point of the country to another, on foot or horseback, along a scarcely perceivable trail. Over the whole country, lying between San Francisco and the Missions of Santa Clara and San José, there were no fences, and the plow had never disturbed the rich and productive soil. Where the beautiful city of Oakland now stands, there were no habitations, but only a magnificent forest of oaks.

A perfect stream of human beings continued for a long time to pour into the bay of San Francisco and from over the mountains. History could furnish no parallel of movement in the life of the human race. No one came to stay in this country, but only to remain a short time, to accumulate a little gold by digging for it, or by industrial operations. This accomplished, they designed to return to their homes, relate their adventures, and share their wealth with their fathers, mothers, sisters or lovers.

Viewing this wonderful movement, and the results arising therefrom, from our present standpoint, we recognize the operations of an inevitable law of human progress and development. No philanthropy, no legislation, no missionary labors can change this law; it is written in man's nature, by the hand of his Creator. There are races which have always been the representatives of civilization, and which have extended over and civilized all parts of the globe. The Creator has implanted, in this group of races, an instinct that, in spite of themselves, drives them through all difficulties, to carry out their great mission of civilizing and of fructifying the earth. It is not reason, or philanthropy, which urges them on; but it is destiny.

"Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race plant themselves, progress is certain to be displayed in some form or other; such is their restless nature and go-ahead energy, that things cannot stand still where they are, whatever may be the circumstances surrounding them."

CALIFORNIA IN 1874.

Let us now take a glance at California, as she presents herself in the year 1874. A quarter of a century is a long time in the life of an individual, but it is a brief period in the history of a State or nation. The California of to-day, notwithstanding the changes which have taken place since we landed on her shores in 1849, presents a much greater enigma, for the solution of the human mind, in relation to her wonderful future, than she did at the time of our arrival. Then we were quite sure she was incapable of producing a sufficiency to feed her own people, and the whole world entertained the same opinion. Consequently, goods and provisions, of all kinds, were shipped from every port to supply the miners at that time, in quantities sufficient to supply a kingdom. It was supposed that California was good for nothing but her yield of gold, hides, horns, and tallow; and that the natural arrangements and capacity of the country were such, as to continually demand from other countries most of the necessaries of life.

What a change in the opinion of ourselves, and in the ideas of the world, has taken place in this connection!

Let us first direct our attention more particularly to this city, and see how the San Francisco of to-day appears in contrast with what we noticed in 1849. The unsightly sand hills have disappeared, large sections of the bay have been filled in, and extensive wharves have been constructed.

She was not incorporated by the Legislature until May, 1850. Since that time, she has been, *six times*, nearly destroyed by fire, but, on each of these occasions, she persistently rose, "Phœnix-like," from her own ashes. Nature has not changed: the grand old hills, and mountains, the climate, the soil, and the streams are the same. But, the inhabitants, and all that pertains to man and human arrangements, in San Francisco and in the country, have changed amazingly.

The gambling saloons, the *monte* and the faro tables, so popular and much patronized in the early days, have disappeared from the city, with their debasing and horrid accompaniments; and are supplanted by institutions of a religious, moral, intellectual, and peaceful character.

We now see a great city, not only the

metropolis of the State, but the emporium of the whole Pacific Coast; a city, that already stands the third in rank among the cities of the Union, as regards the amount of exports and imports; a city, containing nearly or quite two hundred thousand inhabitants, twenty-two thousand buildings, and hundreds upon hundreds of miles of paved streets and sidewalks. She has over forty-two miles of street railroads; water and gas works, bringing these necessary requirements to every habitation; magnificent churches of all denominations, and noble institutions of learning, from the primary departments up to the highest branches of education; elegant private residences, extensive buildings for business and public purposes, and numerous large and magnificent hotels, which cannot be excelled, in point of accommodation and comfort, in any part of the Union.

There are numerous manufactories in the city, and the value of the goods manufactured by them is estimated at forty million dollars per year. Over two hundred and forty million feet of lumber is now laid down at this port annually. Numerous theaters, and benevolent institutions, everything for the delight of the fortunate, and for the comfort of the unfortunate, are provided. In a word, we see a great city, with all the modern appliances of the present civilized condition of the world.

The total amount of assessable property in San Francisco, in the fiscal year of 1851-52, was, real and personal, $14,061,903. In the fiscal year 1872-73, the returns give $215,709,778.

The total amount of deposits in the Savings Banks of the city, at the present moment, is about $50,000,000, and the capital and deposits of the Commercial Banks is about $26,000,000, making a banking capital in this city of $76,000,000 in gold.

If we add the deposits and capital of the Savings and Commercial Banks in the country, the amount of banking capital in California is, to-day, fully $100,000,000.

Where we found but one small newspaper, and that published weekly, we now have the total number of newspapers, periodicals, and regular publications of the city, amounting to ninety-four, viz: sixteen daily, thirty-seven weekly, forty-one monthly, and semi-monthly.

Where there was but one church (the old Mission), we now find a total of eighty-one churches, representing almost every known religion and religious denomination upon the globe.

Extensive libraries, scientific and benevolent associations, and noble structures dedicated to nearly all of the known orders of the world.

We will now take a more particular glance at California as a State, and see what has been done in the progress and development of the country. Not only has the city of San Francisco started upon a most unparalleled growth since our arrival, in 1849, but, soon after that period, new towns and cities were founded in suitable localities over the State, and the resources of the country were gradually discovered; population continued to flow in, and progress became general. Roads were constructed throughout the State, even in its mining, and much of its mountainous, regions, at great expense. Postoffices were established all over the interior, stage lines were formed, and communication by letter, and travel soon began to display their beneficial influences all over the State.

That roughness of manner and rudeness of conduct, which characterized the most of the adventurous spirits who were so suddenly thrown together upon these shores, in those early days—drawn hither from nearly every nation, kindred and tongue—gradually diminished, and has now almost entirely disappeared, under the present settled condition of things, and the influences of a higher civilization.

Many of the towns and cities then founded, and so insignificant in their early appearance, have now become the most attractive and beautiful localities in the State, and are periodically resorted to by thousands from all parts of the world for the enjoyment of climate, natural beauty, comfort, and all that makes human life pleasant, agreeable, and a blessing. A man from any part of the world can now find, in one or another of these places, just what he has been dreaming about for a whole lifetime, as an earthly paradise suitable to his tastes and natural wants.

Within the past twenty-five years, the State of California has been transformed from a comparative wilderness of solitude, into a country in which are all the necessaries, luxuries, safety, and appliances of civilized life; and she not only ranks as the third in relation to commerce, but also as the greatest wheat producing State in the Union. Her growth and material development, within such a brief period, is without a parallel, not only in this Union, but in the whole history of the human race.

The estimated population and value of real and personal property in this State, as furnished in the Surveyor General's report for the fiscal year 1872–3, is: Total population, 694,309; taxable property, $527,203,982. We give the amounts for the counties of Tehama, Ventura, Marin and Mendocino at their estimates for 1872, as they are not given in this report. It will appear from this that San Francisco has about two-sevenths of the entire population, and more than two-fifths of the entire property. The production of wheat, as presented in the report, was 26,089,667 bushels;

enough wheat in a single year—when put into sacks of one hundred pounds each, each sack measuring three feet in length, and then placed end to end in one continuous line—to extend eight thousand eight hundred and ninety-four miles, comprising one-third of the circumference of the globe and reaching eight hundred and ninety-four miles beyond! For the past two years, California has loaded enough ships with her surplus wheat alone, to continually whiten the seas, and to demand all of the available tonnage of the world to transport it to the hungry mouths in distant lands.

In the same year, we produced 8,405,464 bushels of barley, 1,643,964 bushels of oats, 1,307,864 bushels corn, 82,496 bushels peas, 39,336 bushels rye, 13,757 bushels buckwheat, 111,607 bushels beans, 91,320 bushels onions, 233,932 pounds castor beans, 167,586 pounds pea-nuts, 1,134,756 pounds flax, 148,084 pounds cotton, 32,155,160 pounds wool, 481,804 pounds hops, 29,000 pounds tobacco, 5,321,469 pounds butter, 1,343,782 pounds cheese, 301,516 pounds honey, 75,819 tons potatoes, 5,519 tons sweet

potatoes, 29,930 tons sugar beets, 495,270 tons hay, 4,106,301 gallons wine, 274,355 gallons brandy (from 28,482,514 grape vines), besides the enormous quantity of grapes consumed in the country, made into raisins, and shipped to the East.

To show to people unacquainted with the country, the pomological characteristics of California, we will state that we now have 1,828,887 apple trees, 956,386 peach trees, 328,719 pear trees, 231,107 plum trees, 146,626 cherry trees, 40,247 nectarine trees, 39,801 quince trees, 98,477 apricot trees, 54,321 fig trees, 10,760 lemon trees, 72,247 orange trees, 11,424 olive trees, 14,624 prune trees, 406,626 mulberry trees, 167,240 almond trees, 109,380 walnut trees. As to the number of acres devoted to the raising of the strawberry, the raspberry, the blackberry, the currant, the gooseberry, and small fruits of every known variety, we have no data, but know that the area is enormous.

The number of cattle, sheep, horses, mules, and other animals of a domestic character now in the State, we shall not enumerate, but they are in proportion to every other element of progress.

We now have one hundred and thirty-six grist-mills, producing 1,305,201 barrels of flour annually; three hundred saw-mills, sawing 228,672,849 feet of lumber annually; and shingle-mills, producing 80,038,500 shingles annually. We have two hundred and thirteen quartz-mills, crushing 290,310 tons of quartz annually. We have coal mines, giving 145,360 tons coal annually; and quicksilver mines, which yield, at the present time, about 6,000 flasks annually. We have four thousand eight hundred and sixty-three miles of mining ditches; and numerous irrigating ditches and canals, one of which is forty miles in length, and has a capacity, not only for irrigating the lands adjacent, but also for the transportation of goods.

This may be considered a pretty good showing for a country twenty-five years after our landing upon its shores, and presents an astonishing contrast to the ideas and opinions which we, in common with the rest of the world, entertained at that time and for years after, in regard to California, as being good for nothing but her gold, hides, horns, and tallow; and that the supply of food for its inhabitants would ever be demanded from other countries. This exposition may be considered as a solution of enigma number one, as to what the country is good for. The advance of California, in material prosperity, has been most remarkable. The mining interest, which engaged the attention of the people almost exclusively at first, and for some years after our arrival, has steadily declined, and the development of the unlimited agricultural resources of the country has received much attention. Agriculture, the raising of sheep, cattle, and other stock, has now become the leading industry of the State, and manufactories are increasing in every direction.

Agricultural societies have been formed, and a Mechanics' Institute was established in San Francisco, in 1857, which is still in a flourishing condition. Some of the present surviving pioneers took an active part in their establishment, and the opening address, at the inauguration of the first exhibition of the

Mechanics' Institute of the city of San Francisco, was delivered by one of those pioneers — HENRY F. WILLIAMS, Esq. — and it contained such substantial and reliable information relating to the resources and future prospects of the country at that time, as to attract attention at the East and in Europe, and was the means of causing much capital from abroad to be invested in the State.

THE MINES.

The production of gold, from the soil and rocks of California, has certainly fallen off in amount, as compared with that of a few years subsequent to 1849, the present yield being about $20,000,000 annually. But the gross product of the precious metals from the mines on the Pacific coast, mainly owned by people in San Francisco, and being worked on Californian account, amounted in the last year to about $68,000,000.

It is estimated that the amount of gold produced by California alone since 1849, is not less than $1,200,000,000. This, melted into a solid mass, would form a cube of nearly fifteen feet square. If coined, and placed in "oaken kegs, iron bound, such as are ordinarily used for shipping gold coin, each keg containing $50,000, ten of which are equal to one ton, or two tons to the $1,000,000" — this $1,200,000,000 put up in this manner, would weigh 2,400 tons: enough to load two hundred and forty cars with ten tons each, and would require six locomotives to haul it effectually over a road of such gradients and characteristics as the New York Central. Allowing each car to occupy thirty feet, and each locomotive with tender fifty feet, it would form a gold train extending nearly one and a half miles; or it would freight two ships of 1,200 tons each.

Although the production of gold in this State has recently diminished in amount, it is well understood, by every intelligent person here, that her placers and rocks have not been exhausted of their rich treasures; but, that they have only as yet been scratched upon their surfaces, and the amount of wealth, thus far taken from them, is but a mere trifle to what they hold in store, to come forth, when labor and capital shall have become cheaper, and our population larger. The greatest disclosures of that precious metal, and of the minerals of California, still remain for a future day.

RAILROADS.

In 1849, no one who came here, either by sea or land, had the least conception that such a thing as a railroad would ever be built in this country, at least during his lifetime. The important event which occurred nearly five years ago, in the completion of the Overland railroad, was a triumph of science, art, and industry over great natural obstacles.

The binding together of the two great oceans of our hemisphere with iron bands, was an immense undertaking. The lofty summits of the Sierras, covered with perpetual snows, and their fearful gorges have been overcome. And now their awful solitudes resound day and night with the shrill shriek of the locomotives as they draw along their trains of palace cars, filled with the wealthy and intelligent of all lands.

Now, only a week from ocean to ocean, only seven days from the Metropolis of the West, to the Metropolis of the East. What a wonderful contrast! This shows that "human intelligence is mightier than the elements;" that "man is a conqueror of nature."

There are now completed, and in operation, in California, including that portion of the Central Pacific extending from the State line to Ogden, 1,959½ miles of railroads.

California is an immense and wonderful country, the survey of the whole of which has not as yet been completed. It has generally been conceded to contain an area of 120,000,000 acres, or 187,500 square miles. An area equal to nearly four times that of the State of New York. There are still large districts in the mountain regions, both in the northwestern and northeastern portions of the State, that have never, as yet, been explored. Portions of them may have been seen by hunters and savages, but their natural characteristics are still unknown to the people of this country, and of the world.

It is said there are about 40,000,000 acres of arable land, of which only 4,843,532 acres have been inclosed, and that less than 3,000,000 acres have been cultivated. Now, when we take into consideration the two great valleys of the State, the Sacramento and San Joaquin, really one valley, but designated by different names, the whole extending in one unbroken stretch, five hundred miles in length, and an average of forty miles in breadth, giving 12,800,000 acres of farming land in a single connected body, every acre of which is destined to give a favorable account of itself, as the few cultivated acres have already done, we become completely bewildered in the contemplation of the vastness of the future products of this State.

The gold previously sent out from California, disturbed the values of the world — and the enigma is now with us, who begin to see the great future, to really comprehend the effects which this one State, when fully developed, as she surely will be, is destined to produce upon the human family, and upon the commerce of the world.

Shall we eventually feed all that portion of the world that thought in early days that we required for ever to be fed by them? Shall we shortly be in a position, by our agricultural and mineral productions, to regulate the monetary exchanges and affairs of the world? These are questions which now present themselves, to the thinking mind, as possibilities for the future position of California.

We have now lines of magnificent steamships plying to all ports of the great Pacific Coast, to Japan, China, Australia, and the Islands of the Sea. We have telegraphic communication with all of the civilized portions of the globe.

The total value of the agricultural and mineral products of California, for 1873, is estimated, by our leading journals, to have exceeded one hundred million dollars; and we know that, by industry, economy in living, and a lessening of our imports of useless articles, we have added to the wealth of the State about thirty million dollars during the past year.

While our friends at the East, in Europe, and other lands are suffering from the severity of winter, depression induced by fearful panics, or the terrible consequences of short crops, we are more than ever before blessed with delightful green fields, and seasonable weather, a most healthy condition of finances, and an abundance of the rich products of the soil in endless variety.

One great element of future success is irrigation, and no time should be lost by the Government and people, in putting into operation a perfect system of irrigation throughout the State, where needed, and most especially in the great San Joaquin Valley.

This necessary requirement being provided, as it will be, there is really no conceivable limit to the amount of value that can be taken from the soil. The product of wheat will, in a short time, swell to one hundred millions of bushels annually. The successful experiments, in the raising of cotton and tobacco during the past two years, have proved that the cultivation of these two valuable commodities can be profitably prosecuted to an almost unlimited degree in this country; and any line of production can be pursued to any extent.

We, the old pioneers, who have been twenty-five years in this country, and are cognizant of its resources and natural characteristics, know that the soil is good, and the climate, taking the whole year through, delightful, and cannot be excelled in any country in the world. We see the most delicate plants and shrubs growing and blooming in the open air every month in the year.

We find the greatest of natural wonders in the Yosemite Valley, the Big Trees, the Geysers, and in the lofty mountains, and their deep cañons. We know that the whole of the great plains of California will yet be clothed in lasting fertility and beauty; and the now barren foot-hills and slopes of our mountain sides will yet be covered with every variety of vegetable form of semi-tropical and northern climes. There will yet be seen an immense industrial population settled over the plains, along the slopes and plateaus, and towns and hamlets will cluster amidst vineyards, orchards, beautiful gardens, and wide-spreading grain and cotton fields.

From our past experience and present knowledge of this country, we feel to say to all of our friends at the East and in Europe, who possess the true spirit and energy of manhood, in the words of our Mr. RHODES, a California poet :

"We bid you welcome, brothers, to California's shores,
To her hills of golden granite and her flower-enameled floors ;
To her streams, whose waves ran amber as they sparkle to the sea,
Where the heart is ever open, and the hand is ever free."

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